

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

K49099

GALLERY

FOR MEN WHO LOVE LIFE

JANUARY 1976 \$1.75

**NEW
AMATEUR
EROTIC
PHOTO
CONTEST ...PLUS
FIRST WINNERS**

**SURVIVE
THE RECESSION
AND LOVE IT
BY CRAIG KARPEL**

**THE MYTH OF
THE VAGINA
AND OTHER
PARANOIA**

**INTERVIEW:
EX-CRIME BOSS
MICKEY COHEN**

**HARD-LOVING
HARD-FIGHTING
MEN OF
MOUNTAIN
COUNTRY**

**READER
SEXUALITY
SURVEY:
TELL US
WHERE
YOU'RE AT**

**MUSIC USA:
WET-NURSING
THE ROCK STARS**

**PLUS...FICTION
PROFILES
HUMOR
PEOPLE
YOUR 1976
HORRORSCOPE
AND
PROVOCATIVE
PICTORIALS**



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Separate bias and equalization switches for any type of tape.

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GALLERY

FOR MEN WHO LOVE LIFE

JANUARY, 1976

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G1

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GALLERY

FOR MEN WHO LOVE LIFE

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Sam Canzoneri

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INSIDE THE GALLERY



Contest Winner



Cohen and friend



Ashman



Karpel

Anniversaries offer to their celebrants an appropriate time for pause and reflection on the year just ended. In the case of *Gallery*, recent events have included a complete and dramatic change in the very heart of the magazine.

Beginning with the September 1975 issue, an entirely new *Gallery* management and staff—most of us having played key roles in launching *Penthouse* magazine in the United States—joined together once again, determined to produce the finest possible magazine for today's confident and liberated young man.

The single most important asset we inherited is the *Gallery* reader—men such as yourself, whose loyalty has made this magazine a very successful and fast-growing one. Our desire to deserve your continued loyalty is reflected in every editorial decision we make, every original new idea we introduce. If you like what we are doing, drop us a line. And if you take exception to something we've done, we want to hear that, too. After all, that's what our *Feedback* section of reader letters is for.

As we step forward into 1976, the first full year of the new *Gallery*, the importance we attach to our readers becomes immediately evident with an announcement of the *Gallery Readers Survey of Male Sexuality*. It's your opportunity to participate directly in a vital new scientific study designed to reveal what kind of effect the present social climate and women's liberation have had on the sexual attitudes and practices of today's man.

How have they affected *your* sex life? The way you answer the questions on pages 49 and 50 may very well tell you a lot about yourself. And your answers added to the many other thousands we receive from readers throughout the country will provide data for meaningful and fascinating conclusions that will be reported in a special mid-year issue of *Gallery*. The result promises to be a valuable and headline-making contribution to the nation's body of sexual research, one that would not be possible without your cooperation.

Another idea that depends on the openness and free spirit of *Gallery's* fun-loving readers is our *Amateur Erotic Photography Contest*. This feature is so popular that it is already the envy of every other men's magazine.

The first stage of the contest ended in August; the winners of that competition are announced in this issue. But a new and even more exciting contest was introduced in October, with contestants who become more lovely each month. To prove our point, you'll find on pages 127 to 129 a bevy of the most recent entries. And we invite you to introduce us to the lady of *your* house; she may be the Grand Prize winner we're looking for.

One man who's had a lot of people looking for him

throughout his life is ex-crime boss *Mickey Cohen*. In an exclusive *Gallery* interview, Cohen reveals a series of devastating, little-known incidents, including several involving Richard Nixon, Patty Hearst, and a former Los Angeles mayor who hired Cohen to "take care of" a pesty citizen. Firing the questions for this interview was Charles Ashman.


Ashman, an investigative journalist for Metromedia TV in Los Angeles, hosts "The Ashman File" on KTTV, a show which is syndicated nationally. He is the author of such best-selling books as *Kissinger: The Adventures of Superkrait* and *The Finest Judges Money Can Buy*, as well as the newly released *The C.I.A.: Mafia Link*. Ashman was recently nominated for a Pulitzer Prize in journalism for investigative coverage of the Jimmy Hoffa case.

A "legal" crime we all face today is the combination of high prices and high unemployment. To show you that we understand your plight, however, we asked Craig Karpel to come up with a few tips on how you, too, can learn to *Survive the Recession and Love It*.

The people described in *Macho Men of Hillbilly Country* are a raucous group of hard-drinking, hard-loving, and hard-fighting men and women. While they read like fictional characters from the mind of some overworked imagination, the fact is that the places referred to actually exist, as do the people. Only the names (some of them) have been changed to protect the innocent.

If a fear of being dumped on by mountain men seems a bit far-fetched to you, consider such other strange paranoia as being eaten by killer sheep, or looking on as your wife is devoured by frogs from outer space. These are but two of the prospects offered by a new collection of books which we describe in our report on the *Paranoia-of-the-Month Club*, whose members rarely go to sleep at night.

A far more common form of sleeplessness is the kind experienced regularly by the business managers of top rock stars. Coast-to-coast telephone calls at unearthly hours wailing about anything from a missed flight ("because I forgot all about it") to a tearful complaint ("There isn't a 'joint' in the joint."). The most successful managers seem to be those who understand that rock artists often need a bit of "mothering." It's all part of the business—a part you don't often read about, but which is discussed authoritatively in this month's article, *American Music: Part II*.

There is more in this big anniversary issue of *Gallery*, including a preview of your 1976 *Horrorscope*. But the brightest gifts of all, from us to you, are the pictorial portfolios that appear throughout the magazine... including one that we believe is especially unique. We'd love to have your comments about it. 

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FEEDBACK

for readers to comment on what they read and see in Gallery, for what they would like to see and read, and for their opinions on whatever is on their minds. Letters intended for publication must contain legible name and address, though Gallery will withhold these on request. Send correspondence to *Gallery*, Feedback Dept., 99 Park Ave New York, N.Y. 10016.

The Guns of Dallas

We have received many interesting and enthusiastic responses to *Gallery's* Guns of Dallas, the article by National Affairs Editor L. Fletcher Prouty concerning the assassination of John Kennedy. Those who know the subject well called the article the best compendium of assassination material published in a magazine to date. Some readers who had not been familiar with this complex subject said the article "sure opened my eyes"; others asserted it contained "probably a few out- and- out lies." We appreciate all comments.

It is our objective to press for a reopening of the investigation into John Kennedy's death because much is known today about his murder that the Warren Commission did not know, was not shown, or ignored. Lee Harvey Oswald did not murder JFK alone, and perhaps not at all. Therefore, the killers and those who hired them continue to walk the streets. This in itself is nearly as serious a crime as Kennedy's assassination, and is compounded by the passivity of government authorities charged with the responsibility to seek and maintain justice. The Justice Department has not moved to put our doubts at rest. We also urge the authorities of the State of Texas to reopen their own investigation.

It is clear to all that President Kennedy was murdered in Dallas on November 22, 1963. He was riding in an automobile on Elm Street when he was hit by at least two bullets, which blew the top of his head off; he died almost immediately. The Warren Commission, which sat in seclusion in Washington, D.C., fabricated a theory in which Lee Harvey Oswald, without assistance, shot Kennedy. That theory has never been proved.

Many readers praised the rare, extensive collection of photographs that Richard Sprague and his associates made available to *Gallery*. We regret that space limitations did not permit the use of more of the many pictures that Sprague put at our disposal. Furthermore, other concerned individuals have made detailed, accurate, and impressive diagrams of what happened that day in

Dallas. Sometimes these drawings are essential to an understanding of the photographs. But *Gallery* felt that showing you only some of these hard-to-get photographs would serve to reveal some of what was passed over by the Warren Commission.

A number of readers found what they called errors in the pictures. We believe that their assumptions of error were caused by our selection of these pictures from so many. To put all photographic sequences and other detailed material in the article was impossible. Most readers found the pictures shocking and believed their overall impact was impressive. They are aware now of what serious investigators have known for some time. The Warren Commission report is incomplete—the kindest thing we can say about it.

L. Fletcher Prouty will reply to as many of your letters as is possible and provide explanations to those who requested them. *Gallery* is proud to have brought you the best material ever published on such a serious subject. We shall continue to provide you with articles of this kind.—Editor

I am an American soldier stationed in Germany.

As a student in college here in Law Enforcement, I am always interested in reading articles on different aspects of police work. To get to the point, your article on the assassination of J.F.K. was the most comprehensive report that I could believe since the tragedy in 1963. Not only am I interested in this in a legal aspect, but the truth is my pride has been diminished considerably. Don't get me wrong, though, I will still give my life for my country without a moment's notice, but when I hear things like this happen (which I'm beginning to realize they do constantly), I see how badly they reflect on the U.S.A. It somehow makes me think that nobody in a political office cares about anybody who doesn't have strong political power. Well, all I can say is, keep up the good work, and don't let the pressure get to you.

Whatever or whoever is behind the whole conspiracy, I hope they never get into office, because I think all of us will be in dire straits. Thanks for hearing me out.—Pvt. John P., United States Army

I would like to express my appreciation for your making the effort to do something about this injustice. Sorry there are not as many names on this petition as there are people in this town. Some greeted this petition somewhat coldly, some with indifference, and some with open fear. Can they fear the truth that much?

Personally, I would like to thank you and all those who signed. Love, courage, and conviction.—T. Sushburgh, Wichita, Kansas

Thank you for bringing to light the truth that has been long overdue. Thank you for slapping the face of the Warren Commission and anyone else that believed their fairy tale.

True, I'm in prison and a felon, but I hope my name and the others help in the small way that we can. Because only when the truth is known, and only then, can we hope to have a true government by the people and for the people.—Randolph F. S., Dwight A. C., Albert O., Dannemora, N.Y.

We, the undersigned people, find it time to study the true facts in the J.F.K. assassination.

So along with *Gallery*, we are pulling for a full investigation of this murder!

For any needed additional support please contact us.—Yankton College, Yankton, So. Dakota, David R., Jan A., Willie H., Daniel C., Michael C., David K., Bob S.

Too Little, Too Seldom

You may think this is a joke, but believe me, it's not. My husband made me read your article *The New Aphrodisiac*, Older

Women last week. I really enjoyed it. The man should have told his wife right away. If she was any kind of woman, she would have understood. My husband said to me, "See, you can compromise." I certainly agreed with him. I haven't had a good lovemaking session since Labor Day, and I haven't had *any* since two and a half weeks ago. I can barely remember when. That's compromising?? I'm just glad I didn't marry him because of sex, because when we were going together he could go all night, now, if I'm lucky, it's ten minutes. He sure put up a big front. I had never had any better, but now since I never get any, I regret the marriage. I believe in 'til death do us part, so I'm doomed to love without sex. Please guys, don't fake what you can't handle. Please print this, maybe he'll see himself.—Mrs. G.B., New York.
We agree with you. Good luck—Editor

Opens Others' Eyes

Thank you for printing my pictures and letter in the June issue. I am proud to say that my appearing in the nude has opened up the minds of many young guys in my town. It has enabled them to throw away most of their insecurities and false impressions about a blind girl and whether she is capable of indulging in the art of good sex.

There isn't much a blind person can't learn. Myself, I enjoy swimming, ice skating and I even do a little writing. I'd be jiving ya if I didn't say there are things I can't do; like driving a car. That's no big deal. I can assure you of one thing, I dig sucking cock and getting it on in any way, shape, or position.

So the next time you guys see a sexy blind chick, give her a break. Say hello, but for god's sake don't stop there. If she's anything like me, there's a good chance she'll make it with you. After all, can you think of anything more experienced than my sensitive fingertips that just love to stroke and please.
—Pamela Spendlove, McGill, Nevada

Women On Women

I love your magazine. I also love making love. You are the most erotic, sexiest magazine around anywhere. Being a lesbian, I'd love to see more woman to woman relationships in your magazine.

Something nice, like a sweet sixteen-year-old and an older female. To see those two beavers and breasts interacting would drive me wild. Come on! How about some more hot affairs in your magazine? I know men love lesbian encounters and I know I'd love to see more of them.—Linda L., Jamaica, N.Y.

Mama Laura

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Your pictorials are fantastic. Seeing two women making it is the greatest turn-on and it's very beautiful as well. Keep 'em coming. All combinations.
—Jack F., Kansas City, Mo.

I thought as a woman that I should write and let you know how much I approve of your Anatomical Gallery section. It is about time that men really stopped to look at and think about other parts of the woman's body than the obvious ones.

As long as the forthcoming articles are written with as much sensitivity as Part I: The Face, I will be a reader. I think you should continue this as a regular feature.—Polly R., Pittsfield, Mass.

Erotic In-Laws

I have read about the sexual relations between sisters and mothers. I want to share with your readers my recent experience with my stepdaughter. I am forty-three years old and have a married stepdaughter who is twenty-two. I have to admit that I have been very attracted to her since she was a young teenager. I watched her develop into womanhood and she has been the subject of my fantasies for years. I used to go out of my way to get a glimpse of her in her shorty nightgown or in her panties and bra. On some occasions, we would wrestle around together and I would get a chance to feel some of the sexual parts of her body. We were never like a father and daughter, but we had never approached each other sexually.

Since my stepdaughter Jody got married four years ago, she has filled out some in the hips, ass, and tits, though she is still quite small and petite. She has very dark hair but has worn it frosted for the last year. The lighter hair sets off her dark complexion and brown eyes. Since Jody's husband travels most of the time, I knew she did not have the full sex life that an attractive young woman should have and though I had the desire to approach her on several occasions, I didn't have the nerve.

Last week my wife was out of town and I was home alone. Jody stopped by the house on her way from shopping for some new dresses, and volunteered to make some lunch. She was wearing white slacks and the outline of her bikini panties showed through. I was a little surprised, since I hadn't remembered her to like bikini panties. I tried not to be obvious, but I could not keep my eyes off her ass and crotch, and once or twice Jody leaned over so I could see down the top of her yellow silk blouse. I knew she must have been

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sunbathing in a small halter, because I could not see any white skin on her breasts. I was getting so excited watching her that I could feel a warmth in my cock and balls.

Before she fixed lunch, Jody wanted to show me her new dresses. She went to the bedroom to change and returned in a dressy tan suit that was very smart looking. When I told her what a beautiful young woman she was, I sensed that she was excited by the fact that I found her that attractive. She went back to the bedroom to model her second new dress, and when she returned I was amazed. Her second dress was yellow and white flowers, low cut around the shoulders and only long enough to cover her ass. A short dress like this was so much out of character for Jody that I couldn't believe she was this bold. "That looks great," I told her. "It's a little short, but it's comfortable in the hot summer," she answered, and went into the kitchen to prepare our lunch. I sat on a stool at the lunch bar where I could get a good view of Jody in that sexy outfit. I was getting so nervous watching her, I could hardly carry on the conversation. She was talking about how much her husband was away since he took the new job, and I knew she missed regular fucking.

I had just about got to the point of controlling my sex urge, when Jody climbed up on a kitchen step-stool to reach for some items in the overhead cabinet. I couldn't resist the view, so I got down off my stool and stepped over where I could see up her short skirt, and get a full look at her lovely ass. Her sheer white bikini panties had crept up the crack of her ass so both of her cheeks were exposed enough to show where her suntan stopped, and as she stood on her toes the muscles in her thighs and ass flexed slightly. "Please hold this stool for me," Jody said. I couldn't wait to step close under her for a more direct view. I was so nervous that my cock was hard and my vision started to blur as I stared at Jody's ass. I could see her pussy hair through her panties and more sticking out either panty leg. I had known for years that she had heavy pubic hair and that is one thing that had attracted me to her.

Suddenly I realized that Jody was looking down at me over her shoulder, and my eyes shifted from under her dress to look her directly in the eye. She had a big smile on her face and she whispered, "Shame on you, you peeked." I didn't know what to say, but I could tell from her smile that she was not upset with me. "How do you think I look now that I'm grown?" she asked in a soft voice. I felt it was finally time for the truth, so I told her she had

continued on page 20

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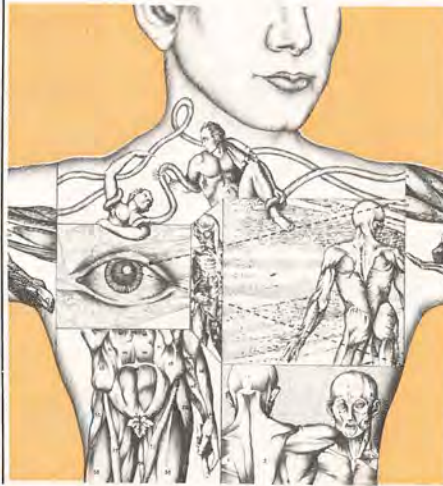
Straight Answers to Serious Questions from Men.

BY PETER FRISHAUF

Q: I know a lot of letters you get deal with men who have trouble getting their girl friends to do certain sexual things, but I'm in an opposite situation: my girl friend keeps wanting me to do something that she calls "the Tampax fuck," something I find quite uncomfortable. In case you've never heard of it (I never had until she told me about it), it means leaving a Tampax in place while you're having sex. She claims this increases the friction between my penis and her vagina, and also that it makes my hard-on seem longer. That's great, except my penis always feels sore after we screw like this. Another problem is that twice when we did this the Tampax got stuck in her cunt and it took her a long time to get it out. The last time it took her almost an hour and we both got scared that we would never get it out. In spite of all this trouble she still claims the Tampax fuck gives her the best sex ever. What do you think?

A: This may not help much in making your sex life less of a sore point between you and your friend, but you might try wearing a condom (if you don't already) to protect your penis. You might also try to make sure that your penis (or condom) is well lubricated, because a tampon in the vagina will soak up natural lubricating secretions as well as the menstrual flow, thus adding to your discomfort.

As to the hazards of your friend's preference, the two physicians I asked about it saw few. Both agreed, however, that you should cut down on this activity if it begins to make your penis sore (an open sore on the penis, in particular, can be very uncomfortable and cause sharp pain during both sexual activity and urination). Another caution: leaving a tampon in the vagina can sometimes result in forcing the tampon into the space that surrounds the cervix—the dome-shaped opening at the very back of the vagina that leads to the uterus. The danger here is not in being unable to remove the tampon (usually, if you feel about for it long enough you can get a grip on it; if not, a doctor can easily remove it), but in



forgetting it's there. Both physicians spoke of having seen several patients who had forgotten to remove tampons that had been lodged high in the vaginal canal. The tampons were discovered only after the women complained of an offensive odor coming from the vagina.


Q: Last week, during a hygiene class at my community college, the teacher told my class that "under no circumstances should you drink more than one cup of coffee a day." According to him, coffee is possibly more dangerous than cigarettes, and tea is "about half as bad as coffee." I often drink three cups of coffee a day and never feel bad because of it, so his comments kind of scared me. On the other hand, this guy is puritanical about other things like sex and pot, so I tend not to trust him.

A: Your mistrust is well founded. Although there have been several studies linking heavy coffee-drinking to an increase in heart attacks, the evidence supporting the link has never been as strong as the one linking cigarette-smoking to cancer. In fact, while the hazards of smoking are hardly even debated anymore (even by the tobacco industry), there is considerable disagreement in the scientific community as to the safety or danger of coffee-drinking.

The most damning evidence against coffee-drinking came about two years ago, when a Harvard University-sponsored study appeared to support the conclusion that coffee drinkers were more prone to heart attacks. But a short time later another study involving people enrolled in the Kaiser Permanente Health Plan in California contradicted this result. The Kaiser study showed that heavy drinkers (four or more cups a day) had fewer heart attacks than noncoffee drinkers!

The most negative results of studies that have been reported on coffee drinkers concluded that the habit makes them more likely to have ulcers. These findings came from the University of California, which had studied twenty-five thousand men from their college years to middle age. The results: subjects who drank two or more cups of coffee a day had a 72 percent greater chance of eventually developing ulcers than did coffee abstainers. Whether this can be attributed to coffee directly, or to the fact that many heavy coffee drinkers desire the coffee's stimulating effects to maintain their high-pressure lifestyle (thought to lead to ulcers) remains to be established.

The reason your hygiene teacher probably said "tea is half as bad as coffee" is that most teas contain about half as much caffeine as coffee (caffeine is the stimulating drug responsible for the "lift" most people get from coffee and tea). But like coffee, the scientific evidence against tea is weak. In fact, there is even evidence that the tannic acid found in most teas is healthful, benefiting digestion. Eastern cultures such as China actually cash in on the medicinal effect of many "herbal" teas, using different blends to treat specific diseases. Some of these remedies appear to be effective—so much so that several major United States universities are conducting clinical tests with them.

Do you have any questions about your body, or hers? If you do, send them to Gallery. All names will be withheld unless otherwise requested. Address them to: Gallery, Inside-Out Dept., 99 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. 



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20 GALLERY



continued from page 17

looked good enough to eat since she was fourteen. She turned around on the stool, which gave me a great view of her front, and her heavy pussy hair puffed out under her bikini panties. She reached down and I helped her down off the stool into my arms.

We kissed long and hard and her little tongue wiggled around slowly in my mouth. I slipped my hand under her short skirt and rubbed the cheeks of her ass through her thin panties. I was so sexed-up my balls ached and I could feel the wet end of my cock against my leg. As we rubbed against each other, I whispered in her ear how lovely she was and how much I wanted her hairy pussy. The talk obviously excited her and she responded with talk about how she had fantasized about me for years, and how she used to lie in bed and masturbate when she heard me making it with her mother in the next room.

By this time, I had removed Jody's mini-dress and carried her down the hall to the master bedroom. As I passed the dressing table, I held her up so I could see her ass and pussy in the mirror. Her panties were soaking wet in the crotch and her pussy hair was matted together. I sat her on the edge of the bed and she unbuckled my belt and pulled down my pants and shorts. As I unhooked her bra, she leaned over and placed my hard cock between her soft, firm breasts and squeezed them together on my cock. I told her to lie on the bed. Then I leaned over on her and began to suck her pussy through her wet, sticky panties. She squealed with joy and pumped her ass in a smooth, slow rhythm. I literally tore off her panties and buried my face in her sweet, hairy pussy. She had propped her feet up on the head of the bed and I had straddled her on my hands and knees. I was almost standing on my head and my tongue was stuck far up her cunt. Her bottom was wet and she thrashed around so wildly that I had to hold on tightly to her youthful ass with both hands.

All of a sudden, I sensed a throbbing in my cock and realized that Jody had my cock deep in her open mouth and her tongue was running around its throbbing head. I knew I was going to come and couldn't stop it, so I let fly in Jody's mouth and all over her face. She loved it and licked my cock and balls wildly as I continued with her pussy.

We spent all afternoon and evening fucking and laying around the house nude. I have never enjoyed a woman like Jody. I guess that is because I have wanted her so many years. —Name withheld, Atlanta, Ga.



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Here's the answer to the first question.

Where should you buy your new hi-fi? I can give you the answer in two words: **Atlantis Sound.**

If that sounds like a commercial, you're right. But after you read this 12-page ad and get the whole picture, I don't think you'll mind.

I'm Ken Kanzler. I'm President of the 30 Atlantis Sound stereo stores; in fact, I own them. And I write all Atlantis ads myself, so that every word in it will be straight. To prove it, you'll find my home telephone number here in case you want to ask any questions or register a complaint (like what a lousy writer I am).

A writer I'm not. But a stereo nut I am. And that's the point. Point number one. And reason number one for buying your system at **Atlantis Sound.**

WE KNOW ABOUT STEREO

You don't sell more than \$15 million of stereo equipment a year without knowing your business. That goes for me, and for the 150 young men and women who are there to help you when you stop in at Atlantis. We don't sell television sets or refrigerators; we're not department stores. All we sell is hi-fi. We're not perfect, but since we only sell hi-fi, we had better know hi-fi or "I'd be outa business" and that's no fun.

WE HAVE ADDED THE WORD "FULL" IN FRONT OF THE WARRANTY WE GIVE YOU.

When was the last time you looked at a warranty you got from the manufacturer? On July 4, 1975 Congress passed a law that every warranty on every product selling for over \$5.00 had to be labelled full or limited. At Atlantis we welcome that action. And, that is not a lot of lip service because Atlantis gives a **full** warranty on every product we sell (with the few exceptions noted below). And this full warranty is in addition to the limited warranty given by the manufacturer whose product we sell. Now what does a full warranty mean? Simply stated it says Atlantis will repair any defective component during the warranty period for that component without charging the owner for either parts or labor. Further, if during its warranty period a piece of equipment continues to malfunction after a reasonable number of attempts by Atlantis to repair it Atlantis will, at the customers option, either replace the component with a new comparable priced item

or refund the full original purchase price. The time period of this warranty varies by product category as listed below.

Speakers	Five years
Turntables and Tape Recorders	One year
Other electronic components (amplifiers, receivers, etc.)	Three years
Tape heads, styli and drive belts	Ninety days

The warranty on any component will be extended for an amount of time equal to the total time that the component is in our custody for warranty work.

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THE ATLANTIS CONSUMER PROTECTION PLAN

In addition to the FULL Warranty, Atlantis gives the following services

- **Seven Day Trial** — Within 7 days of purchase we will refund your full purchase price on any system advertised herein — no questions asked.
- **Speaker Trade-In** — For one year Atlantis will apply 100% of the original purchase price toward the purchase of any more expensive speakers we handle.
- **Defective Equipment Exchange** — If an Atlantis component breaks down the first 7 days and we can't fix it instantly, we will exchange the component for a new one.
- **Equipment Exchange** — This Consumer Protection Plans applies to the systems recommended in this advertising supplement.

You can't make a mistake at Atlantis. If, within 90 days, you decide you'd rather have other components in preference to the ones you chose, we'll take your original selection in on trade at the list-price difference. The credit applies to the purchase of any component or combination of components at the normal list or national advertised value price — you pay only the difference.

NOBODY, BUT NOBODY, UNDERPRICES ATLANTIS.

If you're worried about money, don't. Because after you buy a system from us — even as long as 30 days later — if you find an authorized dealer selling the same equipment with essentially similar services and same warranties at a lower price, we will refund the difference to you. So price is another reason for coming to Atlantis.

WE SELL ONLY "A-RATED" EQUIPMENT.

Everything we buy — receivers, speakers, turntables, etc., is subjected to as many as 7 or 8 tests — BY US. We rate performance of components A, B, C, D, for our own information. But we **sell ONLY** the equipment that emerges from our tests with an A rating. Only on A-rated equipment can we offer you the various consumer protection and extra programs that Atlantis does offer.

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME A RETAILER GAVE YOU HIS HOME TELEPHONE NUMBER?

The importance of selecting the right place to buy your hi-fi comes **after** you've already brought it home. Most people are friendly enough inside their stores, but just try to get a question answered later on . . . or try to get satisfaction about a gripe without having to lug the whole set back across town.

I've got a 24-hour hot line. If you want a fast answer, just give me a collect call, day or night. During the day, you can reach me at (703) 533-0242. At night, I'll be home: (703) 860-2608. Since Atlantis started in 1969, we have sold about 120,000 sound systems. That's a lot of customers to keep happy. Do you think I'd be giving out my number if I had many complaints?

WE SELL ONLY "MATCHED" SYSTEMS.

I mentioned earlier in this ad about the importance of balancing or matching, the various components in your system. Even though you may already know something about hi-fi, it would be tough for you to know everything about every manufacturer's newest line. So we take the guesswork out of it for you. Every one of the eight systems shown and described on the following pages has been carefully and professionally selected and matched.

IT'S CONVENIENT TO BUY FROM ATLANTIS.

We have 30 stores stretched along the East Coast. A full listing of our locations is on the last page of this ad. (But don't turn to it yet, or you'll miss all the goodies on the pages in between.)

If we are still not close enough to you, use the coupon on the last page. You'll still get the best deal. And the same **Full Warranty** and Protection Plan. And my telephone number. You just won't have to leave home to go shopping.

I'VE GOT TWO MORE REASONS: LITTLE PROPOSITIONS FOR YOU.

You'll find this, too, on the last page of the ad. But the propositions won't do you any good until you have first examined the merchandise on the next eight pages, anyway, so take it slow and easy.

WHY THIS CRAZY RETAIL ADVERTISEMENT?

A recently published research study of hi-fi buyers concluded that men who are into good sound equipment are also heavily involved with photography, sex, music and hi-fi, cars, boats and more sex. Not necessarily in that order. I've got a little of everything for you here. I hope you like it. So, on the next eight pages — along with the complete sound systems I highly recommend, including one to fit your budget — you will find some exceptional photography that I personally like a lot. They are by a friend of mine, whose name (honest!) is Joe Dimaggio. The systems themselves bear top names that will be just as familiar to you and the broads are A-rated. All in all, they'll provide

**the answer
to the second question.**



Atlantis Sound SYSTEM \$298 If purchased separately \$382

THE LOUDSPEAKERS: SYLVANIA AS5706W.

A remarkable value.

Wide sound dispersion and sealed air suspension design gives you a hi-fi room — instead of a hi-fi spot.

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An automatic with a formidable list of features. Jam-proof tonearm, counter-balanced, with stylus force

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Atlantis Sound SYSTEM \$407 If purchased separately \$505

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THE TURNTABLE: BSR 2310X

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Counter-balanced tonearm; anti-skate control, swing-away control arm for manual play, viscous-damped cue-pause control, automatic tonearm lock.

ADD EARS: PIONEER SE-305 HEADPHONE FOR \$28

Dynamic isolation headphones add comfort to the dimension of stereo sound.





Atlantis Sound SYSTEM \$465 If purchased separately \$545

THE LOUDSPEAKERS: CERWIN-VEGA V-10

One of the most efficient loudspeakers in the world. High Efficiency Design produces 4 to 10 times more output per watt than in conventional speakers. A 10-inch woofer for bass you can feel. High power handling ability for more low-distortion output and quicker transient attack.

The exclusive 1-inch dome tweeter produces crisp, accurate highs.

Transient response is precisely damped for accurate reproduction of subtle music textures.

THE RECEIVER: PIONEER SX-434

An excellent match for the Cerwin-Vega V-10 speakers.

RMS power is 15 watts per channel, both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load, from 40 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.8% total harmonic distortion. FM section with high sensitivity and pin-point selectivity. Capture ratio excellent 1.0 dB. AM specs are equally impressive.

Click-stop tone controls, FM muting, loudness control, plus power to drive two pairs of speakers.

THE TURNTABLE: BSR 2510X.

A dependably quiet and efficient automatic changer.

Damped cueing, anti-skate, and a gram scale for correct stylus pressure.

BSR includes a molded base with walnut trim, removable tinted dust cover, pre-mounted elliptical cartridge.

ADD EARS: AKG K-140 HEADPHONE FOR \$32

Lightweight professional headphones perfect for long duration listening without fatigue.

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Atlantis Sound SYSTEM \$560 If purchased separately \$672

THE LOUDSPEAKERS: THE ALTEC LANSING MODEL ONE Big sound in a small package.

The new Model One utilizes an extended range 8" bass driver in a completely sealed enclosure which is coupled to a 4-inch frame cone driver.

The cabinet is finished in genuine hand-rubbed, oiled natural oak. An acoustically transparent chocolate knit grille is mounted to a snap-off frame.

THE RECEIVER: PIONEER SX-535

Pioneer's reputation justified with electronics and features comparable to far more expensive AM/FM receivers.

Direct/coupled amplifier produces more power over a wider range of frequencies. Continuous power output is 20 watts per channel minimum RMS into an 8 Ohm load from 40-20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.8% total harmonic distortion. A phase-lock-loop circuit increases channel separation, lowers FM distortion.

Features include FM muting, loudness control, separate signal strength and center-of-channel meters, and 2-pair speaker switching.

THE TURNTABLE: B-I-C™ 940 **MULTIPLE PLAY MANUAL TURNTABLE.**

Now enjoy the exclusive design features of B-I-C's revolutionary 980 Multiple Play Manual Turntable in a system

costing under \$600. Low speed 24-pole 300 rpm synchronous motor. Belt drive. Programmer and cycle button. Die cast 12-inch turntable.

New B-I-C features, too. Tonearm design with a counter-balance system as in manual systems. Anti-skating adjustment utilizes rotating dial pointer. Cueing damped both up and down.

For the B-I-C 940, the Empire 2002 EEX Cartridge. In many stores you'd pay \$60 for the cartridge alone.

Included in this system, at no extra cost.

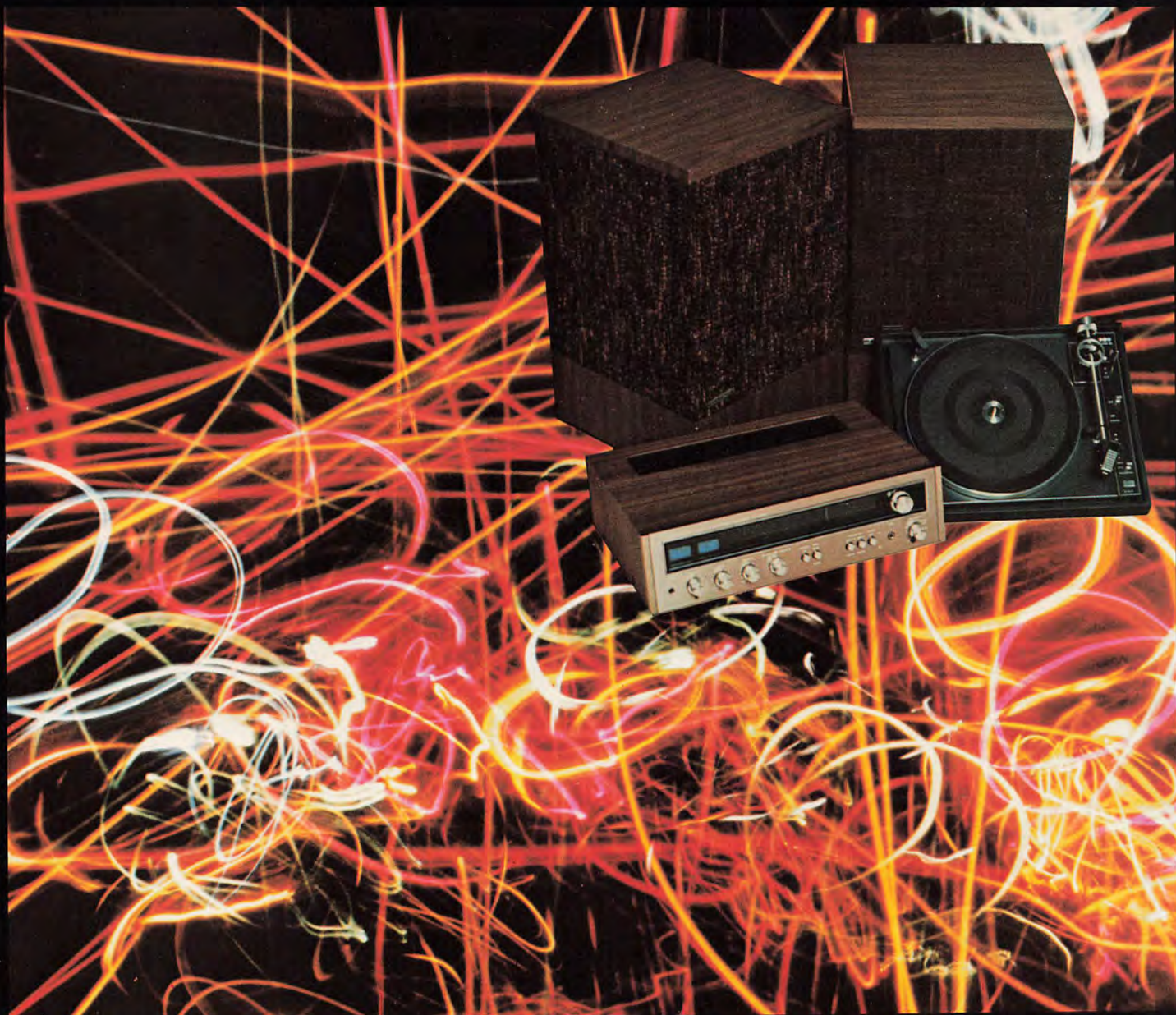
GALLERY OPTION: SUBSTITUTE THE ALTEC LANSING MODEL THREE FOR AN ADDITIONAL \$60

A high efficiency 10-inch bass driver is housed in a vented enclosure to reproduce outstanding frequency and transient response. The high frequency section utilizes a 4-inch cone driver for all signals above 1500 Hz. The Model Three does very nicely in the efficiency game, while maintaining extremely linear total system response. The tasteful styling of the Model Three is highlighted by an elegantly designed hand-rubbed natural oak cabinet.

ADD EARS: PIONEER SE-405 **HEADPHONES FOR \$39**

Polyester film speaker elements, individual volume controls; a headset for discriminating ears

ONLY AT ATLANTIS.



Atlantis Sound SYSTEM \$741 If purchased separately \$906

THE LOUDSPEAKERS: BOSE 501 DIRECT/REFLECTING® SPEAKER SYSTEM.

Outperforming more expensive conventional speakers, the Bose 501 uses the wall of your room to reflect sound (as stage walls reflect sound in live performances).

10-inch speaker facing forward to provide direct sound, and two 3 1/2-inch speakers directed at rear angles for radiated and reflected sound. Effect is excellent stereo image with spatial fullness characteristic of live performances. Bose insures quality sound by testing each 501 with the SYN-COM™ II computer, simulating actual living room conditions.

THE RECEIVER: ONKYO TX-330

An AM/FM receiver combining ex-

ceptional selectivity, sensitivity, consistent performance over the full frequency range.

The RMS power is 17 watts per channel, with both channels driven into an 8 Ohm load, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion. Heavy duty transistors replace diodes for high reliability — and virtually perfect signal demodulation.

THE TURNTABLE: B-I-C™ 960 MULTIPLE PLAY MANUAL TURNTABLE.

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Empire 2002 EEX Cartridge included

ADD EARS: PIONEER SE-500 HEADPHONES FOR \$40.

Diaphragms expand, contract in ideal "breathing motion," so tonal characteristics compare to electrostatic headphones; yet no need for matching transformer.

ONLY AT ATLANTIS.

Atlantis Sound SYSTEM \$995

If Purchased Separately \$1,228

THE LOUDSPEAKERS: CERWIN-VEGA 312T

The result of over 20 years of Cerwin-Vega high efficiency design.

A 12-inch woofer (with a loaded line) faces downward. Result: added spatial dimension, unusual presence, and awesome bass.

The 8-inch midrange speakers and a 2 1/2-inch dhorm tweeter produce smooth response and excellent dispersion across the entire audio range.

THE RECEIVER: PIONEER SX-636

AM/FM with more than enough power to drive Cerwin-Vega 312T's 25 watts per channel (RMS), with both channels

driven into an 8 Ohm load, from 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion.

FM sensitivity is 1.9 microvolts, FM selectivity of 60 dB. Add long list of electronic features, and you'll see why this receiver is a step ahead of its time.

THE TURNTABLE: B-I-CTM 980

A new approach to the operation systems: tone arm, programmer and drive.

The B-I-C 980 belt-drive automatic changer features a low speed 24-pole synchronous motor for smooth, rumble-free operation. It is the first turntable that you can program; it can

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ADD EARS: PIONEER SE-505 HEADPHONES FOR \$48

Two-way speaker design with polyester fiber woofer for deep bass, plus separate tweeter for subtle sound on the high end.

ONLY AT ATLANTIS.





Atlantis Sound system \$1,348
If Purchased Separately \$1,528

THE LOUDSPEAKERS: BOSE 901-11 DIRECT/REFLECTING® SPEAKER SYSTEM.

The standard in music reproduction. Sound reflected off the walls, with spaciousness, realism, and presence rivaling original performance. 18 full-range drivers, but no woofers, tweeters, crossover networks. Active equalizer balances frequency with accuracy unattainable by other means.

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GALLERY OPTION: ADD A SECOND PAIR OF BOSE 901-11 DIRECT/REFLECTING® SPEAKERS.

Something uncanny happens with a

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THE RECEIVER: SANSUI 881

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Control, switching for 3 stereo speaker systems, two-deck tape facilities, mic mixing, a super-accurate tuning meter, loudness control, and FM muting.

THE TURNTABLE: PIONEER PL-55X

The professional turntable for the connoisseur who demands perfection. Use of a brushless DC servo-controlled motor allows wow and flutter for less than 0.03%. The Pioneer PL-55X also has a matching high performance tone arm, and a deluxe plexiglass dust cover.

ADD EARS: PIONEER SE-700 HEADPHONES FOR \$64

Designed with the same principles as the SE-500—although lighter, more compact, and even better response, offers truly startling realism. Such performance available before only with electrostatic headphones.

ONLY AT ATLANTIS.



Atlantis Sound SYSTEM \$2,200 **If Purchased Separately \$2,528**

THE LOUDSPEAKERS: **ALTEC 846B VALENCIA**

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THE PREAMPLIFIER: **PHASE LINEAR 2000**

Advanced audio technology from Phase Linear. A new dimension in music-Ambience. The natural acoustics of a concert hall—in your listening room. Distortion guaranteed at less than 0.1%—typically below 0.03%.

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All the extra power you need for virtually distortion-free sound.

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ADD EARS: PIONEER SE-700 HEADPHONES FOR \$64

Designed with the same principles as the SE-500—Although lighter, more compact, and even better response, offers truly startling realism. Such performance available before only with electrostatic headphones.

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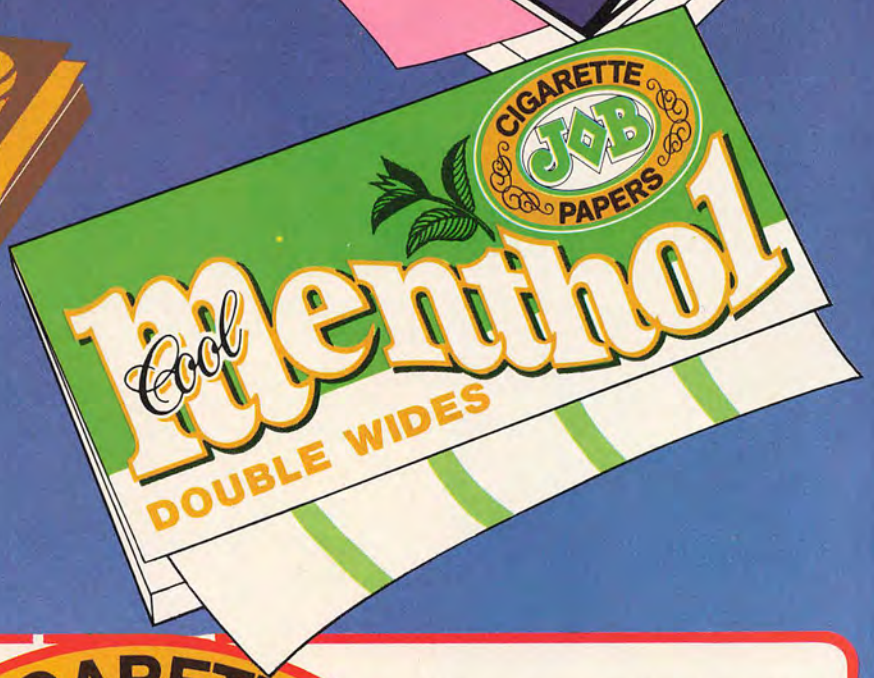
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GALLERY AT LEISURE

Bruce Springsteen—*Born To Run* (Columbia).

Surrender—it's the season of Springsteen. After two mildly successful albums, Bruce Springsteen and his producers have turned out an lp that blasts straight through to the core of rock. *Born To Run* nearly matches Springsteen's splendidly gritty, greasy live performances—and if you think that means it's a damned fine lp, you're right.

Springsteen's voice is no great shakes—midway between a mumble and a baritone slurp. His melodies are often rudimentary. The best of them, like the love/lust ballad "She's the One," owe their melody lines more to Bruce's absorption of the riffs to "Hey, Bo Diddley" than to his own inventiveness. Despite these considerable flaws, why then does Bruce Springsteen succeed? Because he has a backup band that plays spectacularly powerful, sledgehammer rock riffs. And because he writes some of the best lyrics since Dylan.

Springsteen's lyrics are his strongest suit. He moans,

Music



For Springsteen, rock 'n' roll is the way out—the escape route from his black leather nightmare.

screams, and speaks songs of poor kids running down "Backstreets," trying vainly to find some fresh air to breathe; of "Meeting Across the River" to score a big dope deal; of slouching through an urban "Jungleland," where hard times deteriorate into "a real death waltz" and where "the hungry and the hunted explode into rock 'n' roll bands." For Springsteen, rock 'n' roll is the way out—the escape route from his black-leather nightmare. If Brecht and Weill had written rock music, they would have been reincarnated as Bruce Springsteen: "The rat traps filled with soul crusaders/ The circuits lined and jammed with chrome invaders."

Abetted by the alternately pounded and lyrical keyboards of Roy Bittan and the snazzy, rasping saxophones of Clarence Clemons, Springsteen's poetic imagery wields a switchblade in an audio gang war. Bruce sings and writes a kind of gonzo rock 'n' roll: a descendant of Hunter S. Thompson's gonzo journalism, his "fear and

loathing" dragged all the way back from Las Vegas to Springsteen's own Asbury Park, New Jersey.

For the children of the Seventies, this album's music symbolizes their very lives, torn between a death wish and a desperate struggle for survival—"Cause tramps like us, baby, we were born to run."

Tina Turner—*Acid Queen* (United Artists).

As women singers go, Tina Turner is the closest thing to a musical orgasm. Close your eyes as she groans and thrashes her way through a song, and you've got to fantasize the mother of all wet dreams.

Tina's latest album, *Acid Queen*, represents something of a departure for the seductress of soul, as she ventures into Anglo-rock material. One complete side is compositions

Tina Turner remains the temptress incarnate, Eve offering the golden apple of sin through her sensual songs.

by husband/musical director Ike Turner—high-powered and horn-heavy metallic soul-disco stomps, in which Tina bewails being wronged by an unfaithful lover ("Bootsy Whitelaw") or musically spreads her legs wide and declares she's "ripe" for the picking ("Pick Me Tonight"). On the other side of the lp, however, Tina plunges headlong into material by the Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, and the Who, coaxing every ounce of feminine eroticism out of rockers like "Under My Thumb" and "Whole Lotta



Tina Turner

Love." When she commands, croons, climaxes, and pleads "Let's Spend the Night Together," it's almost enough to drive you straight into a cold shower.

On record or live, Tina Turner remains the temptress incarnate, Eve offering the golden apple of sin through her sensual songs. No wonder Adam took a big bite.

Rod Stewart—*Atlantic Crossing* (Warner Bros.).

Continuing his unbroken string of superior solo albums, Faces' Rod Stewart has moved lock, stock, and vocal cords to the United States, and for the first time, has recorded an lp with almost exclusively American musicians and an American producer (Tom Dowd). Such stellar session

men as the Muscle Shoals and Memphis rhythm sections play tight, torrid riffs behind Stewart's throaty, sandpaper-on-velvet vocals. *Atlantic Crossing* is far slicker than Stewart's English albums. Those lps (fine as they were) featured instrumentals that were often a hairsbreadth from haphazard, looser than a goose. That was their charm: to see if the musicians could somehow slither through the song without disintegrating.



Rod Stewart

That pleasantly hazy Angloid effect is missing from *Atlantic Crossing*, alas, but Rod still displays his uncanny talent for interpreting each and every song so that it sounds as if it were custom-tailored for him alone. The lp is divided into halves labeled "fast side" and "slow side." Stewart himself wrote half the selections. The up-tempo side blasts through raving rockers like "Three Time Loser" and "Alright for an Hour" at a blistering pace, while on the "slow side" Stewart offers heart-rending treatments of "Sailing" and the late Danny Whitten's "I Don't Want To

**Atlantic Crossing is
memorable for
further exploring
Rod Stewart's unique
brand of machismo
laced with
vulnerability.**

Talk About It." Rod is one of those rare singers who's equally adept at hard rock and delicate ballads. The self-penned "Still Love You" can literally bring a tear to your eye, a lump to your throat, while "Stone Cold Sober" extols raucously, whimsically the kicks of drinking and womanizing.

Whether playing the rogue or the romantic, Rod Stewart remains one of the most appealing and accessible of rock singers. To list all the good cuts on *Atlantic Crossing* would be to detail its entire contents—it's that strong. Only a few ill-advised production decisions mar the album—some occasionally hackneyed string arrangements and, notably, the mix on the "fast side," which frequently opts for drowning Stewart's voice out in the instrumentals. This can drive both you and your neighbors crazy, since you have to turn the volume up louder and louder to hear what Rod's singing. More's the pity, since his lyrics and singing style brim over with tenderness, irony, and a self-deprecating cockiness.

But *Atlantic Crossing* is memorable for further exploring Rod Stewart's unique brand of machismo laced with vulnerability. Stewart's humanity shines through each cut. Which is one reason why this album becomes more human, more of a friend with each listening.

John Williams—*Bach: The Complete Lute Music* (Columbia).

A virtuoso classical guitarist, Australian-born John Williams has been hailed as a latter-day Segovia. (Incidentally, he's not the same John Williams who wrote the *Jaws* soundtrack.) His technical expertise and superb phrasing are dazzling throughout this two-record set of J. S. Bach suites and preludes written for lute, then re-transcribed for acoustic guitar. Williams achieves such richness of tonal textures that you soon forget you're listening to a six-stringed solo instrument—the singing and percussive tones often sound surprisingly like a harpsichord.

The four suites recorded here include 18th-century dance music—bourrées, gigues, sarabandes—so that this collection is lively and rather unpretentious, despite its title. Williams plays with great precision throughout. And

that's his only major flaw: he sacrifices emotional warmth for an elegant, almost mathematical clarity.

Still, John Williams' Bach interpretations are music for springtime, music to watch the flowers come up by.



John Collier



John Williams

Jon Lucien—*Song for My Lady* (Columbia).

An extremely artistic and sensual album of ballads by West Indian-born composer/vocalist Jon Lucien. Technically, it's progressive jazz in the orchestral mode of Alice Coltrane: ethereal yet sparkling from an inner core of tranquility. But Jon Lucien's sound also incorporates Brazilian sambas, African chants, pop love songs, and classical



Jon Lucien

strings. Lucien possesses a deep, mellow voice, smoke on silk. Backed by skillful jazz musicians (Dave Grusin and Herbie Hancock on keyboards, Chuck Rainey on bass among others), the arrangements by Lucien and Grusin spin crystalline fantasies from synthesizers, electric pianos, and percussion. "Dindi" by Brazil's Antonio Carlo Jobim simply is beautiful, while Herbie Hancock's "Maiden Voyage" receives a sensitive, sinuous treatment. Lucien's own "Creole Lady" concludes with a hypnotic chorus of bubbling chants.

Fashioned of passion, reverie, and subtlety, *Song for My Lady* flows like a waking dream.—Meridee Merzer

THE AVERAGE WHITE BAND

The Average White Band came right out of left field. I mean six Scots with a name like that who play music so black you can feel the grit between the grooves. Not blues, which whites took over years ago, but soul, smooth and cool and hot and dirty all at once—and not "blue-eyed" soul either, but the real thing.

So a lot of eyebrows were raised when they came out with *Average White Band*, an album that established them as the equal of any soul group. The *Village Voice* ran a review headline "Average What Band?"; *Rolling Stone* wondered how they ever got so good "in a culturally alien idiom," and meanwhile R&B as well as Top Forty radio stations across the country were pushing the album and a single to the top of the industry charts. Clearly this was a band that was neither average in talent nor white in spirit.

But the AWB phenomenon—that six guys from Glasgow and Dundee should become a top American soul group—is not really as unlikely as it seems. It's a natural consequence of the tremendous popularity in England in the mid-Sixties of the Tamla-Motown sound, and of the fact that long after American soul groups lost their appeal in England, Scots kids were still dancing madly to their tunes.

It was in the mid- to late Sixties that the members of the Average White Band—Alan Gorrie, Hamish Stuart, Roger Ball, Onnie McIntyre, Malcolm Duncan, and Robbie McIntosh—were playing in the pubs of their hometowns, those grimy industrial cities that give the lie to Scotland's romantic image. "Some of us were into jazz—which is black music anyway—people like John Coltrane and Cannon-

ball Adderley and so forth," says Roger Ball, one of the group's two sax players and five songwriters, "and some of us were into soul. There were always a lot of groups, and you had to play soul music. We'd always have people come up and ask for Four Tops numbers, stuff like that."

Although some of the members of what was to become the Average White Band knew each other in those days, it wasn't until 1971, after

well as jazz musicians like Coltrane."

The result was not instant success. The band's first album, *Show Your Hand*, on the pop/country MCA label, went nowhere. Black disc jockeys were insulted by the group's name and by an album cover that showed a white-faced pickaninny doll jumping out of a jack-in-the-box, and white audiences weren't ready yet to accept soul music en masse, no matter who was playing it.



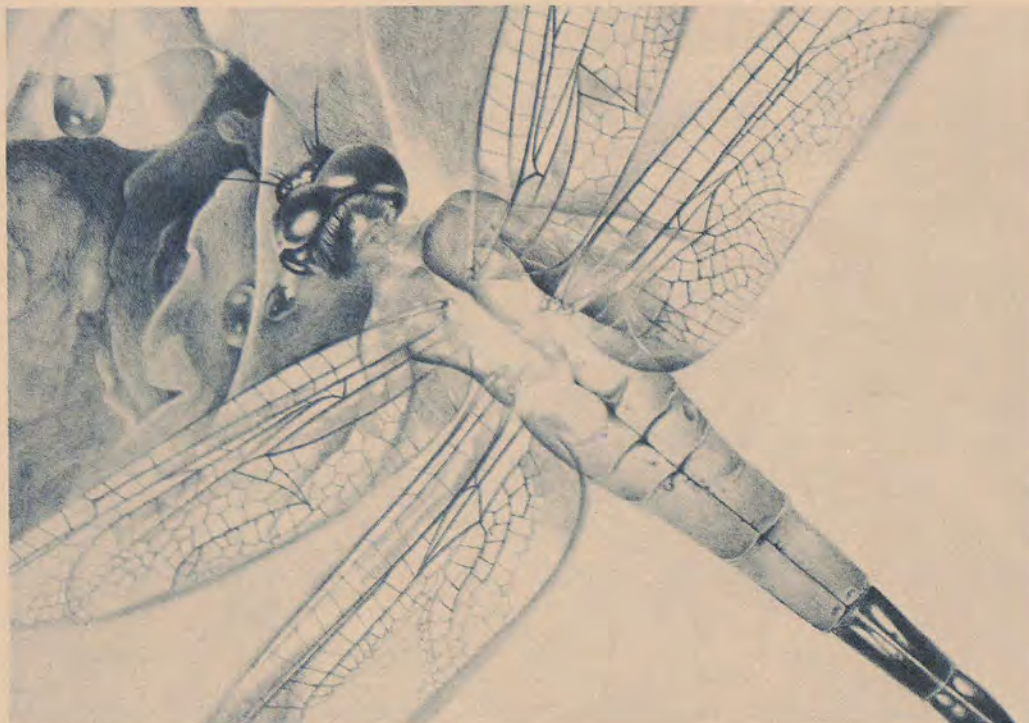
a period of apprenticeship in London, that they all met and decided to work together. They'd been drifting down to the capital from 1967 to 1970, doing session work and playing in rock bands and developing into full-time musicians. "But you can only really play the kind of music that comes to you naturally," Ball points out. "There's no way you can play anything else."

The Average White Band's secret is that they *are* playing what comes naturally. When they started in 1972, they went into the studio, and a highly sophisticated urban soul sound came out. "It's real," Roger says. "It was a natural thing of having listened to the people you like. I think you always start by trying to emulate your idols, and we've always liked people like James Brown and Marvin Gaye and Aretha Franklin's band, as

But their second album, the one that hit, was recorded for Atlantic Records (Aretha's label) at Atlantic and Criteria Studios (Aretha's studios) by Arif Mardin (Aretha's producer). Like their latest, *Cut the Cake*, it channels the rough, rhythmic syncopation of Seventies soul into highly polished, irresistibly danceable songs. It's a sound that cuts across color barriers, as does the band itself, now that Stephen Ferrone, a black drummer from Brighton formerly with the R&B group Bloodstone, has been added to replace Robbie McIntosh, who died of a drug overdose.

"We always thought our music was going to do best in the States," Roger says. "It always seemed that that should be the case. It just took a lot of effort to get over here and get things going."

—Frank Rose



Movies

Dragonfly (AIP) will open across the country during the end of January and the beginning of February, and we urge you to see it. This film (not to be confused with an action film entitled *The Dragon Flies*) is the work of none other than Gilbert Cates (Producer/Director) who, for several reasons, is one of the most interesting directors on the con-

temporary American film scene.

"For a while, I thought I was the big funeral director," laughed Cates as he looked over the morning setup for the day's shooting on location in Danbury, Connecticut. "Everytime someone had a script where a major character died sadly, they came to me. The net result was some films

I'm very proud of. But I don't think they'll make *Variety's* all-time box-office champions list." Which, all things considered, is fair comment. While his last two films, *I Never Sang for My Father* and *Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams*, did respectably well at the box office, neither went through the roof. But they were substan-

For the moment, the mass of filmgoers is hung up on celluloid high-jeopardy terror films like *Towering Inferno* and *Earthquake*. That's why the serious directors were languishing off in a corner.

tial succes d'estime. *I Never Sang for My Father* won Oscar nominations for Melvyn Douglas, and Gene Hackman, as well as writer Robert Anderson. As for *Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams*, both Joanne Woodward and Sylvia Sydney were nominated by the Academy

sion entries, *After the Fall* and *The Affair*, were also applauded by the critics. Yet for some reason, the blockbuster hit has eluded him.

"It's because of the subject matter that attracted me, or, more precisely, found me attractive. It tended to be serious, very heavy, and dealt with older people. At least, by and large it did." He takes a moment out to curse the location support vehicle, the Cinemobile which has broken down completely, leaving him with very little to accomplish on the first day of shooting. "Now, in *Dragonfly*, I have a chance to work with really young performers facing a young dilemma. Beau [male lead, Beau Bridges] is sensational. He does great moment-to-moment work; you never know what he'll do next, which, given the story, is perfect." Bridges plays the part of a young man just released from an institution who returns to his hometown to try and pick up the pieces.

He finds a girl (Susan Sarandon) and we follow what really amounts to a modern Odyssey, where the obstacles in the hero's path are internal blocks and social and family prejudices. "Susan is perfect. She has this ephemeral quality—I hate that word, it's too overworked, but in this case it fits—that really crystallizes what the hero wants. She's really quite gifted. They both are. And they work extremely well together. I know this is the kind of thing I'm supposed to say, but I promise you, in this case, it's real. Anyway, the thing that makes *Dragonfly* different from my other films is that it's a genuine upbeat piece. You leave the theater—at least I hope you will—feeling good about what you've seen. My other films were intended to leave you deeply thoughtful. This time, *Dragonfly* will make you



Dragonfly



The Man Who Would Be King

happy and thoughtful."

In a curious way, thoughtful films aren't really where it's at in the current marketplace. It doesn't seem to matter whether the theme is political (*The Parallax View*), family (*I Never Sang for My Father*), or

Hustle (Paramount) is definitely worth seeing. The stellar cast headed by Burt Reynolds and Catherine Deneuve includes Ernest Borgnine, Eileen Brennan, and Ben Johnson. This Christmas release is bound to be a major

'You leave the theater—at least I hope you will—feeling good about what you've seen. My other films were intended to leave you deeply thoughtful. This time, *Dragonfly* will make you happy and thoughtful.'

even about jocks (*Beat the Drum Slowly*). For the moment, the mass of filmgoers is hung up on celluloid high-jeopardy terror films like *Towering Inferno* and *Earthquake*. That's why the serious directors were languishing off in a corner, turning out films that were more widely accepted overseas than here at home. *Dragonfly*, with its mixture of love, humor, and a unique love story, is an important contribution.

The film is marvelous, as are Sarandon and Bridges. Don't miss it, for it ranks with the works of such great European directors as Truffaut and Lelouche.

event at the box office and well worth the price of admission.

If you haven't yet seen *Three Days of the Condor* (Paramount), you ought to. Set in motion by the late Stanley Schneider, this Robert Redford effort is directed by Sydney Pollack and deals with covert CIA activities.

Finally, a new John Huston film, *The Man Who Would Be King* (Allied Artists), is a major work from one of our greatest directors. It is tailor-made for Mr. Huston, offering an overview that only age seems to afford.—Lionel Chetwynd

Books

FROM RAGTIME TO LAUREL & HARDY

Ragtime—by E.L. Doctorow (Random House, \$8.95).

E. L. Doctorow looks like Shakespeare (see illustration), the same serious brow but amused stare, and his novel *Ragtime* seems to have fallen intact from heaven, as do *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*. What keeps all three romances afloat is the song sound of their every line. If you pitch the tone for bell-clearness and hang on unwaveringly, you are bound to have some kind of cloud-borne triumph. And *Ragtime* is just that.

What helps the story avoid

each with the soft detail and fuss of God's grandmother on a porch swing one lamplighted evening. I think *Ragtime* not only dropped from heaven, I think it was written there first and then siphoned into Doctorow's mind; of course, that's just a bizarre personal notion which makes one ask, while eyeing Doctorow's brow, "Then who did write *Ragtime*?"

The plot is a thing of grace I won't mangle here. The characters range from a newborn black buried in a garden and sobbing under the earth, to the master magician and bereaved mother lover Harry Houdini—quite simply, a great comic creation. Moving on invisible wings of money is J. Pierpont Morgan, who once "arranged a loan to the United



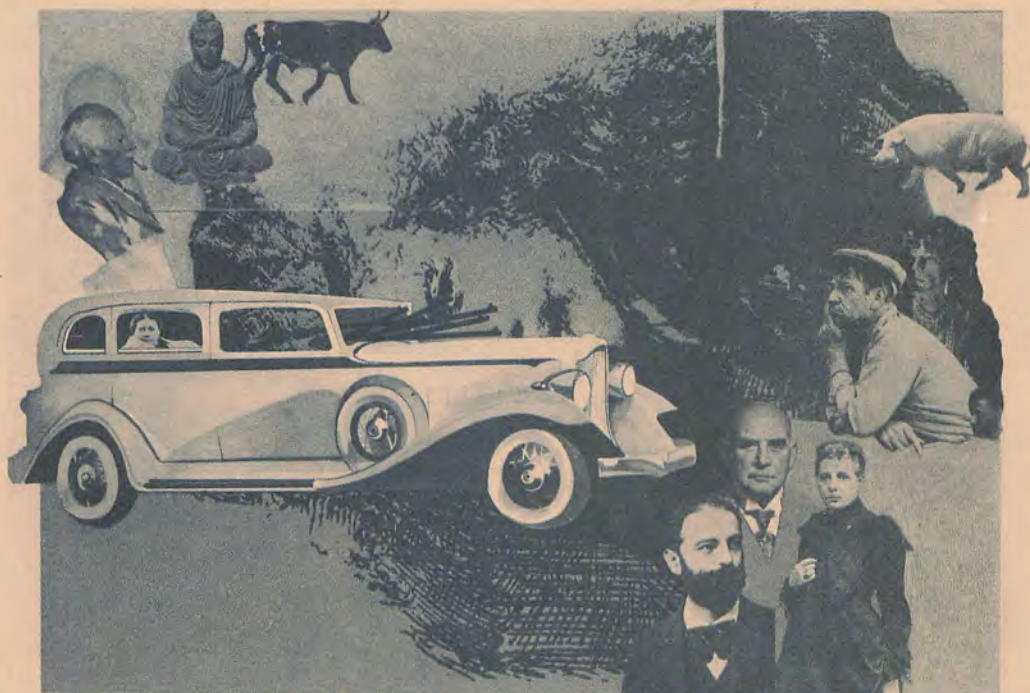
E.L. Doctorow

dullness is that it opens with several themes that soon split apart. Scott Joplin's great "Maple Leaf Rag" does the same. I still can't recall the order in which "Maple Leaf's" themes happen, and I have over twenty recordings of the song. Like Joplin's masterpiece, *Ragtime* binds together about five yarns, and crochets



Shakespeare

States Government that saved it from bankruptcy," and who, at seventy-five, is fixed by ideas of being an occult Master and is about to build a great Egyptian pyramid for his tomb. The foremost figures are cutouts called Father, Mother, Grandfather, the little boy, the Younger Brother, and a black ragtime



The foremost figures are cutouts called Father, Mother, Grandfather, the little boy, the Younger Brother and a black ragtime pianist, Coalhouse Walker, Jr.

L. Stelmack

pianist, Coalhouse Walker, Jr. Touching upon their lives are famous revolutionaries Emma Goldman and Emiliano Zapata, and Evelyn Nesbit ("the girl on the red velvet swing," whose millionaire pervert husband murdered her architect lover), Freud, Admiral Peary (Father sails to the South Pole with him), and other notables who lend fragments of their personalities as glowing highlights to the tale.

Doctorow suggests weird unity by a psychic flash the little boy gives Houdini about the far-off assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand which the escape-artist-magician recalls while hanging upside down in a straitjacket on the twelfth floor of the Times Tower on Broadway on Franz's fatal day. If that's hard to unravel, read the book. Its moral force is as strong as its artistry and home-feelings for pre-World War I years.

The Last Words of Dutch Schultz, by William Burroughs (Richard Seaver/Viking, \$8.95).

Machineguns at the windows, it's a Packard touring-car ride through limbo fields of purple flowers under a corpse-colored sky.

Perhaps Burroughs' best book, here is a clear, memorable, lyric mobster tale written as a ghostly movie script. It bolts from corpse to corpse with a rose-tinted and lilac gruesomeness that spellbinds. His usual ghoulish, swirling heroin images are now a harder, tighter poetry of fact and action, high-flown, sharp-focused, inspired.

Dutch Schultz a hero? There is a gutter glory to his "last words" that is crazily attractive—his dying ravings glow with Burroughs' own energy as if he's slipped inside Dutch's riddled body and is

pulling the longest coughing act since *Camille*. Each scene is shaved fresh and given a high gloss. The mobsters speak dialogue that seems overheard in hell. Like a story told through a bullet-holed mirror, here is a description of the killers on their way to murder Dutch:

"Workman is a cool, casual killer, dressed in a tailor-made twilight blue suit and grey fedora."

"Car entering Holland Tunnel. Piggy is at the wheel. The hulking snarling strangler Mendy Weiss sits on the jump seat. In the back seat are Charlie Workman and Jimmy the Shrew. Workman is a cool, casual killer, dressed in a tailor-made, twilight blue suit and grey fedora... pale face, cold metallic grey eyes. The

Shrew is dressed in a tight peagreen suit with grey fedora... smooth poreless red skin tight over the cheek bones, lips parted from long yellow teeth the color of old ivory. The tunnel light rings their heads with an orange halo."

It's some movie! Now if only a daring producer will film it *as written*...

Northern Lights, by Tim O'Brien (Delacorte Press, \$8.95).

A first novel about two Finnish brothers in backwoods Minnesota, Paul and Harvey Perry, their rivalry, their father's ghost, and their soul problems. Paul is flabby, dull with his wife Grace, not up to having a child, and is his younger brother's keeper. Harvey lost an eye in Vietnam and has come home to study the unfinished bomb shelter he built obsessively at their late father's behest. Harvey is futureless and unfocused, despite big dreams of exotic travel, and has a washout affair with an Indian girl. When the brothers go on a cross-country ski, they lose their way in a blizzard and Harvey comes down with pneumonia. Paul saves him. Later he exorcises Dad's spirit by swimming in a fearsome, scummy pond, and achieves normal love with Grace. Harvey's still a half-blind bull as they sell the homestead and move on.

It's a story of leisurely readers who enjoy long passages of flavorful small-town talk, brilliant vacancies, and the slow whirring of clocks. The big blizzard set-piece delivers long passages on man-versus-nature. It's very earnest and, for me, never quite catches fire.

NONFICTION

Laurel & Hardy, by John McCabe, Al Kilgore, Richard W. Bann (Dutton, \$25).

The phone rings and Stan answers. It's for Ollie. Stan lets the receiver dangle and hands a can of milk to Ollie, which Ollie puts to his ear as he lifts the phone.

"Er—excuse me, please. My ear is full of milk."

He gives Stan a long take. Stan's eyes screw up, his face shrinks with pain, and a babyish wail squeaks from him. "Well, I couldn't help it!"

Trying for supreme mental control, Stan eyes Ollie's brow, but is unable to support thought. He folds his arms in defiance but the fold keeps falling and at last he's defenseless and crying again.

Ollie does a long-resigned,



This fat, magnificent book is among the most satisfying film books around and is an elephantine feast for Laurel & Hardy buffs.

soul-deep take into the camera. He removes his derby, swoops it into the crook of his arm and again lifts the phone. "Mr. Oliver Hardy speaking!"

Stan is stuffing tobacco into his pipe. He flicks his clenched thumb like a cigarette-lighter and the thumb ignites. He smokes.

Ollie watches this bit of white magic with slow fury, then carefully places the milk can on the phone-receiver hook.

"Who was it, Ollie?"

"They hung up." He lifts Stan's thumb. "Do that again."

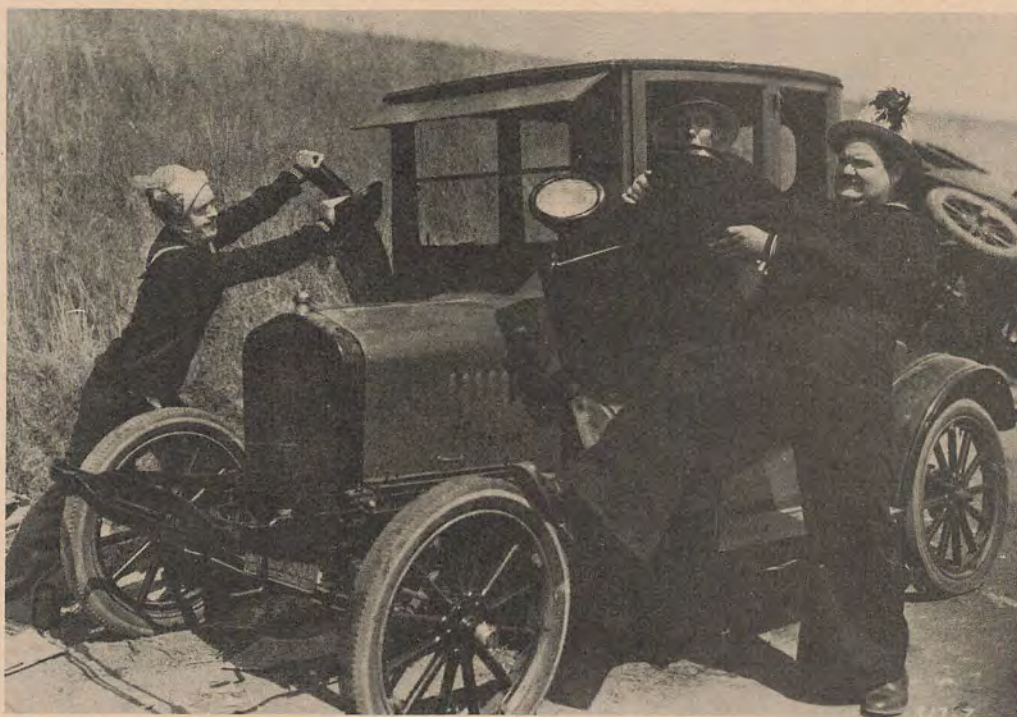
Stan thoughtfully ignites his thumb, blows it out.

Ollie's fury is speechless. Stan sees this. He monkey-scratches the top of his head, trying like a gentleman to understand Ollie's fury. Ollie twiddles his tie, staring into the darkest corner of the curved universe.

And so on. This fat, magnificent book (from which I clipped and rearranged the bits of business above) is among the most satisfying film books around and is an elephantine feast for Laurel & Hardy buffs. Expensive but worth it. You might like to complement it with Richard J. Anobile's *Another Fine Mess* (Crown, \$9.95), which has about 400 stills and the complete dialogue of one of the boys' greatest flicks.

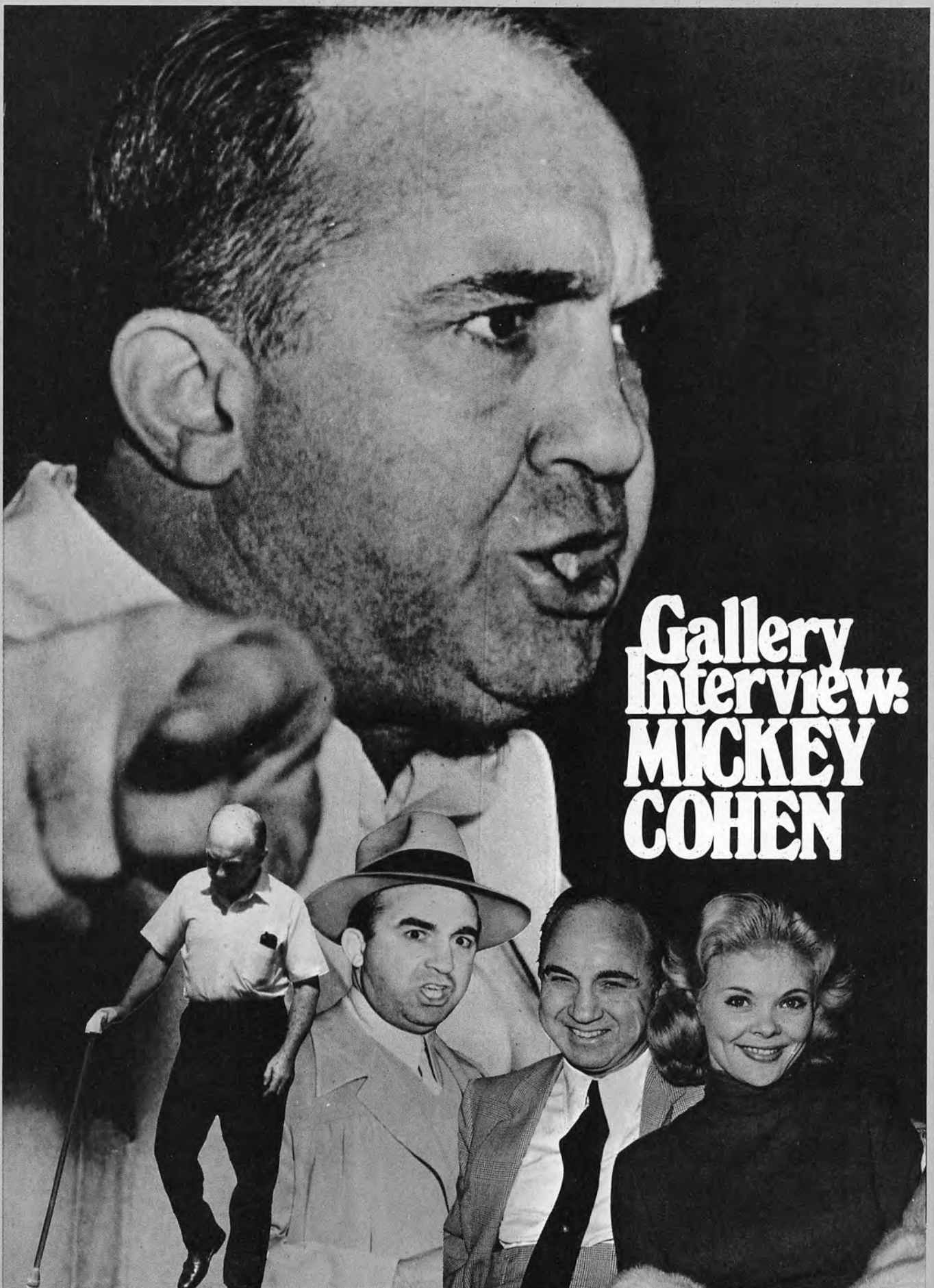
Krishnamurti: The Years of Awakening, by Mary Lutyens (Farrar, Straus, Giroux, \$8.95).

This is the story of a young Indian lad who was raised by Madame Blavatsky's followers in India to be the Messiah of the Theosophists. Soon the lad is flying through the astral plane to meet the Masters on their Tibetan mountaintop. At eighty, Krishnamurti is still alive but has resigned both from Theosophy and from being the Messiah. This new offering was the Best Occult Book of 1975—a spell-binder!—Donald Newlove





"Walter designs all his own furniture."



Gallery
Interview:
**MICKEY
COHEN**

For nearly two decades, Mickey Cohen was the Gambling Czar of America—the dapper, cocky big spender whose power extended from West Coast casinos to the world of show business and its stars. Born in Brooklyn on September 4, 1913, Meyer Harris Cohen moved to Los Angeles as a child; before he reached his teens, he was arrested for bootlegging. A brief career as a boxer ended in the mid-Thirties and Mickey soon pleaded guilty to a charge of armed robbery. By the end of World War II, his California crime base was secure—despite numerous attempts on his life by his competitors. But Cohen survived the famous “War of the Sunset Strip” only to fall victim to a massive federal effort to put him away.

Incarcerated from 1951 to 1955, Mickey nonetheless maintained control of much of his operation from behind prison walls. Attorney General Robert Kennedy’s campaign against organized crime, however, was to terminate the well-manicured mobster’s most notorious days. Sentenced for tax evasion in 1961, Cohen moved around the federal prison system from Alcatraz to Atlanta and finally the federal hospital in Springfield, Massachusetts. In Atlanta, he had received a near-fatal beating by a fellow inmate who Mickey says was obsessed with his name.

Ashman: Over the past few years there have been many films and books about the history of what is called organized crime in America. How accurate are they?

Cohen: I haven’t read any of the books, Chuck, but the only two pictures that are worth a hill of beans as far as accuracy is concerned are the two *Godfather* pictures. The rest of them are a joke and a farce and a betrayal of the public.

Ashman: Why did you decide to write your own story? Why is there a new book, a Mickey Cohen story told by Mickey Cohen?

Cohen: Well, one of the main reasons is that financially I’m trying to use this source to make a settlement with the government. You know, I come out of prison as a pauper, although I do have some friends that have been very helpful to me, financial-wise, and I was hoping that I would be able to make the settlement with the government with the motion picture and the book.

Ashman: When you talk about a settlement with the government, how much money is involved? What’s the bottom line on what you owe or the government says you owe?

Cohen: I don’t really have any idea ‘cause there’s so many figures that have been come up with. One of the figures that I do remember is \$512,000. Then there’s another of \$375,000, but I don’t know if they’re combined or separate or what.

Ashman: How does your book treat certain delicate areas? Is the statute of limitations a factor in what you can talk about?

Cohen: I tell it like it is, and actually I’ve made a lot of people upset, particu-

‘Hearst was in my corner, and although he was against what I was supposed to stand for in my walk of life, he personally liked me very, very much.’

larly my attorneys. There’s certain situations that the statute of limitations don’t run out on.

Ashman: Homicide, for example?

Cohen: Yeah, but I’ve been battling with them for a good many months now that the book is wrote or written, or however the word is used completely as it is, and it’s completely the truth, and I’m willing to take my chances and stand, whatever the statute of limitations is.

Ashman: Let’s talk about what’s happened recently in the Rockefeller Commission and the Senate investigation into the CIA. They’ve come upon this whole big involvement between politicians and federal agencies and so-called organized crime. Now, Johnny Rosselli testified that he was involved in at least six attempts to kill Fidel Castro. Is he someone to be believed?

Cohen: In my estimation, I would swear by anything that Johnny Rosselli would say.

Ashman: You were in prison at the time of the attempts on Castro’s life. Are you surprised to find that federal agents are working with people like Rosselli and Sam Giancana to try to remove somebody like Castro?

Cohen: Not a bit. There’s many, many

That attack crippled Cohen more than prison or age ever could, and since his release in 1972, the former Boss has lived sedately in a West Los Angeles apartment where he continues the lifestyle that allows for neither cigarettes nor liquor but still includes the glamorous women and expensive wardrobe that have always been essential to a personality that is reminiscent of Damon Runyon’s fictional creations. At age sixty-two, Cohen calls himself “semi-retired,” and there are no bodyguards in evidence. Still, when the Patty Hearst case peaked, Mickey intervened, and, at the urging of the FBI, nearly succeeded in retrieving the heiress from her captors. (The interview was conducted before Patty Hearst was captured.)

Cohen’s autobiography, *Mickey Cohen: In My Own Words*, recently published by Prentice-Hall, is destined to shake up government officials. In an interview for *Gallery* conducted at Cohen’s Brentwood, Calif., home by Chuck Ashman, host of Los Angeles’ KTTV’s nightly talk show, he spoke frankly, and in his own style, about his underworld kingdom, his experiences with state and federal authorities (including former President Nixon), and the image and reality of organized crime.

things, situations in our country, that the FBI or other agencies of government just cannot do.

Ashman: Has it happened in the past, before the Castro thing, that politicians have worked with you or people you’ve known?

Cohen: No question about it. They’ve had to come to certain people for certain things. Well, here, just recently the FBI asked me not to step out of the Patricia Hearst case.

Ashman: The FBI asked you to stay involved?

Cohen: Yeah. They cold-blooded told me.

Ashman: How did you get into the Patty Hearst thing in the first place?

Cohen: Out of my respect for William Randolph Hearst, Sr., who is deceased now.

Ashman: Did you go to the family or did they come to you?

Cohen: No, I didn’t even know Catherine or Randy Hearst. I was contacted by Ed Montgomery, he’s the guy that wrote that book, *I Want to Live*. They made a picture of it with Susan Hayward. Ed and I are very close friends.

Ashman: Did you come close to getting Patty Hearst back?

Cohen: I had the destination where she was to be delivered to her parents. Her parents were already there and they were all set to deliver her and put her right in the hands of her parents.

Ashman: Then the whole thing blew up?

Cohen: Right.

Ashman: Well, how does a guy who is out of prison three and a half years, who doesn’t have an organization, doesn’t have any money, sitting in his apartment in Brentwood, how does he

have the contacts to be able to manipulate a situation like that, and almost do what the whole government of the United States couldn't?

Cohen: Well, actually, the FBI said the same thing. See, it really came by a set of circumstances. When the thing broke, I didn't even know nothin'. I don't read the goddamned papers, I don't watch the TV news. But my sisters, who alternate and come over and feed me when I'm home, talk. First, I got involved with it by a call from Ed Montgomery. He asked me about a guy in prison, a guy by the name of Bojack Jackson, I think, I'm not positive because it's sometime back now. He wanted somebody who would have entrée to this Bojack Jackson. This is when the case first broke. I didn't know the guy, but I did reach out in the colored section, the black community, and I did make a connection with Bojack Jackson's family. But they couldn't be of no help at all. But I had Tommy Tucker, who owns a place called The Playroom down here. I made arrangements for Tommy to meet with Ed.

'There was some association that I had down there in Cuba. I was in prison, but I would have been particularly happy to see Castro get blowed out the window.'

And they went in and seen this here Bojack Jackson, but they couldn't get any satisfaction out of it. There was nothing that could be of help in getting back Patty Hearst. So I done what I could and I figured that was the end of it. But sometime later, Ed calls me again and he asked me about some other prisoner. I said again, I don't know the guy. You know, these are all young guys, new guys that have come up. So then he calls me back and says, I gotta prevail upon you to do this. He says there's a lady, that her son's in prison, and that Emily and Bill Harris, them are the two other people that are with Patricia Hearst. The FBI had just given him some information that they got something pinpointed in a black section, I can't mention just where. And he says, Would you do me a favor? Will you run this down? And they had like spies in the neighborhood working in grocery stores and things, trying to nail them, and so I checked it out and had the whole thing set up for her return, but it blew up.

Ashman: But before that, the FBI, knowing you were trying to intervene and get the girl back, encouraged you to stay involved.



Mickey enjoying sweets. In 1959 showgirl Liz Renay was indicted for perjury by a Federal Grand Jury looking into Cohen's finances.

Cohen: Oh, yeah, well this was after, they didn't know at first, I don't think, but after they knew they came right out and told me that they couldn't reach the people I could reach. I told them, I said lookit, let me get out of this goddamned thing. I don't want to be involved with it no further. This was after they got into it. They said, well, lookit Mick, you have a feeling for the senior Hearst that passed on and out of respect to Jim Richardson, the editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner* when it was one of the leading papers. He was very closely associated with me. And they said, lookit, there's certain people that we can't get close to, we don't want you to get off the thing. Cold-blooded.

Ashman: Why did you have so much respect for the late Mr. Hearst, so much that you would try to help his family?

Cohen: Mr. Hearst was probably at least 60 or 70 percent of my strength around here at the time that I operated.

Ashman: What do you mean by your strength?

Cohen: Somewhat my political strength, my standing in the community.

Ashman: Did he support gambling while it was illegal?

Cohen: Oh, no, he didn't support gambling in no way whatsoever, don't let me make you have that understanding. He was in my corner, and although he was against what I was supposed to

stand for in my walk of life, he personally liked me very, very much.

Ashman: Well, in the Patty Hearst case, you were asked to do something that's positive, legal. What about the other side. Were you ever approached by politicians to help them with problems?

Cohen: Why certainly. There was a case right here, statewide, that I got involved with at the request of the mayor of Los Angeles at the time. It was a matter that had to do with a radio repairman. It was over an \$8.95 bill.

Ashman: That incident involved the mayor, the chief of police, and a lot of other officials, but you say it started with a small repair bill. Who got the bill and how did you get into the picture?

Cohen: There was a little old lady got the bill and she went to this guy who had a hundred suits against the city or somethin' of that amount. He was not only suing the city, he was suing the mayor, the commissioners, the police, and the Hearst newspaper at the time, which was actually Jim Richardson, who was the city editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner*. But my involvement came through Police Inspector Lawrenson.

Ashman: The mayor sent word to you through him that he'd appreciate your help in getting this guy off his back?

Cohen: He didn't say he'd appreciate my help, he instructed what he wanted



Given leave from Federal prison in 1967, Mickey, partially paralyzed, attends funeral of friend, Mrs. Fanny Friedman.

done.

Ashman: What did he want done?

Cohen: What was done. It was resolved by the guy going to the hospital as the mayor ordered.

Ashman: Was the guy supposed to be killed?

Cohen: No, he didn't want the guy killed. If he would have wanted him killed, it would have been easier to do. He wanted the guy hurt.

Ashman: How badly was the guy hurt?

Cohen: The guy's head was broken and his leg was broken.

Ashman: And you were charged with the crime?

Cohen: Well, me and some of my guys.

Ashman: And also, the police commissioner and others were suspended. But they got back in. Did the mayor ever pay the \$8.95 repair bill?

Cohen: No, and it cost me over a million dollars, the defense of this case. But the mayor wasn't suspended, he was kept out of the picture entirely. I walked into the court with all these attorneys for the defense of these people and not one of them went to trial except myself. But I got acquitted. The others got indicted, all except the mayor, but nobody went to trial after I got acquitted. Then all the officials were put back in and they all got retroactive pay. But at the time they were on suspension,

without a salary, I paid them.

Ashman: When they got back in, how did they show their appreciation?

Cohen: They didn't need to show it, 'cause their appreciation was showed at all times. The only one that showed a lack of appreciation was Mayor Bowren and not to me, to Inspector Lawrenson, which I resented.

Ashman: He didn't stick up for Lawrenson when he was suspended?

Cohen: No, he didn't back him up, even though he sent Lawrenson, he was the one that originated, ignited the whole thing.

Ashman: Was this an isolated case or was it a common thing for politicians to call on you or other people for help?

Cohen: I wouldn't say it was a common thing, but it was a thing in certain situations that could only be handled certain ways.

Ashman: What about on a federal level? You told me that Lucky Luciano did things for the government in World War II. What kind of things?

Cohen: Well, it was some kind of situation back in Italy that Lucky was able to handle. Actually, I can't tell you the full details of it 'cause I wasn't really involved with it, but it was a situation where only certain people could handle certain things.

Ashman: Supposedly, naval intelligence asked Lucky to get information in advance of the invasion of Italy as to

where there would be great resistance. And there's a rumble that Luciano's people were asked to see if they could eliminate certain Fascist leaders in Italy so that it would look as if American intelligence agents had done it, almost like the CIA thing now.

Cohen: You're correct on both issues, but I don't know how correct. I know —well, I heard it from pretty good sources, so both issues in my book would be correct.

Ashman: Why would somebody like Lucky Luciano or Johnny Rosselli or Sam Giancana or Mickey Cohen do these things for a federal or local agency?

Cohen: Well, you'd be surprised. You take a fella like Momo, Sam Giancana. You take a fella like Johnny Rosselli, a fella like myself. You'd be surprised how much true American red bloodedness runs through their veins. You know, they may be made to look by the press, by the news medias and all that, to be anything but a good American citizen. But down in their hearts, particularly speaking for myself, I feel that

'I never called on anybody to do a piece of work that I hadn't done myself. And that goes for any particular killing that was done around here that was referred to as from me.'

I'm as good an American as anybody in this country. There's nothin' that I couldn't be asked that would be for the benefit of this country that I wouldn't do.

Ashman: Isn't it also true that if Sam Giancana or Johnny Rosselli were asked to do something, that part of the arrangement would be if they did this for one federal agency, then maybe another agency would get off their back?

Cohen: Naturally, that's human nature. One hand washes the other. I know that Johnny and Sam were lookin' for... they probably had in mind that Cuba would be reopened again.

Ashman: And they'd get the casinos back.

Cohen: That's right. There was some association that I had down there. I was in prison, but I would have been particularly happy to see Castro get blown out of the window.

Ashman: Because he closed all the casinos.

Cohen: Not only that, but he took all the democracy out of the country. He took a joyous and a beautiful country

continued on page 76

ANNOUNCING . . .

THE GALLERY SURVEY OF MALE SEXUAL ATTITUDES AND PRACTICES

Gallery, dedicated to meeting the interests of today's active, aware young men, has commissioned a scientifically based questionnaire survey that will afford new insights into the important areas of male sexual attitudes and practices.

Do you know who you are sexually? Most men think they do. But we may all be very surprised by the changes that have taken place in our sexual desires, needs, and values as a result of women's liberation and the shifting roles in male-female relationships.

We recognize, of course, that sex is a significant and often private matter; therefore, this questionnaire is anonymous. You do **not** have to identify yourself. To participate in this important survey, all you have to do is answer the questions on the following two pages, and mail to: **Gallery, Survey Dept., 99 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.**

If there is any question you feel you cannot answer honestly, please skip it and go on to the next one. For this project to be successful, the honesty of your answers is all-important. In order to be sure that your views and opinions will be tabulated, fill out the questionnaire and mail it to us as soon as possible. **Our deadline is January 31, 1976.**

We are confident that, with the cooperation of our readers, the results of this survey will prove to be a fascinating and important contribution to American sexual research. Gallery will publish these results in one of our big mid-year issues, after the responses have been scientifically analyzed and interpreted.

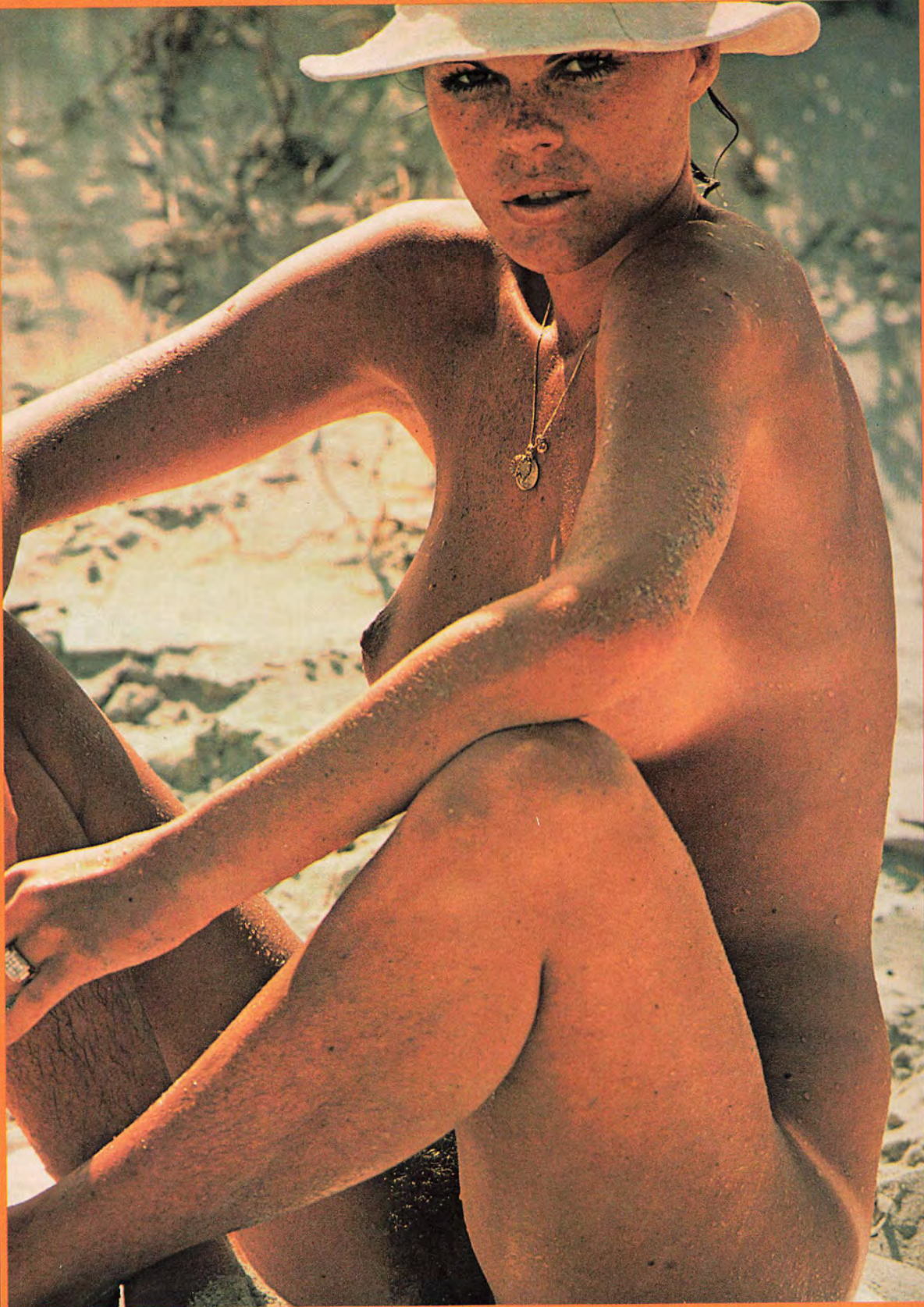
REMINDER:
DEADLINE FOR YOUR RESPONSE IS
JANUARY 31, 1976

1. Where were you born? (fill in city and state)
(city) _____ (state) _____
2. How old are you? (fill in age at last birthday) _____
3. What is your education? (check one)
 - a. Grades 0-8 _____ b. Grades 9-11 _____
 - c. High school graduate _____ d. Some college work _____
 - e. Received undergraduate degree _____
 - f. Some graduate school credits _____
 - g. Received advanced degree _____
4. Is your religious affiliation (check one)
 - a. Protestant? _____ b. Catholic? _____ c. Jewish? _____
 - d. Other? (Fill in) _____ e. None? _____
5. In terms of church attendance, do you go (check one)
 - a. Nearly every week? _____ b. About once a month? _____
 - c. Rarely? _____ d. Not at all? _____
6. In political views, are you (check one)
 - a. Very liberal? _____ b. Liberal? _____
 - c. Moderate? _____ d. Conservative? _____
 - e. Very conservative? _____
7. Is your approximate income (check one)
 - a. Less than \$5,000? _____ b. \$5,000-\$8,000? _____
 - c. \$8,000-\$11,000? _____ d. \$11,000-\$15,000? _____
 - e. \$15,000-\$25,000? _____ f. More than \$25,000? _____
8. If you are working, what is your occupation? (check one)
 - a. Professional (doctor, lawyer, etc.) _____
 - b. Public service (teacher, social worker, nurse, etc.) _____
 - c. Managerial or administrative in a business _____
 - d. White collar (clerk, salesman, office worker, etc.) _____
 - e. Artist, writer, actor, or otherwise involved in the arts _____
 - f. Farmworker, or in agriculture _____
 - g. Technician (skilled worker) _____
 - h. Unskilled or semi-skilled worker _____
 - i. Student _____ j. Other _____
9. Are you living now in a (check one)
 - a. Large city, above 500,000 population? _____
 - b. Smaller city, less than 500,000? _____
 - c. Suburb? _____ d. Small town? _____ e. Rural area? _____
10. Are you (check one)
 - a. White? _____ b. Black? _____ c. Asiatic? _____
 - d. Hispanic? _____ e. American Indian? _____
 - f. Other? (please specify) _____
11. At the present time, are you (check one)
 - a. Single and living alone? _____
 - b. Single and living with a woman? _____
 - c. Single and living with a man (as a sex partner)? _____
 - d. Single and living with a man (as a roommate)? _____
 - e. Married for the first time? _____
 - f. Remarried? _____ g. Separated? _____
 - h. Divorced? _____ i. Widower? _____
12. If married, or living with a woman openly, how long has the relationship existed? (check one)
 - a. Less than one year _____
 - b. 1 to 4 years _____ c. 5 to 7 years _____
 - d. 8 to 10 years _____ e. More than 10 years _____
13. Was your first sexual experience (check one)
 - a. Self-masturbation? _____
 - b. Petting with a friend? _____
 - c. Intercourse? _____ d. Sex with a male? _____
 - e. Other? (please specify) _____
14. How old were you when you first had intercourse? (fill in)

15. If you are now married or living with someone, how often do you masturbate? (check one)
 - a. Over 4 times a week _____
 - b. 1 to 4 times a week _____ c. Less than once a week _____
 - d. Rarely _____ e. Never _____
16. If you are not married or living with someone, how often do you masturbate? (check one)
 - a. Over 4 times a week _____
 - b. 1 to 4 times a week _____ c. Less than once a week _____
 - d. Rarely _____ e. Never _____
17. If married, how often did you have intercourse with your future wife before you were married?
 - a. Over 4 times a week _____
 - b. 1 to 4 times a week _____
 - c. Less than once a week _____ d. Rarely _____ e. Never _____
18. If you are married or living with a woman, how would you rate your sex life? (check one)
 - a. Very good _____ b. Good _____ c. Fair _____ d. Poor _____ e. Very poor _____
19. If you are married or living with a woman, how often do you have intercourse with her? (check one)
 - a. More than 4 times per week _____
 - b. 1 to 4 times per week _____
 - c. Less than once a week _____ d. Rarely _____ e. Never _____
20. Is your frequency of intercourse (check one)
 - a. About as much as you want? _____
 - b. Too much? _____ c. Not enough? _____
21. Do you consider the size of your penis (check one)
 - a. Small? _____ b. Average? _____ c. Large? _____
22. What do you believe is the average size of the erect penis? (fill in) _____
23. Where do you most like to have intercourse? (check one)
 - a. At home in bed _____
 - b. At home in another room _____
 - c. Hotel or motel _____ d. Outdoors _____
 - e. Other (fill in) _____
24. How often do you think your wife or girl friend experiences orgasm as a result of intercourse? (check one)
 - a. Always _____ b. Usually _____
 - c. About half the time _____ d. Occasionally _____
 - e. Seldom _____ f. Never _____
25. How often do you orgasm during one sexual experience involving vaginal, oral, or anal intercourse? (check one)
 - a. 4 times or more _____ b. 3 times _____
 - c. 2 times _____ d. 1 time _____
 - e. Sometimes once, sometimes not at all _____
 - f. Never _____
26. In one sexual encounter, regardless of duration, how many orgasms are necessary for you to feel satisfied? (check one)
 - a. 4 times or more _____ b. 3 times _____ c. 2 times _____
 - d. 1 time _____ e. None _____
27. What parts of your partner's body turn you on? (fill in)

28. If you are married or living with a woman, how often do you have intercourse with another woman without your partner's knowledge? (check one)
 - a. More than 4 times a week _____
 - b. 1 to 4 times a week _____
 - c. Less than once a week _____ d. Rarely _____
 - e. Never _____
29. If you are married or living with a woman, how often do you have intercourse with another woman with your partner's knowledge? (check one)
 - a. More than 4 times a week _____
 - b. 1 to 4 times a week _____
 - c. Less than once a week _____ d. Rarely _____ e. Never _____
30. If you have an outside sex partner, do you have other kinds of sex with her than you have with your regular partner? ('yes' or 'no') _____

31. If so, what other kinds? (fill in) _____
32. In an ordinary week, how many times do you have orgasm through each of these outlets? (4 times, 3 times, never, etc.)
 a. Wife _____ b. Another woman _____
 c. Masturbation _____ d. Another man _____
33. Do you approve of homosexual men and women? ('yes' or 'no') _____
34. If you learned that one of your best friends is homosexual, would you still keep him as a friend? ('yes' or 'no') _____
35. If you had to choose another sex partner for your wife or girlfriend, would you choose a man or a woman? (fill in) _____
36. Have you had group sex (check one or more)
 a. With two women? _____
 b. In a group of two men and two women? _____
 c. In a group of two men and a woman? _____
 d. In a large mixed group? _____ e. Never participate _____
37. Who is the nearest relative with whom you have had intercourse? (check one)
 a. With a second cousin _____ b. With a first cousin _____
 c. With an aunt _____ d. With a sister _____
 e. With your mother _____ f. None _____
38. How many times have you had intercourse with animals? (check one)
 a. over 10 times _____ b. 1 to 10 times _____ c. None _____
39. How many times have you whipped someone, bound someone, or otherwise caused them pain or humiliation as part of a sexual act? (check one)
 a. over 10 times _____ b. 1 to 10 times _____ c. None _____
40. How many times has someone whipped you, bound you, or otherwise caused you pain or humiliation as part of a sexual act? (check one)
 a. Over 10 times _____ b. 1 to 10 times _____ c. None _____
41. How often do you use sexually explicit materials—photographs, films—as part of your sexual activity with a partner? (check one)
 a. Very often _____ b. Occasionally _____
 c. Seldom _____ d. Never _____
42. How often do you use such material as a turn-on without a partner? (check one)
 a. Very often _____ b. Occasionally _____
 c. Seldom _____ d. Never _____
43. How often have you had to seek the help of a psychotherapist? (check one)
 a. Several times _____ b. Once _____ c. Never _____
44. How often have you consulted a sex therapist? (check one)
 a. Several times _____ b. Once _____ c. Never _____
45. How often do you ejaculate before you want to? (check one)
 a. Frequently _____ b. Occasionally _____
 c. Seldom _____ d. Never _____
46. How often have you been impotent when you attempted intercourse? (check one)
 a. Never _____ b. Seldom _____ c. Occasionally _____
 d. Most or all of the time _____
47. How often have you found yourself unable to ejaculate during intercourse? (check one)
 a. Never _____ b. Seldom _____ c. Occasionally _____
 d. Most or all of the time _____
48. How often do you have oral sex with a female? (check one)
 a. Over 4 times a week _____
 b. 1 to 4 times a week _____
 c. Less than once a week _____ d. Rarely _____ e. Never _____
49. Rate, in order of preference, the kinds of sexual activity that give you most satisfaction—(one, two, three, etc.)
 a. Intercourse with wife or girl friend on bottom _____
- b. Intercourse with wife or girl friend on top _____
 c. Oral sex _____ d. Masturbation _____
 e. Anal intercourse _____ f. Other (please specify) _____
50. Do you believe that women are, or should be, equal sexual partners in every respect? ('yes' or 'no') _____
51. Would you rather (check one)
 a. Be the one to initiate intercourse? _____
 b. Have your female partner begin it? _____
 c. It doesn't matter. _____
52. Do you believe that a man should play the dominant role in a sexual relationship? ('yes' or 'no') _____
53. How often have you had anal intercourse with a woman? (check one)
 a. Often _____ b. Occasionally _____
 c. Rarely _____ d. Never _____
54. How often have you had anal intercourse with a man? (check one)
 a. Often _____ b. Occasionally _____
 c. Rarely _____ d. Never _____
55. How often do you have sexual relations while under some degree of intoxication from alcohol? (check one)
 a. Often _____ b. Occasionally _____
 c. Rarely _____ d. Never _____
56. How often do you have sexual relations while you are using marijuana? (check one)
 a. Often _____ b. Occasionally _____
 c. Seldom _____ d. Never _____
57. How often do you have sexual relations while you are under the influence of drugs other than marijuana? (check one)
 a. Often _____ b. Occasionally _____
 c. Seldom _____ d. Never _____
58. Do you believe that drugs (excluding alcohol) help you to have a better sexual experience? ('yes' or 'no') _____
59. Do you believe that alcohol helps you to have a better sexual experience? ('yes' or 'no') _____
60. Would you want your son and/or daughter (check one)
 a. To have the same kind of sexual experiences you have had? _____
 b. To have more sexual freedom? _____
 c. To lead a more conventional sexual life? _____
61. If you are married or living with a woman, how often have you traded partners with another couple? (check one)
 a. Often _____ b. Occasionally _____ c. Rarely _____ d. Never _____
62. If you have never engaged in this trading, would you like to? ('yes' or 'no') _____
63. How often do you talk about your most intimate sexual feelings or desires with your wife or girl friend? (check one)
 a. Often _____ b. Occasionally _____ c. Seldom _____ d. Never _____
64. Do you talk about these feelings and desires with (check one)
 a. Male friends? _____ b. Female friends? _____
 c. Mother and/or father? _____ d. Therapist? _____
 e. Other (please specify) _____ f. No one _____
65. Married or not, how would you rate your sex life as of now? (check one)
 a. Very good _____ b. Good _____ c. Fair _____
 d. Poor _____ e. Very poor _____
66. Does your wife or your girl friend read Gallery? ('yes' or 'no') _____
67. Do you have a particular sexual fantasy that you wish to tell us about? If you do, and if you have any comments about your own sexuality or this questionnaire, please write them out on a separate piece of paper and return it with the questionnaire.



BÅSTAD ON THE BEACH

There's a sporty woman
in the south of Sweden
who knows how to take men on
in their own game.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEL MOREAU



When the first signs of summer reach Sweden, Ulla Erickssen takes off. To the city of Båstad, where she takes everything off.

Båstad is situated in the south of Sweden, on the North Sea. Confusing? Not to Ulla, for whom this active resort area provides an annual opportunity to display her talents.

Her tennis talents, that is.



For along with a magnificent sun and one of her native land's few sand beaches, Båstad boasts championship-caliber tennis that begins during the summer and reaches its Davis Cup peak in September.

Ulla, whose court style is equalled only by her seaside maneuvers, has attracted a good deal of notice in both places.









An intense believer in physical conditioning and outdoor living, Ulla at nineteen years of age has developed her own training program. Exercising nude on the sand, and allowing the natural rhythmic flow of the waves to alternately pound and caress her body, provides the kind of daily workout that keeps her in shape for tournament play.



"Here in Sweden," she explains, "nudity is not seen as so shocking as in some other countries. For me, it is an important part of my training."

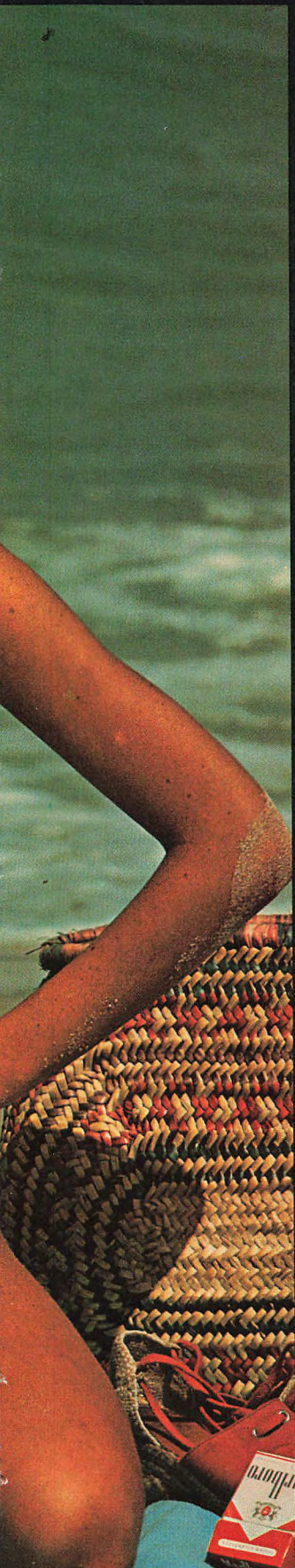
"Until now, I have been limited to local championships, but many of my practice games are against men. I show them good!"



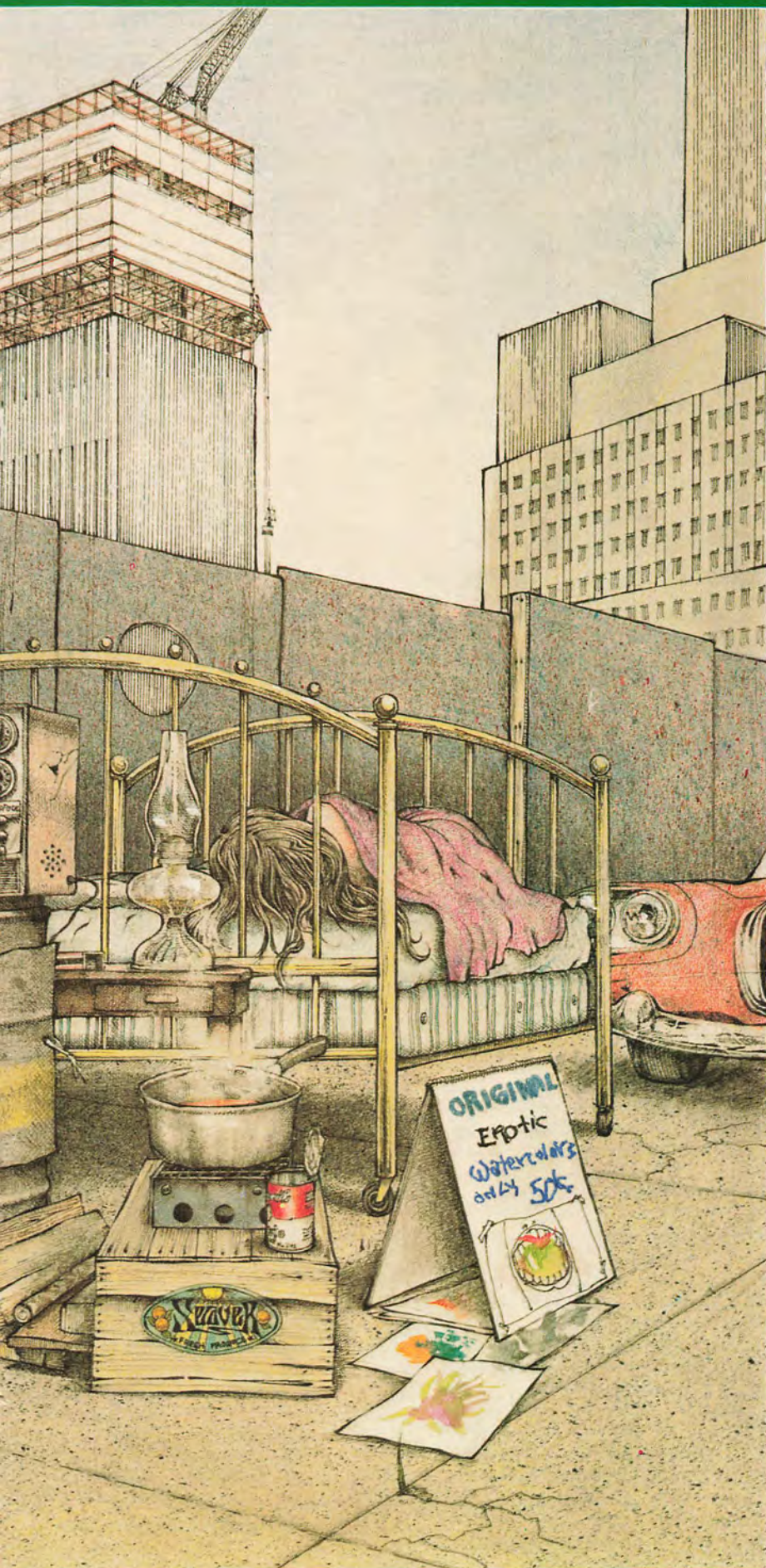
"Soon women and men will be permitted to compete in official games. Then I will use the sun and water against my body to prepare me for a psychological, as well as physical, battle with a man."

Båstad, anyone?









What are the ways to survive today? There's screwing, not paying your bills, making deals, becoming an ascetic . . . well, if nothing else, such practices will help you to

STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE RECESSION

BY CRAIG KARPEL

Just in case you hadn't noticed, the economy of the world has collapsed. This is not as bad as it sounds—it's worse. In the past, there was an emergency stimulant that could be easily applied—war. But now that war is, shall we say, an explosive issue, we have no choice but to wait out the doldrums and set our sails for when the wind picks up again. So in the meantime, I thought I'd share some ideas with you on how to maintain, given the current inability of the economy to get a hard-on.

Make Love, Not War

Fucking is the best antidote ever devised for economic problems. As long as you're actually pumping, it's impossible to spend a cent—unless you're balling a pro and the meter's running, in which case you are getting the world's last remaining bargain. You can do it over and over and over again and never get bored. It doesn't matter if the bedroom is overdue for a paint job or you can't swing a Hawaiian tan, because you can always snap off the light. In fact, it's more fun to do it when you're flat broke because that way you know it isn't your wallet she's fucking. When your mind is full of hard nipples, throbbing cocks, and dewy cunts, there's no way you're going to be thinking about overdrafts, red ink, and pink slips. Not to mention the fact that I get some of my most lucrative ideas while fucking. I'll be humping and bumping

and thumping when suddenly—*wham-o!* A bright idea with neon dollar signs flashing all over it spurts into my head.

So now is the time to go easy on such expensive gratifiers as food, liquor, clothing, and cars and devote all of your pleasure-seeking faculty to sex, which is simultaneously the cheapest and the best. Set up recession headquarters in bed and resolve not to stop fucking until the Dow-Jones Industrials go to 1000. Most of us never get properly absorbed in sex—it never gets the time, energy, and care commensurate with the amount of importance we claim to put on it. We'll spend an entire Saturday morning having our car fixed, but we won't dedicate an entire Saturday morning to giving each other pleasure. Good sex can't be done in a few hot and bothered moments—it takes as much preparation and patience and attention as good cooking. When the economy is running on all eight cylinders, most of us are too "busy" to enjoy ourselves fully. Material prosperity somehow leaves us trapped in sensual poverty. Now we have a chance to compensate for how hard it is to make ends meet by discovering how easy it is to make middles meet.

Don't Pay Your Bills

If you walk into a department store, pick up a portable typewriter, and toddle out without paying, you may end up spending more time around the courthouse than usual. If you walk into a department store, pick up a portable typewriter, charge it, and never pay for it, the worst they can do to you is write poison pen letters about you to Retail Credit Co. in Atlanta. Theft is legal if your credit's good enough.

One way to survive the recession is to put everything you need on the tab, forget about paying your bills, and worry about it later. Maybe you'll pay them when things pick up. At the current rate of inflation, if you can stall them a year and pay off with cheaper dollars, you've given yourself a 10 or 15 percent discount. Maybe you won't pay them—if bankruptcy is good enough for the Penn Central, it's good enough for me and you. Don't worry about your credit rating—your mental health's more important. What use is a gold star in the back of your credit notebook if you hear voices and have a bleeding ulcer?

To stiff or not to stiff? Let your conscience, or what's left of it, be your guide. If you have to screw a company, let it be one that has screwed you. Don't take food out of the mouth of a mom-and-pop operation that's in the same bind you are. Pay what you can afford on account. You can string cred-



Good sex can't be done in a few hot and bothered moments—it takes as much preparation and patience and attention as good cooking.

itors along indefinitely if you send them a few shekels every so often. They'll be afraid to alienate you: better a trickle than zilch. If they want to repossess something, let them have it, and be thankful you've had the use of it. If they write you snide letters, ignore them. If they actually serve you with a lawsuit, call them up and offer to pay them off in tiny installments. They'll probably accept so they can avoid the expense of going to court. When things pick up, start paying off everything you owe as quickly as possible so your credit rating will be good enough for you to deadbeat your way through the next recession.

How To Stop Worrying And Learn To Love The Recession

The current recession isn't an entirely negative phenomenon. Before you let yourself get too depressed over an economic slowdown, you have to ask yourself what kind of economy it is that has slowed down. Look at New York City. During the late Sixties there was an unprecedented boom in the construction of hi-rise office buildings. The only thing that made midtown Manhattan liveable was the side streets—still essentially 19th-century blocks lined with brownstone houses converted to stores and offices. The glass blight was about to spread from the avenues to the side streets when, mercifully, recession stuck. All the real estate deals fell through and the lively character of the side streets was—at least for the time being—saved by the recession.

Become An Ascetic

An economic decline is a good time to go on an extended sensory deprivation trip. In America, poverty is supposed to be a sin. But in most religious traditions, it's considered to have a positive value. The trick is to preempt the recession by taking a vow of voluntary poverty before involuntary poverty drags you under. Reminds me of the time my wife and I parked our rented car in front of the church on the Via Nomentana in Rome, whose crypt is the entrance to the catacombs. After we'd had our fun tripping over the skeletons of the early Christians, we returned to the car and discovered to our horror that some of the later Christians had jimmyed our trunk. All our luggage was in the hands of thieves—or, as they call them in Rome, Neapolitans. So we trudged inside and asked the priest if we could use the phone. After we reported the theft so we could collect on our insurance, the reverend father attempted to console us with a few pearls of wisdom. "St. Francis, too, had nothing," he observed sagely.

"Yeah," I said. "But with him it was voluntary."

Assuming you're going to have to do without to some extent during this crunch, why not do without voluntarily? Why starve, in other words, when you can fast? What better time to decide to experience the soul-purifying effects of simple clothing, plain food, and rude shelter than when you can't afford anything but simple clothing, plain food, and rude shelter? A recession is a convenient time for monkish discipline. I mean, assuming you're not up for a whole life of sitting in a bare, unheated room meditating, but would like to give it a try for a while, now's your chance.

Feather Your Nest

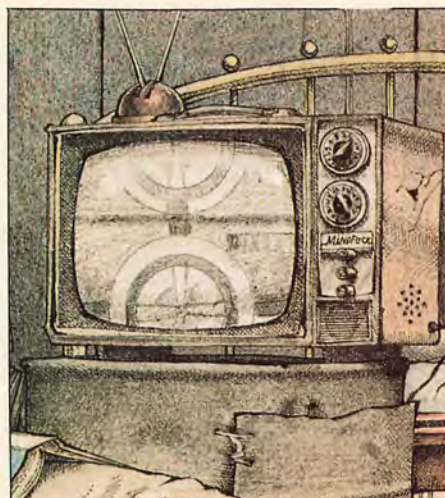
In the mountains where I live people don't get terribly excited when they get laid off work. They look on it as an opportunity to build up their capital. They go to the discount building supply yard, charge up a mess of goodies, and proceed to remodel the kitchen, put on a new roof, finish the attic, or enclose the porch. They figure it this way: at the plant their labor may be worth \$5 or \$6 an hour. To get a carpenter or a plumber or an electrician to work on their house would cost a minimum of \$10 to \$20 an hour. So as long as the work they do on their own houses adds to the resale value, they're turning a profit of from \$4 to \$15 for every hour they put in—more, actually, because when value added to a house is recouped when it is sold, it is taxed at only 50 percent of the normal tax rate. Every hour they put in adds \$15 to \$20 to their equity in the

house—much more than they could earn by working at a job. And they don't have to wait until they sell to get their labor out of the house in cash. They can go to a bank and refinance their mortgage to reflect the value added by, say, the addition of a carport. So by the time the building supply outfit starts huffing and puffing, looking to get paid for the lumber, a check from the bank comes through that more than covers it.

This ability to increase the value of one's capital with one's own hands is one of the original, though often forgotten, reasons why people want to own their homes. Most people are too hooked on the cash flow of wage labor to devote eight or ten hours to their own property for weeks or months on end, though doing so would do a lot more for their balance sheet than punching a time clock. But during a recession, what could be better than letting Unemployment take care of your pocket money while you simultaneously improve your immediate environment and your net worth?

Let's Make A Deal

When the money economy fails you, one approach is to bypass it and trade your labor directly for the things you need. Karl Hess was Barry Goldwater's top speechwriter back in 1964. Remember "Extremism in the pursuit of liberty is no vice. Moderation in the pursuit of freedom is no virtue?" Well, Hess has made it all the way from the extreme right to the extreme left, and remained a libertarian all the way. He now dresses in denim, wears his hair in a ponytail and his beard long, lives near Washington, D.C., and is active as a community organizer. Hess has to avoid making money because he refuses to pay his income taxes to what he believes to be an oppressive government, so the Internal Revenue Service has a lien on every penny he earns. He solves the problem by never earning a penny. He stays one jump ahead of the feds by bartering his welding skills for whatever he needs. Lately he's been teaching people how to raise fish in tanks in their basements, so that they don't have to pay money to the system for protein. Hess' barter stratagem is a good way of beating the recession as well as the tax man. If somebody else needs something and you can deliver, you don't necessarily need an economic system to broker the transaction—make the deal one-to-one and neither party will need any cash. Arthur Yanoff, a thirty-six-year-old artist who lives in rural New Hampshire, has swapped his paintings for medical care, a wood-burning stove, a 1969 station wagon—even a dog. Even when the economy collapses, your skills and



It's bad psychology to carry a big bankroll when you're trying to cut down on your outgo. If you've got it on you, there's an alarming tendency to spend it.

other people's needs remain—and vice versa.

Curl Up With A Good Book

Next to fucking, reading good fiction is the most economical form of human experience. You don't have enough money to get to Europe? All the money in the world won't get you to Europe in the 1920's—but for the price of a paperback, Hemingway will. If you need a dose of sunshine and can't manage Florida, John D. MacDonald will take you there in style for \$1.25. A boom is a good time to get out there and do things. A recession is a good time to get in there and fantasize.

Become A Nonstudent

My wife and I live near a beautiful old college in a beautiful old college town, and we spend more time on campus now than we did when we were in school. Nobody in our society lives cheaper than college students. If you go where they are and do what they do, down go your expenses. We make more use of the school's facilities than the students do. Instead of spending money on books and magazines, we ensconce ourselves by the fireplace in the college library. The college cafeteria is cheaper than any restaurant in the area. We go to a movie on campus just about every night—some recent, some classic, some strange. Most of them are free, a few cost \$1.25—half of what commercial theaters get. There are free classical music concerts, free folk music concerts, free lectures. Rock concerts are cheaper because they're not run for profit. We swim in the indoor pool and work out in the gym. We even go to

classes. Nobody seems to mind, and unlike some of the students, we manage to keep our eyes open. The recession is an excellent time to brush up on your education—even by osmosis—so that when the economic situation improves you'll have enough knowledge at your disposal to capitalize on it.

Make Babies

Recessions are the best time to have kids. By the time they begin to get expensive—school, braces, miniature T-Birds—you're in an upturn and money is easier to come by. If you don't believe me, ask anybody who had a kid in 1966—the last year of the postwar boom—what he's going through now. Remember that the people who complain that they grew up during the Depression were all born *before* the Crash. Also, kids will help get you through the bust. When they're little, they're entertaining. You can hold them upside down, bite their noses, make funny noises by putting your mouth to their bellies and blowing. Out of the mouths of babes come gems of praise, right? And children tend to center you on the home, which is the cheapest place to be during a recession.

Burn Wood

Recently I got a notice from the electric company offering me the privilege of paying for the power we use in twelve monthly installments of \$91 each. On that day I turned off the electric head and ordered a wood-burning stove. If it weren't for the recession I'd never have discovered the most sensible piece of technology since the diaphragm. The cheapest fuel available in this country today is slab wood, which is what's left after they finish making lumber. For \$50 I can heat my house through the entire winter—and where we live our nose hairs freeze in November and don't thaw till the end of March. The house smells like New England in the winter and everybody sits around the stove with their feet up telling stories.

How To Profit From A Recession

I know a guy in New York City who is raking in simoleons by going from one Unemployment office to the next, collecting for people who are in Europe, in California, working at another job where they're getting paid under the table, or who just stay home watching quiz shows. He charges a 10 percent commission for his services, and on top of everything else he's collecting \$90 a week himself. If the recession ever ends, he'll have to go on welfare.

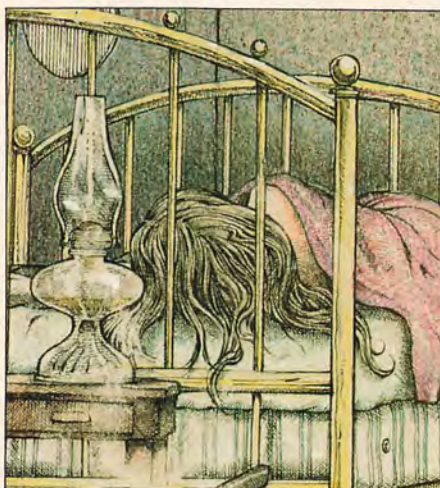
Never Carry Cash

I'll call him Max. Whenever Max buys a pair of pants the first thing he does is

cut out the bottoms of the pockets. He figures that if it's physically impossible to carry money on his person, the likelihood that he will piss it away is greatly reduced. I don't go quite that far, but I do make a point of never having more than a few bucks on me, and of keeping as little as possible in the house. It's bad psychology to carry a big bankroll when you're trying to cut down on your outgo. If you've got it on you, there's an alarming tendency to spend it. If you don't—if every time you want to buy something you've got to go to the bank, wait on line, get the cash—the logistics of spending money get so complicated and tedious that you find yourself passing up purchases you otherwise would have made on impulse and regretted later. If you've got to keep money at home, turn it into Swiss franc traveler's checks at your bank first. The charge is only 1 percent of the face value, and Swiss francs are harder currency than the dollar, since by law they must be backed 23 percent by gold. Harry Browne, author of *How to Profit in a Monetary Crisis*, says the Swiss franc will eventually rise in value from the present \$0.37 to as high as \$1.60. When you need dollars, take the checks to the bank and cash them. The big advantage of Swiss money, aside from the possibility of appreciation, is that the stores where you'd be tempted to buy something you could live without are about as likely to take them as they would money from Mars.

How To Survive Surviving The Recession

You may have noticed that I haven't pushed paring expenses to the bone as the major way to survive the recession. This is because there's a point below which if we try to lower our expenditure of money, we start having to put out energy in other, sillier ways. I've got this pair of friends who recently joined a local "food co-op"—a sort of buying club whose members pool their weekly food budgets to buy from wholesalers. Supposedly, a food co-op can save its members 20 to 30 percent on the price of food in a supermarket. We were over at this couple's house one night and they were complaining about the food co-op. They had to vol-



Before you become a nudist to save on clothes, make sure you put enough Sea and Ski on your behind.

unteer every so often to go down to the produce market and buy the food, or to distribute it to the members. They said they were spending more time traipsing off to the vegetable market and putting together grocery orders than they had ever put into shopping. They were waving a newsletter typed single-space on both sides which they said was put out by one of the factions in the co-op.

"Factions?" I said. "Your food co-op has factions?"

Oh sure, they said. The organization had split into three groups—the board of directors and its vocal supporters, a group of insurgents who wanted to take over the board and its supporters, and those members who didn't much give a shit as long as they were getting their food on the cheap. The newsletter was from the would-be board, and charged the existing board with embezzlement, favoritism, overcharging, and being in cahoots with wholesalers.

"Well, what difference does it all make," I said, "as long as you're paying less for your food?"

"But we're not," my two friends exclaimed. "We're paying more! The co-op is so mismanaged that everything either costs the same as in the stores or more!"

"Then why the hell are you bothering with the whole thing?" I asked.

"Because if it were run properly and there weren't all this factionalism, we could save a lot of money."

"And if my grandmother had balls," said I, "she'd be my grandfather. Maybe it *isn't* possible to organize an amateur supermarket and have everybody honest and save money. Maybe that's what real supermarkets are

for—so that unless you're making a living from it, you don't have to spend precious time thinking about the financial and organizational ramifications of cauliflowers."

But the worst example of recession-survival backfiring that I'm aware of is a couple I'll call Randy and Vicki. Randy is a faggot and Vicki is a dyke and they're the best of friends. Randy is a commercial artist and Vicki is a fashion coordinator for a department store. They had a brilliant idea—getting married, at least on paper, so that their relatives would give them a lot of wedding gifts and they'd be able to file a joint income-tax return and pay less of their hard-earned incomes to the Treasury. It worked fine, up to a point. They had a big wedding, and when it was all over they split up about \$10,000 worth of gifts. But so that the relatives wouldn't suspect that they really didn't have the slightest romantic interest in each other, they then went on a "honeymoon" to the Bahamas. In order to save money, they took one room. The room had only one bed. One thing led to another, and now Vicki is discovering how hard it is for a pregnant lesbian to pick up tricks at a bar. Randy is about to become a da-da, which he says is okay because he likes little boys. So pretty soon they'll be able to split up the baby gifts, and they'll have yet another deduction. Meanwhile, Randy just got laid off, thereby losing the income this marriage of convenience was supposed to shelter. So he's about to move in with Vicki and begin his life as a *de facto* heterosexual.

So just make sure that surviving the recession doesn't end up costing you more, in one way or another, than the recession itself. Make sure that all the fish in your basement are alive and well before you go away for the weekend. Before you become a nudist to save on clothes make sure you put enough Sea and Ski on your behind. And don't be like the guy down the block who drove to a grocery store across town so he wouldn't be recognized cashing his food stamps. Because on the way back one afternoon he crashed into a telephone pole, and now he doesn't have to be worried about being recognized by anybody. 🐱



HOME COMING

When a man leaves on a business trip,
things may not be the same
by the time he returns.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHNNY CASTANO







Jayne had a good reason for asking me to take these photos of her.

For the past year, she's been living with a book publisher friend of mine, Larry. In the beginning, things were hot and heavy. I've never seen two people get into each other so quickly and so completely.

Whenever he went away on one of his frequent business trips, he would take her along. And even at home they frequently managed to leave their offices to meet for a lunchtime "nooner." Larry had once told me that Jayne was the most uninhibited, most turned-on girl he had

ever known, with rapid-fire orgasms that never seem to stop. And *loud*! Half the time he figured they were giving their neighbors a better show than was on television that night.

Most important of all, he said, there was nothing that she wouldn't do to please him; he felt the same way about her.

So, when Jayne called me and asked me to come over with my camera, I assumed that she wanted to have a portrait taken of her as a gift for his birthday.

I was wrong.



It seems that, for the past month or two, she had been worried about their relationship. Sex is down to about three times a week (it used to be seven!), and now he had gone out of town without even suggesting that she join him.


I tried to reassure her that it was just the pressure of his job now that he had been made Sales V.P. But she gave me one of those "Oh, really!" looks that only a knowing woman can flash, and it shut me up fast.

"Never mind that," Jayne finally offered. "I may not know for sure what the problem is—whether it's his job or another woman—but I do know how to solve it." With that, she slipped off her white chiffon robe . . . and I didn't need a second look to know what she had in mind.









She knows her man, all right. Larry has always been intrigued by new sexual activities; the idea of Jayne as bare and smooth as on the day she was born would surely whet his appetite and have him boarding the next flight home.

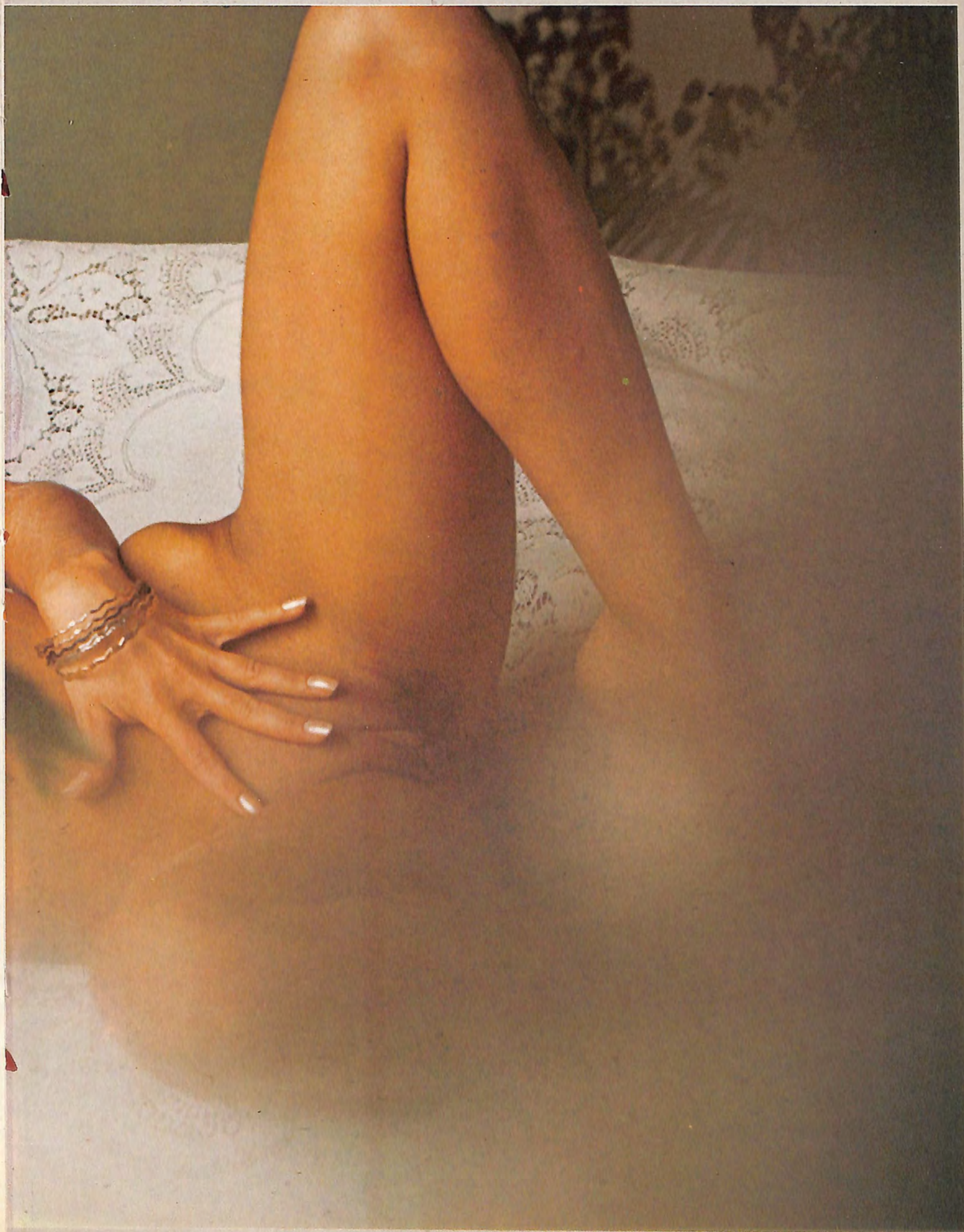
I understood completely: my job was to take the photos that she would send to Larry as a token of what awaited him.

As she moved before my camera over the next two hours, Jayne became increasingly aware of this newest aspect of her physical appearance. The chiffon robe brushing between her thighs, the touch of her own fingers, even the feel of the sofa on which she sat became a sensuous experience. For a woman of Jayne's extraordinary sexuality, it was more than she had bargained for.



In front of me, the beautiful creature who was posing for photos to turn her man on was herself slowly climbing closer to passion. On her knees, then on her back—in every position she seemed to plead for fulfillment and release.

When the moment finally came, it confirmed vividly Larry's description of her violent orgasms. And I couldn't help but envy the fact that *he* would be hearing the next one.





GALLERY/JANUARY/1976



GALLERY INTERVIEW

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that was a completely democratic country with people that truly enjoyed life and he made it a Communist-dominated country that has nothing of what Cuba was originally known to be as.

Ashman: Is it your opinion that Cuba was a better place under Batista than under Castro?

Cohen: There ain't no question about it. Batista done great things for the country and he had a joyful and happy country and everybody made money. Well, in my estimation, any Communist country is gotta be considered as a downtrodden country next to ours, even with the bitterness that I should have against the political regime in my country or certain parts of the political regimes in my country.

Ashman: What was your reaction to the killing of Sam Giancana and the circumstances in which he was killed?

Cohen: I just couldn't believe it, and I still can't believe it. I can't understand what I heard, what he got hit with.

Ashman: The .22-caliber?

Cohen: With .22-caliber slugs. You know, Sam was a guy who liked girls, he liked ladies. When I heard that he got hit with a .22-caliber slug, the first thing that came to my mind was that some broad hit him or some broad's husband or something. It just don't make sense to me. I can't understand it.

Ashman: What is there about a .22-caliber that makes you think it may have been a woman who killed Mo? Is it the fact that it's a small weapon?

Cohen: It's not a weapon to do a piece of work with.

Ashman: Were you yourself ever called upon by any federal agencies like the CIA or the FBI to help them out?

Cohen: None whatsoever. The closest I ever came to anything like that was with the FBI with Patricia Hearst.

Ashman: Protecting yourself has got to be a way of life when you are involved in certain businesses. Years ago, the sight of Mickey Cohen going anywhere with four or five heavily armed guys was very common. How many times have people tried to hurt you?

Cohen: Well, listen, you gotta understand that this was at a time when there was a war going on. There was an out-and-out war that was declared. This was what the newspapers branded "The Battle of the Sunset Strip." And naturally when you are in a war, you protect yourself the best you can. I even had a goddamned car built, bullet-proof.

Ashman: Other than during that war, how safe has your life been?

Cohen: Before the war was on, I never

even had a bodyguard. I had people around me and they were referred to as bodyguards but there really weren't no bodyguards.

Ashman: Somebody once asked you whether you ever arranged to have anybody killed, and you said, "Nobody that didn't deserve it."

Cohen: That's right. I didn't arrange to have anybody killed, actually I—well, let me best say it this way. Whatever piece of work that ever has had to be done, when it became a necessity, where it meant my life or another person's life, human nature is you're going to protect your own life, but I never called on anybody to do a piece of work that I hadn't done myself. I don't think anybody had the capabilities of doing as I could do it myself. And that goes for any particular killing that was done around here that was referred to as from me.

'You know you're talking about an out-and-out punk when you're talking about Bobby Kennedy, who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and had no idea what life was all about.'

Ashman: Now that you're retired, do you ever worry that some young punk is going to come along and figure, "That's tough old Mickey Cohen, he wasn't so tough, I'll show him."

Cohen: Well, you always got that to contend with, but I look at it, it goes both ways. I have people come up to me to this day in a restaurant or café and they'll say, "Are you *the* Mickey Cohen," and they'll say, "We thought you were so..." You know, you're built up to such a point that they think they're going to find a guy with a big cigar in his mouth, hat on the side of his head, talkin' with "dese, dose, and dems." They get shocked when you are just an ordinary human being.

Ashman: When did you first meet Richard Nixon?

Cohen: The first time that I really met Richard Nixon was with a man by the name of Fred Irvine, which was out in Orange County [Calif.]. He was a congressman and I had a casino out there at the time. And Irvine, who was very important to the operation of the casino in Orange County, made me meet the man. It wasn't at the first meeting, but it was sometime after that he wanted some money for Nixon.

Ashman: Did you give it to him?

Cohen: Yeah, but I got closer with Nixon through Murray Chotiner than I had ever been with Irvine.

Ashman: Did you support him financially when he ran for President?

Cohen: No, in fact I was against him. I was against him when he ran against that Brown here for Governor.

Ashman: But you supported him financially in the Congress and Senate.

Cohen: Yeah. Well, through Chotiner's intervention.

Ashman: Why did you give him money? The story was that at one point Nixon was in Cuba gambling and had some checks or something going on and there was something to do with you making sure that he was not embarrassed in Cuba.

Cohen: No. There was something to that, but—actually, I really didn't care for this guy at all. I had a bad feeling for this guy.

Ashman: Then why did you give him money?

Cohen: It was politically necessary for me to give the money. It was explained to me that it was very important for the Orange County operation to run.

Ashman: Would it be safe to say that you were given the impression that Congressman Nixon's cooperation would be very helpful in keeping your casino going in Orange County?

Cohen: It was a necessity. Why, sure. I didn't even like the guy.

Ashman: Was Chotiner the link with any other politicians?

Cohen: Chotiner had a lot of strength with some local politicians. Chotiner was very instrumental in adding to some contact in Sacramento that I had that I needed strengthened.

Ashman: Now, these people that you would give money to that would go through Chotiner or Fred Irvine or Nixon or whoever, what could they do for you besides look the other way while you had gambling going on?

Cohen: Oh, Fred Irvine had a piece of whatever I had going in Orange County. And Nixon had a piece of Fred Irvine, I imagine. At least, that was what Fred made me understand, when I gave Nixon the \$5,000 check.

Ashman: Did Chotiner and Nixon and Irvine and the other people come through for you when you gave them money?

Cohen: Chotiner was always a stand-up man, even to the time when I came home from prison. He made arrangements at the time as asked him, when he was in Washington.

Ashman: He was with the President then?

Cohen: Not with the President, but he—he had opened his own office. And I had called Murray and made arrangements to speak with him properly and asked to—there was a person in prison, by the name of Ray DeCarlo—Gyp DeCarlo. And I asked Murray, I says, Lookit, I didn't ask you this for
continued on page 130




"Me making fire, him playing with himself."

When Doyle Ulman, zipping up his pants, swaggered out of the men's room one Saturday night at La Mesa roadhouse in the hills near Doniphan, Missouri, he saw his bleached-blond wife on the dance floor rubbing pelvises with a muscular out-of-towner in armless T-shirt, jeans, and cowboy boots. The slow, simulated sex act they were doing didn't go with the foot-stomping country song of "I Walk the Line" that the band was playing, but it was clear from the expression on the face of Ulman's wife that she didn't want to dance with the music.

Ulman, a wiry man with a crewcut and a short temper, went straight to his pickup truck parked outside and fetched the pistol he kept in the glove compartment. He pocketed it and went back in to confront the man, who was at his own table with friends. The roadhouse was packed with hard-working hill-country folks having fun.

"Wha'ju mean dancin' lack that with myh wive," demanded Ulman. His voice-level, acquired from ten years of talking over the whine of saws at the mill where he worked, was loud enough to interest patrons at nearby tables.

"Iwuz jest havin' a lit-tul fun. I din't know she'us yuh wive," said the man, smiling slightly as he rose. His right hand started slowly to a back pocket where a lot of hill men carry their switchblades.



**HARD MEN NEED
HARD WOMEN
AND HARD LIQUOR.
THAT LEADS TO HARD FIGHTING.
IF YOU CAN DRINK
BY THE GALLON,
TAKE A WHIPPING LIKE
JOE FRAZIER, AND
ENJOY SPLINTERS IN YOUR
PRIVATES AFTER GETTING LAID,
WE'D LIKE TO SUGGEST A
TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.**

THE MACHO MEN OF HILLBILLY COUNTRY

BY JIM BARDEN



MACHO MEN

Ulman pulled his pistol and shot the man six times. People scattered and women screamed. The four-piece band—long accustomed to playing through fistfights, knifings, and shootings—didn't miss a beat.

"Yuh'ins (you all) seen it," shouted Ulman to those around him. "He wuz goin' fer his knife."

The sheriff did find a knife in the man's pocket. A jury ruled Ulman shot in self-defense. The only time he spent in jail was awaiting trial. Ulman, who divorced his wife soon afterwards, can still be found most any weekend night at one of the six roadhouses around Doniphan, a lumber town of 3,500 in the foothills of the Ozarks.

There used to be seven roadhouses but one was burned to the ground by a sore loser who set the place afire one night after another man took his girl away and beat him up to boot. One man died in the fire and several people were injured fleeing the former night-spot, known as the Oasis. The man who burned the place roared out of the hills the same night in his pickup truck. Some say he is in St. Louis. The law is not trying too hard to find him, because the fundamentalist, churchgoing people of the hill country all view the roadhouse crowd as a world apart. The churchgoers feel that the folks who frequent the vile night spots deserve any violent fate God may have in store for them. And since an act of roadhouse violence may have been a part of God's plans, the churchgoers reason that it would be going against Him to punish the perpetrator. This has led to what is known in the hill country as "the law of the roadhouse," which means that a jury is likely to let a man off for cutting up another in a roadhouse fight where it would give him ten years if he did the same thing on the street.

By day, Doniphan is a quiet place, where narrow, winding streets are almost lost in thick foliage. By night, the town is transformed into a rollicking pleasure center by men and women "lookin' to have a lit-tul roo-ad-house fun." The nightspots draw people from the hill country about thirty miles around, including some "dry" counties in Arkansas.

The roadhouses are the chief source of entertainment for lapsed churchgoers who spend their days laboring on farms or in the mills, small factories, and stores. The violence in the men stems from a tradition as old as the hill-country settlements themselves, and their readiness to invoke it to even a score is, quite simply, "part uh bein' a

ma-an."

The blackened ruins of the Oasis sit today in mute testimony to the violence in the hill men. They tell you frankly what they were made for, which is "fukin'" and "fite-un," and they know that no other breed of man can beat them at either.

It is most difficult for outsiders to understand the feelings behind the hill-country code of violence, almost as difficult as dancing the "Doniphan Stomp" like a native. The code dictates that every slight, insult, or wrong a man is done can only be righted by force.

Outsiders are tolerated as long as they mind their own business. That means not dancing with, or talking to, a hill woman or trying to act as a peacemaker in any dispute between hill people. Even talking with the men casually is risky, because they're quick to take offense at a stranger's remarks.

As an outsider, I've enjoyed hill-country nightlife since my high school days, which I spent in a nearby Arkansas county twenty years ago. In that time, I have managed to avoid all brawls. The nearest I came to getting into trouble was a night long ago at the Cotton Club when I "got out uh place," as the hill people put it. I had gone to the bandstand with two friends on a dare to sing "You Are My Sunshine" two beats behind a three-piece musical group—guitar, fiddle, and bass. I departed immediately afterwards, in full recognition of just how far out of place I had been. So I missed the fight that broke out between an "Arkansas table" and a "Missouri table" over whether I was "professional." The Arkansas group, I was told later, was routed.

Soon after, I left the area. But I always took in the hill-country nightlife on my frequent visits home, and after my first marriage ended in divorce, I spent a lot of time two summers ago courting in Missouri roadhouses.

During that summer I witnessed the bloodiest roadhouse fight I had ever seen. It was at a nightspot called Winks, about a hundred yards back in the woods off a narrow highway. Billy Jean Sorrels, a factory worker with a penchant for denim shirts tied in a knot at the front to go with skin-tight jeans and telephone lineman's boots, let a man grind a broken beer bottle in his face to the tune of one hundred and fifty stitches. Sorrels still won the fight. He continues to be a roadhouse regular and something of a macho hero among the local women, even though the two halves of his lower lip are about an eighth of an inch apart, his left eye droops, and his right cheek looks as if a butcher had used it for practice strokes. Considering the quality of medical care available in the hills, Sorrels looks like

Paul Newman. And since "the fight," women react to him as if he were.

"I geet shiv-vers jest lookin' at that Billy Jean," a dime-store clerk told a table of women friends at Winks one night. "I think uh wha' he deed to that ma-an 'n' I jest e-ma-geen (imagine) wha' he'd do fer me."

Among tough men, he's considered about the toughest. "If'n yuh'ins fight Billy Jean yuh'd best do it with a crow-bar," I overheard a man telling friends a summer later, "'cause he ain't gonna queet 'till yuh knock his haid off."

The fight that earned Sorrels his reputation as a man "not to be tinkered with" started when he went to the bar to warn a farmer about the way he was looking at Sorrels' girl. "I dohn't wanna ketch yuh lookin' cross-eyed at myh gurl a-geen," Sorrels told him, "or I'll use yuh ass to clean this here floor."

"Yuh shee-iit," said the farmer, breaking a beer bottle over the bar. Before he had a chance to use it, Sorrels knocked him flat, jumped astraddle his chest, and started pounding his fists into the man's face. The farmer retaliated by jabbing the broken bottle still in his hand into Sorrels' face, twisting it and jabbing again. Sorrels, who had about a case of beer in him, ignored the beer bottle to concentrate on his punching.

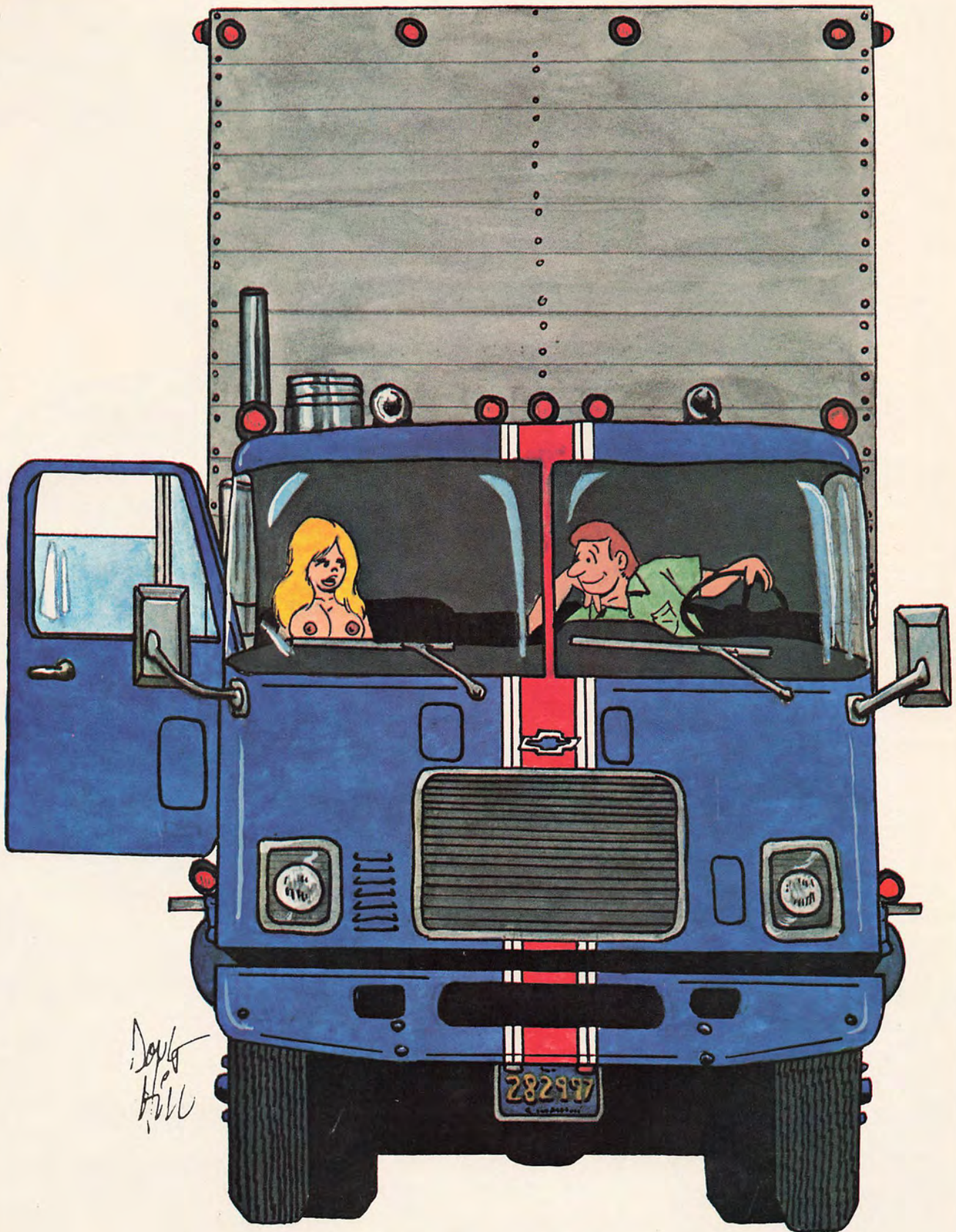
By the time the bouncer pulled Sorrels off, his opponent was unconscious with both his jaws broken. Sorrels just bled like a stuck hog.

"They ain't uh ma-an heah who'd take wha' Billy Jean jest took 'n' still dish it out," commented a middle-aged divorcee in a miniskirt and bouffant hairdo held in place by three ounces of spray net. No one challenged her.

Even the roadhouse bouncers who are the biggest, toughest, and meanest men in the hills are impressed by Sorrels' grit. "When I took him out uh heah he done had uh cheek sliced lack baloney 'n' uh lip looked lack it been un-latched," said the bouncer at Winks. "And yuh know wha' he sade outside? He sade, 'I won-dur if'n that doc's gonna patch me up so 'is I can geet back heah tonight?'" He didn't make it.

Often, when a man gets beaten up as badly as the farmer, it is the result of tangling with one of the bouncers. The bouncers can usually break up any fight, or else wrestle the participants outside, where they can continue if friends can't stop it. But the bouncers are just looking for a chance to use their fists or the blackjacks they carry in a hip pocket, or the pistol they carry in the other. Any man who protests the interruption of his fight by a bouncer is fair game.

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"I'm a little nervous, this is my first truck!"

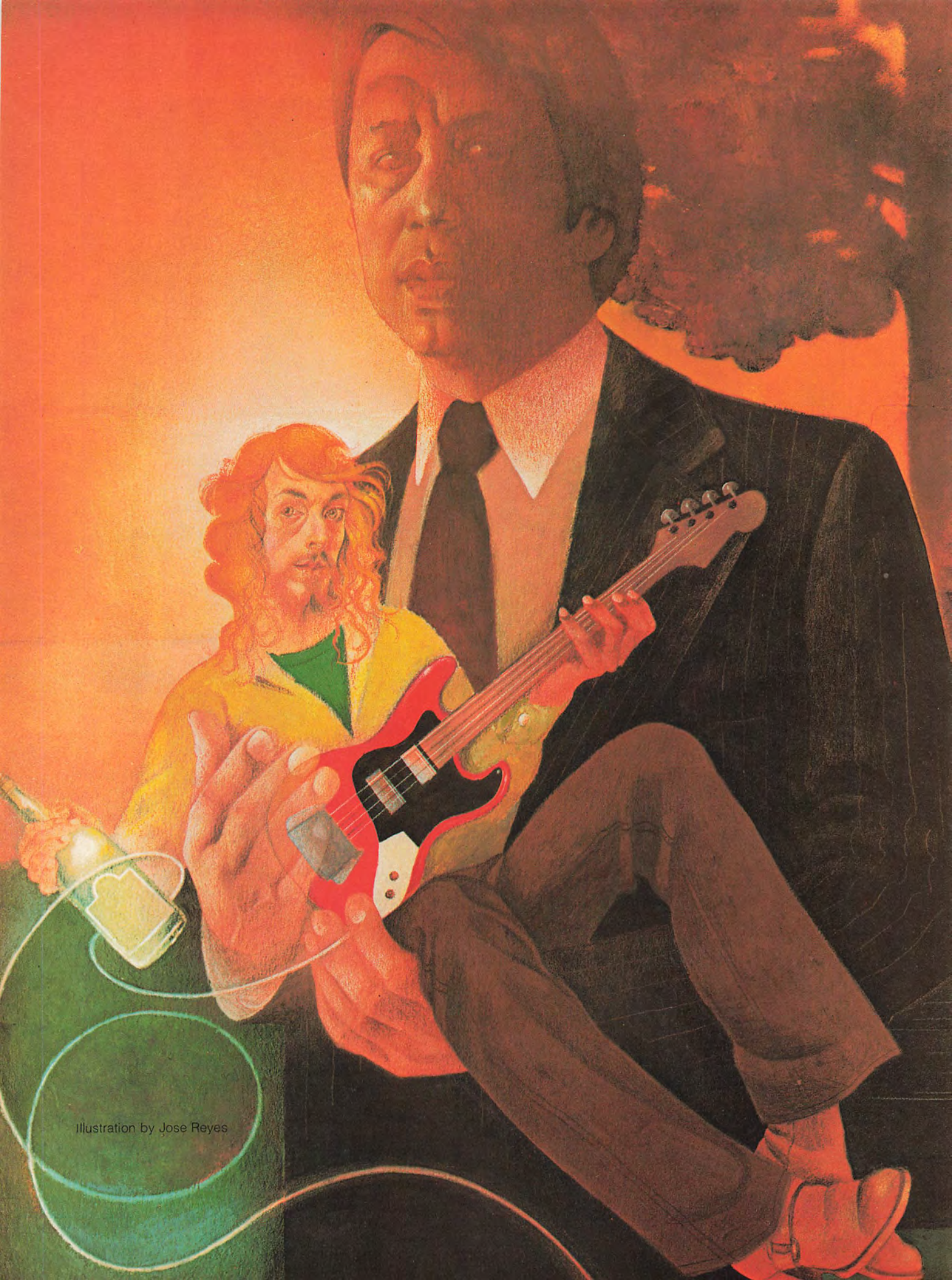
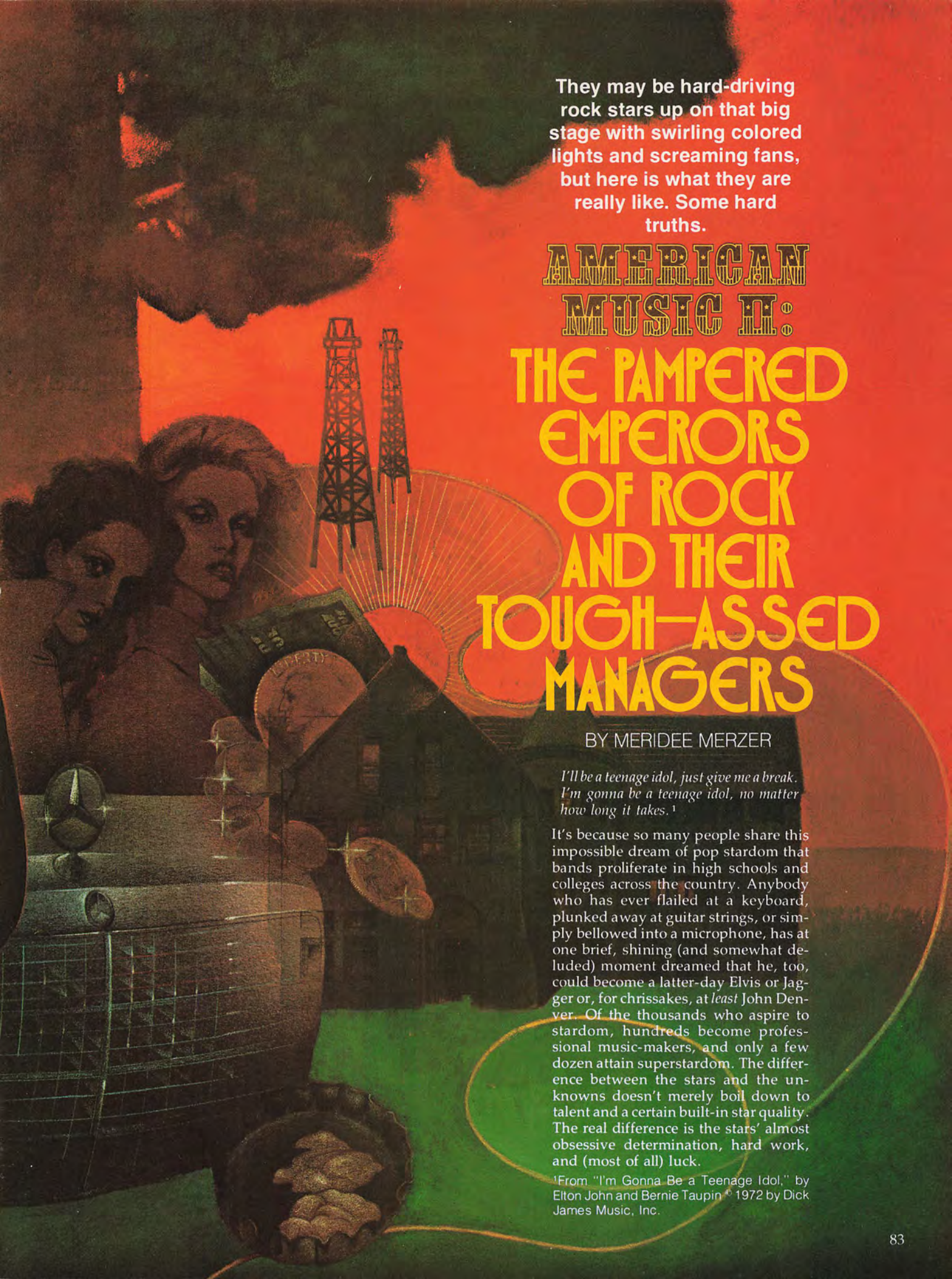


Illustration by Jose Reyes



They may be hard-driving
rock stars up on that big
stage with swirling colored
lights and screaming fans,
but here is what they are
really like. Some hard
truths.

AMERICAN
MUSIC II:
THE PAMPERED
EMPERORS
OF ROCK
AND THEIR
TOUGH-ASSED
MANAGERS

BY MERIDEE MERZER

*I'll be a teenage idol, just give me a break.
I'm gonna be a teenage idol, no matter
how long it takes.¹*

It's because so many people share this impossible dream of pop stardom that bands proliferate in high schools and colleges across the country. Anybody who has ever flailed at a keyboard, plunked away at guitar strings, or simply bellowed into a microphone, has at one brief, shining (and somewhat deluded) moment dreamed that he, too, could become a latter-day Elvis or Jagger or, for chrissakes, at least John Denver. Of the thousands who aspire to stardom, hundreds become professional music-makers, and only a few dozen attain superstardom. The difference between the stars and the unknowns doesn't merely boil down to talent and a certain built-in star quality. The real difference is the stars' almost obsessive determination, hard work, and (most of all) luck.

¹From "I'm Gonna Be a Teenage Idol," by Elton John and Bernie Taupin © 1972 by Dick James Music, Inc.

The extra impetus that nudges a promising musician towards stardom often comes from his manager. A top-flight manager can pluck up some skinny kid with cat-gut vocal chords, flying fingers, and a commercial song in his heart and, through clever packaging, career guidance, publicity, and several years of uphill labor, zap that kid into a star. Well, maybe not a star—but at least second on the bill. Musical talent may be born, but a star isn't—a star is made.

Personal managers of musical talent direct the artists' careers. They function like professional stage mothers, pushing and cajoling and pushing some more, thrusting their hand-picked clients towards bigger agents, richer record deals, and ultimately towards more massive audiences. The personal manager acts as the artist's alter ego, psychotherapist, business adviser, and father figure. More than the public ever realizes, the typical musician abdicates most of his career decision-making; his manager takes care of him, and in more ways than imaginable. A manager even learns to expect long-distance phone calls at 3 A.M. from a drunken bass player on the road who wants to bitch about his girl friend's infidelity. Managers also negotiate concert and contract fees, construct the fail-safe labyrinthine logistics of nationwide tours—everything from booking hotels and flights to making sure that the guys who carry the luggage get hired and paid.

The personal manager often finds himself acting like a parent for a bunch of grown-ups who can't seem to get their own lives together. In many cases a management contract constitutes a near-adoption or marriage. The artists can literally take over a manager's life, from dawn until far into the night. "You have to round out their lives for them," manager Sid Seidenberg explains. "You have to look over the house they want to buy as if it's your own before you say it's okay to buy it. If somebody isn't dressing properly for his image, you have to direct him to change. If somebody is drinking too much, you have to tell him to cut down or at least do it in private. They have to lean on somebody. That's an additional responsibility a music manager has. Music artists permit and require their careers to encompass them (including their personal lives) more than people in other creative fields like acting, directing, writing. Paul Newman doesn't have anybody taking care of him on a personal level as does somebody in music, like an Alice Cooper."

Personal managers step in, not only in everyday life, but in emergencies. When Led Zeppelin's lead singer, Robert Plant, busted himself up in a car

accident on a Greek island last year, his management sent from London a staff member to fly to Plant's rescue with a chartered jet equipped with stretchers, plasma, and two English doctors. Service with a smile for rock 'n' roll stars.

A manager is there, too, to make sure the artist never has to sully his high-flying creative head with mundane details about cash flow, taxes, and sundry contracts. In the music business, it's almost considered gauche to discuss business in front of an artist—at least not until the final deal has been struck. You just don't bug artists with business. And that's why we've asked managers about talent development, not asked the artists themselves. They tend to lack this perspective on their own lives and careers. Some celebrated



'The fact that all of the major rock bands have been around ten years or so worries me a hell of a lot,' says Roger Daltrey. 'There must be younger groups with something to say.'

personal managers, like Elvis Presley's Svengali, Col. Tom Parker, virtually run their artists' lives, shielding them from the press and from personal involvements. One famed manager, the late Brian Epstein, was so protective that John, Paul, George, and Ringo never had to sign a contract. Epstein did it with his power of attorney. Once, when Epstein hired a new secretary, she gave the four Beatles a contract to sign in Brian's absence (they were hanging around the office anyway). When Epstein found out, he flew into a rage: the "lads" weren't supposed to be bothered.

To varying degrees, most contemporary talent managers are similarly protective, which results in most artists being kept in the dark about business

affairs. And that's exactly how the artists like it. They want to create and record and tour and spend their greenbacks without worrying. Let the manager worry—that's why he collects his 15-20 percent.

The majority of managers are responsible people and honest businessmen. But unethical managers (and lawyers and agents as well) can easily screw the artists out of their gold fillings, because musicians don't want to be bothered with the accounting. One renowned American guitarist got into some greedy manager's clutches as a young kid, and today he gets only about 18 percent of his gross earnings. The managers skim off 25 percent of his personal income (concerts, royalties, investments), and then they slice off another excessive 25 percent fee from each group he's in as their fee for the group's management. But besides that, they split his music publishing company down the middle—taking a 50 percent chunk for themselves. So despite having played in two supergroups and having a den full of gold records, this hapless (and fairly witless) guitarist still isn't rich—though he pretends to be.

He's not the only artist to have been duped by venal managers. Others have been rooked out of all or part of their music publishing copyrights, which are one of the most lucrative and long-term sources of income for music people. A major copyright like Paul Simon's "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" can bring \$1.5-million in royalties during the artist's lifetime—and that's for just one song. So losing one's publishing royalties can lead to financial disaster.

"There are a lot of hustle artists in the music business," admits Butch Stone, manager of Black Oak Arkansas. "They don't want their artists to know what's happening, because they might not like it. A lot of groups decide after a few years to go to the bank to see their money—and it's not there. I think the worst thing a manager can do is insulate a musician—musicians should be tired of being treated like fucking idiots. Your art and your business are one thing." But Butch Stone is in the minority. "Many artists like a cocoon," music business lawyer Paul Marshall points out. "The manager should furnish a business cocoon so the artist can concentrate on his career, his music."

*I might even end up a rock-and-roll god
It might turn into a steady job²*

Too many would-be musicians get into pop music not because they love music so much, but because they crave

²From "Top of the Pops," by Raymond Douglas Davies © 1970 by Noma Music, Inc.

the rock 'n' roll lifestyle more. Supposedly, the rock 'n' roll way of life includes endless nights of orgies with groupies, flashy clothes, chauffeured limousines, mindless adulation, cocaine coming out of your eyeballs, money spewing out of your ears. These are the real reasons why some people sweat for years in sleazy little clubs at twenty-five dollars a night.

But it's damned hard to break into the music business as a performer. Record companies have cut back sharply on their artist rosters since the recession hit. And finding a place to play—a club where you can learn your craft by playing in front of a live audience—has become almost impossible in many cities. Clubs that let young groups or solo acts play original material hardly exist anymore. Yet the development of fresh, original material is the name of the music game. And instruments and amplifiers cost the earth, which struggling musicians seldom have.

The hardy souls who do stick it out, despite all the traps and pitfalls, share a common fanaticism: they don't want to become conventional adults. The artists desire to stay forever young, forever virile, forever free. They refuse to be chained to a nine-to-five job. Or to nine-to-five responsibilities. To hell with reliability and emotional maturity, they seem to shout.

The whole music business is built around the idea that artists are basically unreliable, juvenile personalities who can foul up the works at a moment's notice for an immature or deranged whim. The business people feel the artists exploit them. But the artists feel the business people exploit them—and often act even more childish to get back. "If you're in a group, you can behave like a kid and not only get away with it, but be encouraged," the Who's temperamental, brilliant Peter Townshend explains. Elton John puts it another way: "I'm twenty-eight now, but I feel like I'm still a teenager." Stars are pampered, coddled, deferred to. Just so they'll keep making oodles of cash for their business-support staffs.

And if you're a pop musician, you do more than just think like a teenager—you behave like one, too. Just witness the hairy tales of musicians on the road: destroying hotel rooms, dumping color TV sets into hotel pools because they don't work, beating on groupies with dead fish (if a whip's not handy), showing up for a concert late, stoned, or drunk, spouting nothing but nonsense syllables at a reporter if they don't like his looks, throwing a steak across a fancy restaurant because it arrived too well done.

But such behavior doesn't inspire

love or admiration among most people on the business end of the music industry. "When I first got into the music business, I was all starry-eyed about meeting stars," one long-time record company publicist sighs. "After two months on the job, I learned to distrust or even despise most musicians. Most of them don't show up on time for appointments unless you give them a wake-up call and personally stick them in a taxi. You can work your ass off building them into stars. And when you run into them a year later and they're on another label, they've forgotten your name. Musicians are 80 percent shits."

Not all artists are as obnoxious or callous as that publicist's clients; but most superstars do, admittedly, have



Rod Stewart is the perfect rock'n'roll star—a cosmic punk. The kids in the audience berate themselves for not looking so perfect an eighteen as he does. But he's a thirty-year-old English pop star.

feet of clay. On stage, they seem ten feet tall, gods. Off stage before the gig, however, they may be having the dry heaves from stage fright or snorting up cocaine.

It's because most artists choose to remain so immature—or at least emotionally "young"—that managers can wield so much influence, so much power over their lives and careers. The manager is like an ultra-permissive parent. He takes command so the artist/child can be irresponsible and utterly spoiled, just so long as he plays his music—and that his music sells. Manager and artist often share a complex and subtly twisted psychological bond. For the artist, it can represent a second chance for a family. And in other cases,

th manager really *is* family. For instance, Helen Reddy is managed by her husband (Jeff Wald), Jose Feliciano by his wife (Janna Merlin Feliciano), Little Richard by his brother (Robert Penniman), Tanya Tucker by her father (J.M. "Beau" Tucker), and Seals and Crofts by Dash Crofts' mother-in-law (Marcia Day). Sometimes the manager furnishes the artist with the only emotional security he's ever known. But nearly as often, the artist views his small-time manager as a temporary meal ticket—somebody to bankroll him until a big offer comes along. Similarly, the public relations agency that hyped him to stardom then gets dropped for a "classier" firm, and the record company that built him to gold-album status is abandoned if another company offers more money at contract time. The music business isn't exactly strong on loyalty or gratitude.

*Now that I am filthy rich, I do just what the hell I please
I'm never paying taxes, rubbing elbows with the Kennedys
It's money that created me, the lawyers who have aided me
I owe it all to God, you see—and the William Morris Agency.³*

Despite industry-wide distrust of artists, managers as a class remain the true believers. They *have* to like dealing with artists, or else they'd go crazy. And many managers defend their artists, even when they display cantankerous-to-crackpot behavior. "It would be very easy to say that the artist is a child," says Herb Cohen, manager of Frank Zappa and Captain Beefheart, "but what the artist does on stage for one night represents the culmination of ten or fifteen people working—road crews, technicians, managers, agents. The artist is responsible for all that activity and for everybody's income. Even if he isn't consciously aware of that responsibility when he steps on the stage, it's there. The pressures on him are tremendous. The artist is constantly unemployed; the tour eventually comes to an end; the record goes on and off the charts. The uncertainty is terrible."

*I am the entertainer, the idol of my age.
I make all kinds of money when I go on the stage.
Ah, you've seen me in the papers, I've been in the magazines.
But if I go cold, I won't get sold
I'll get put in the back in the discount rack
Like another can of beans.⁴*

With those kinds of do-or-die pres-
continued on page 106

³From "The William Morris Agency," by Diana Marcovitz © 1974

⁴From "The Entertainer," by Billy Joel © 1974

In the morning, Reuben's woman left him for good. At the least, he got a poem out of it.

Once,
quick to
c
o
m
e
and
slow to
f
e
e
l,

Reuben has changed.

His peck-her
is
admirably
'n
endlessly
taut,
his
heart
notably
nicer.

It's just the timing that's bad.
For while Reuben was working
at
his
hard-and-soul,
she found another.

After, he called Beach.
"Raquel's split," he said.
Beach chanted the Hebraic mourner's prayer. "Yisgadal, v'yiskaddash."
"It's serious," Reuben insisted.
"I know a chick," said Beach.
Reuben phoned her.
"Natalie, this is Reuben, Beach's friend."
"Who?"
"Reuben."
"Are you Latin?"
"No, but I speak the language."
"Say something."
"*E pluribus unum.*"
"That's funny."
"Then laugh."
"Hah."
"You sound like an icy wench."
"Come by and see."

He did.
Natalie fingered her lank black hair and poured scotch and soda for them both.

Reuben noticed she didn't wear a bra. She caught him noticing. He didn't care.

She sipped tranquilly, eyed him over the drink. The place, she told him, once had been the servants' quarters and storage attic in a townhouse on Central Park West. Now a circular staircase joined the floors. Slate roofing, removed from one side of the attic, had been replaced with a wall of glass that

offered a view of the Manhattan skyline.

Natalie lounged on one of a pair of divans covered with Turkish kilims. They'd been installed in alcoves that had housed radiators. Reuben sat opposite on one of the suede-covered wicker chairs. Back of him was a linen-covered wall panel on which hung Renaissance and German Expressionist drawings.

"You know Munch?" he asked.

"Norwegian," she said. "Precursor to the German Expressionist movement. Why?"

"Just wondering."

"The hell you were," she said, smiling.

"You're on to me."

"Don't worry, though. I'm easy."

"Me too."

"No, really. I mean it. Like what would you say to my getting naked?"

"That I hope the question is rhetorical."

She threw her head back and laughed. Up from the divan, she undid a button to her skirt, and the zipper as well. It left her standing in panties, with the crumpled skirt at her feet. She stepped clear of it, and came to where he sat.

He slid her panties to her knees and stroked her bush. She held her glass elegantly at her shoulder, and watched, the trace of a smile on her face.

He cupped her ass and urged her closer.

When he finished, she raised her glass to him.

"You'll stay the night?" she asked.

"Noblesse oblige," he said.

Morning, she had to go to the shore.

He slept on after she'd left, found a note from her on waking.

Roses are red
violets are blue
I dig your cock
and Reuben too.

She phoned while he was having his Sunkist.

"Did it scan?" she asked.

"It's the thought that counts," he said.

The thought that occupied Reuben was that he had a day in front of him, and not the foggiest idea of what to do with it.

What he wanted was to forget Raquel which, once she told him fuck off, was no snap. Fact is, he wanted to call her. He didn't, hoping she'd try first. It might be, he realized, a wait.

Which was okay. There were things to do.

One of them lived in the Village, where a cab soon sped him.



Illustration by Bob Dacey



REUBEN'S BLUE PERIOD

FICTION BY R.E. GREB

Diane, like a three-inch putt, was a gimme. For Reuben at least.

She was small and blonde and had plump knockers she kept in simple spring dresses, cut low.

She had a flat off Bleecker. Beaded entry curtain, Matisse poster, incense sticks at the ready.

There were emilio & julio jugs of dago red as well. She liked to mix them with whoofs of sweet, stinking cannabis and then fuck Reuben's brains out.

It made for waltz tempo, spacy lays that seemed to engulf them like silky tentacles. She'd moan some, too, which helped with mood.

Naked, he waited on the rollaway couch, reading the *New York Times* and smoking dope. She was in the john, gargling with the Gallo Bros. burgundy, and powdering up. She had a woody musk to her, very pleasant.

Undressed, she padded into the room. They crossed arms so that she smoked the joint and he drank the wine. He folded the paper and kissed her solar plexus.

"There's a good fellow," she said, grabbing him.

"Sinful," he said. "So bold."

She went to one knee. "Forgive me father."

He waved the rolled-up *Times* like a scepter and told her to say twenty Russell Bakers for penitence.

"I shall, your eminence. Anything else?"

"Good thoughts, good works and," he said, "a good piece of ass."

"Consider it yours."

She sat on his lap, and held the couch tightly as she slid up and down his holy works.

He squeezed her breasts and closed his eyes and followed the bouncing ball.

After, as she got up, he grabbed her about the waist and then held a buttock by each hand.

He moved them open and shut, open and shut.

"'s all right?" he asked.

"'s all right," he answered for her, making her ass do Señor Wences.

It got him through another piece of day.

He wondered about the night.

She was, it turned out, busy busy.

"A strategic migraine," he suggested.

"Sorry, Reub. He books my nights."

"Nice fella?"

"Nice enough."

He hit the streets. Bleecker was jammed.

Saturday, and the weather was nice.

The Shakespearean weird was out,

dressed in medieval rags, right down to the elfin slippers.

So was the one got up in wig and wear as a sylph. He had on an organdy gown with cut-out wings attached. The wings were covered with gossamer. He wore roller skates. Up and back he glided on 10th Street, amusing the people out taking the air. As for Reuben, he was taking the pipe. At a pay phone, he tried Raquel. No answer.

Night fell.

He attempted to work.

Nada/nutin'. The words wouldn't come.

Back to the streets. He walked—a pace to match the mad-on he had. Fast-stepping on 8th Street, picking his way through Saturday bedlam.

Into a phone booth. Dial up Beach again.

"It's me, man," he said.

"What's with Natalie?"

"She's gone. The Hamptons."

"And the bimbo of Bleecker?"

"Out, too."

"Keeps those buns busy."

"We're digressing."

"There's a party," said Beach.

He went there.

It was a Riverside Drive address.

The music was soft. There were candles. Cheese and wine served.

He saw Mara right away. She had dark hair cropped short, a lovely pale skin, delicate Mediterranean features. There was a look in her eye as well.

They watched each other from across the room, then he took the lead.

"I think we're a match," he told her.

"Made in heaven?" she wondered, wryly.

"I wouldn't be so optimistic."

"Take it as it comes."

"Good attitude. Good ass, too."

"I dance," she said.

"For exercise."

"For a living. Ballroom lessons on Upper Broadway."

"Is it true about dancers?"

"Only the dirty stuff," she said, smiling. She traced her lips with her tongue. "Wanna neck at the Thalia? There's a Truffaut."

She lived on a street near Columbia University.

The building was #606.

Which was, she said, easy to remember. Ehrlich's first cure for syphilis was labeled "606." It was, apparently, the 606th compound he tried for the purpose.

"Impressed?" she asked.

Not really: he figured she'd balled a doctor.

"A med student," she said.

"Close," he said.

They were on her bed, talking in a

baited whispery way. He reached under her blouse, lifted the cups of her bra so he could fondle her tits. She let him, drawing him to her. They kissed, embraced.

She eased away, moving so she was kneeling between his legs. She unzipped his Levis, and put her lips to where his BVDs bulged. She blew gently.

He could feel her breath. It excited him. She probed along the BVDs with the tip of her tongue, which moistened the material and revealed the stiffened member. She proceeded to it.

Eventually, she grasped the waistband of his briefs with her teeth and forced them down.

She was as ingenious with him in her.

She had a slow silky way of finding every tactile possibility. She made push-pull a fine steamy notion.

First time, she had him come in her mouth.

Next one, he shot in her vagina.

"We're running out of places," he said.

"Not quite. Special treat."

"That's kind of you, but—"

"Butt. You said the magic word."

"Not tonight it isn't. Technical difficulties." He was beat.

"Where's that leave me?"

"On the boulevard of broken dreams."

It left Reuben utterly bone weary. He taxied to his place, slept late into the day, and awoke refreshed. But as day wore towards evening, he still had blue period funk. Gism came, and gism went. But Raquel stayed in his head.

And he, apparently, in hers.

She called that night.

His heart percussed madly, blood boiled in chest. His cerebrum grinned.

Visions of another chance. And more, of making amends, of proving that beneath his rotten rutting groin of a heart there beat a metronome of princely constancy.

The instant he heard her voice say his name, he juggled words of laughter and love in his mind. He stopped, of course, when Raquel said what she said.


A small knot was in his gut, dull and heavy. An ache that came on steadily.

Twittering plasma-sucking critters, working his crotch like a blood bank. And her words working on his head:

"I've got the crabs, you son of a bitch."

Mmm.

Angry, he shut the door and headed to the streets.

And rode off on his pecker into the twilight. 



*Sisters Under
the Skin*

In the City of Brotherly Love,
we found the rest of the family.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHNNY CASTANO



There isn't a traveling salesman in the United States who hasn't at one time or another heard the old chestnut about "the guy who spent a month one weekend in Philadelphia."

Most people believe that once you have seen the Liberty Bell and dined at Bookbinder's, you may as well pack it in and head for someplace exciting . . . like Cherry Hill, New Jersey.

Don't believe it.


It may just be that such rumors are being deliberately planted by the fortunate young men of Philadelphia who don't want the rest of us to spoil a good thing.

Our suspicions were sparked by a recent visit to the Cedarbrook Hill area of suburban Wyncote, just outside the city itself, where Jill and Heni Orrin share a snug studio apartment overlooking a golf course.









They share *everything*: the bed, the bath, and their bodies. Not to mention their boyfriends. For Jill and Heni are about as close as two sisters can be.

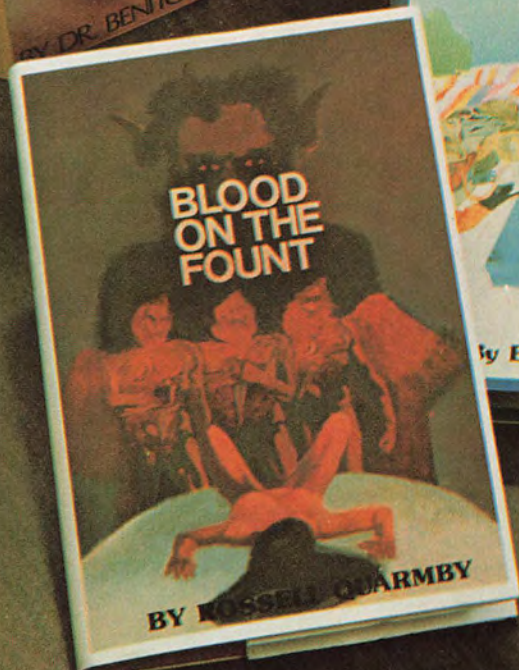
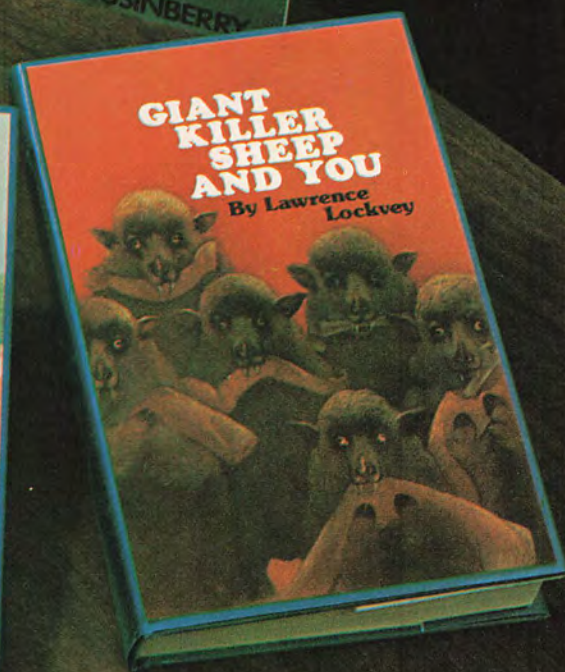
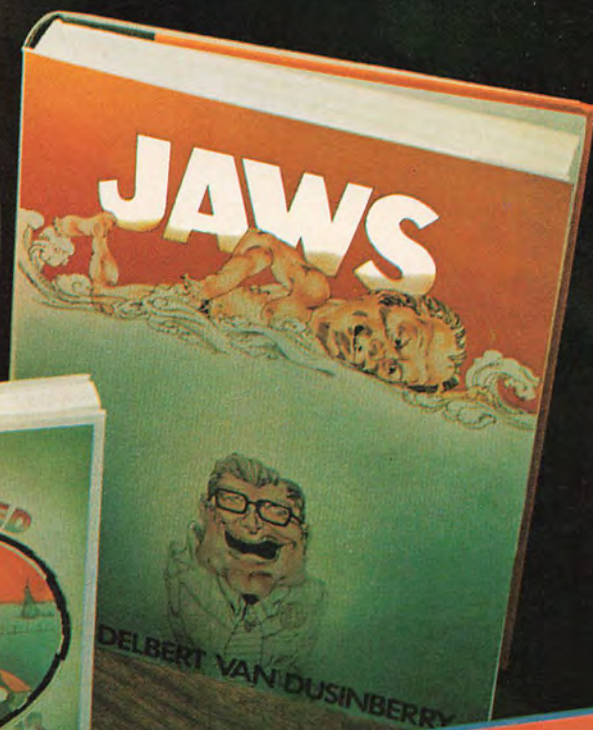
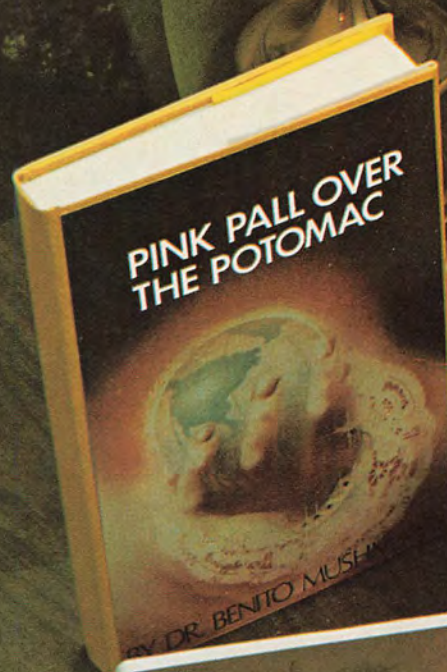
Born four minutes apart, both have an almost insatiable appetite for sex in every conceivable variation. When their men visit, the combinations switch from twosomes to threesomes to foursomes and back again.

What the self-contented studs fail to realize, however, is that after they have gone, Jill and Heni pick up where they left off. And if a good-looking stranger came along at about that time, he would have his hands full even then.

So next time you find yourself in the City of Brotherly Love, keep an open mind and an open eye. You may really want that weekend to stretch into a month.







If you're concerned about Communism or Fascism,
Zionism or the Arabs, the Illuminati or the League of
Women Voters, the International Bankers or the
Vatican, white bigotry or black power, corporate
corruption or labor union racketeering, fluoridation or
abortion, UFOs or Abominable Snowmen,
domestic subversion or foreign fraud, the Mafia or the Red Cross—
BOY, HAVE WE GOT A CONSPIRACY FOR YOU!



The Paranoia- Of-The- Month Club

BY ERIC NORDEN

"Even paranoids have enemies," Lenny Bruce once observed. And in the aftermath of Watergate, diligent investigative reporters (including Gallery's L. Fletcher Prouty) are proving that political fact is indeed stranger than any fiction. But with each successive exposé of CIA skullduggery, FBI intrigue, and assassination cover-up, a small and endangered American minority faces the terrifying threat of respectability-by-association.

For years America's paranoids have thrived on the scorn of the unenlightened, masochistically nursing the psychic wounds of all unhonored prophets. But now, even as Congressmen and newspapers demand the reopening of the Warren Commission investigation and network newsmen bare Government death plots against foreign leaders, paranoids are in danger of being swamped in the revisionist tide and losing their unique status in American society.

Lest the voice in the wilderness become just another headline, Praecox Press has collaborated with the Dealey Plaza Irregulars, America's oldest nonsectarian assassination association, to explore the farther

shores of conspiracy theory, and the result is the PARANOIA-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, an exciting venture into areas of the political underworld as yet undefiled by Media or Congress.

Prospective members are required to purchase a minimum of three books a year, all substantially reduced from the publishers' original list price, and Charter Members will receive a handsome free portfolio of conspiracy memorabilia, including three spent Mannlicher-Carcano cartridges, a xeroxed copy of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatric record, decorative wax rubbings of Marguerite Oswald's stretch marks, and, as a special bonus, the Club's own Sarajevo Memorial Paperweight, an evocative objet d'art containing simulated styrofoam brain fragments of the martyred Archduke Franz Ferdinand suspended in translucent plasticene for a picturesque "snowfall" effect.

In order to keep our readers abreast of the latest developments in American political life, Gallery is proud to reproduce—for the first time anywhere!—the catalogue of the Paranoia-of-the-Month Club. As the Club's

monthly bulletin, PLOT, points out, "The handwriting is on the wall—NOW READ IT!"

CURRENT SELECTIONS

32204. Who Sank the Titanic?

In his latest blockbuster, Egon von Deringer, best-selling author of *Edsels of the Gods*, *The Pope Is An Alien*, and *A-Bombs Over Pompeii*, proves conclusively that the "official version" of the H.M.S. Titanic disaster was just another whitewash, the visible tip of an iceberg of deceit and treachery extending from the boardrooms of Wall Street and Whitehall to the sunken slave cities of "The Devil's Triangle."

Must Reading!

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$5.95

26994. Murder Inc.!

This touching though chilling personal memoir by Edna Mae Waltraubel, prominent Philadelphia electrolysist, exposes her insidious persecution by a

shadowy cabal of subversives known to insiders as "THEM." In these stirring pages you'll accompany Edna Mae as she braves death-rays beamed at her bedroom, shredded bamboo in her food, strychnine in her tea, and nightmarish nocturnal onslaughts by hordes of rabid kinkajous and giant mutated gerbils. You'll weep with Edna Mae as she suffers, smile when she survives, and CHEER when she fights back!

Introduction by Emerson Waldrow, M.D., Director of the Sunnyvale Institute, Ardmore, Pa. (NOTE: As we go to press, word has just been smuggled out from Edna Mae to IGNORE the Introduction. Dr. Waldrow, it turns out, is actually ONE OF THEM! Be warned.)

LIST PRICE: \$2.95

(Paper, mimeo)

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$1.50

Special! From our explosive "Who Done It" series:

34521. Who Killed Ernest Hemingway?

In this dynamite documentary, America's top investigative reporter, Norman Muckrake, proves that our greatest novelist was assassinated by a homicidal coterie of aesthetes secretly linked to the diabolical Homintern. (See Selection #42572.) Muckrake exposes Hemingway's "suicide" as a monumental fraud and demonstrates that "Papa's" alleged paranoia about FBI surveillance was in fact a last desperate attempt to alert the public and escape the lethal literati plotting his destruction. Muckrake asks—and ANSWERS!—the vital questions in the case: Where was Gore Vidal at the time of death? Why were no paraffin tests ever run on Truman Capote? Why did Fidel Castro declare Hemingway's Havana home a national monument—three days BEFORE the author's death? What shameful secrets are shared by John Cheever, Norman Podhoretz, Jason Epstein, and Dwight MacDonald? Why has *The New York Review of Books* suppressed Hemingway's official autopsy report? And why did Vladimir Nabokov meet secretly in Geneva with Kurt Vonnegut forty-eight hours after the so-called suicide? Is J. D. Salinger dead? In this amazing book the murder of this glorious writer is unfolded before your very eyes, an American tragedy as timely as yesterday's headlines—and as terrifying as tomorrow's truth!

LIST PRICE: \$19.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$15.95

(Illus.)

32685. Giant Killer Sheep and You

In this fascinating self-help book Lawrence Lockvey presents an invaluable survival manual for complacent Americans faced with the ever-growing danger of attack by voracious giant killer sheep. He discusses his own first brush with the fluffy fiends on the desolate plains of Montana, and his desperate but abortive attempts to alert the authorities while there was still time. Lockvey is understandably bitter about official apathy, which he believes led directly to the recent annihilation of Butte—still covered up by our SO-CALLED FREE PRESS! His tips on self-defense provide some ingenious methods for utilizing sheep-dip and lanolin, as well as a whimsical chapter on the dangers of bestiality ("Screw Ewe?") and detailed but readily comprehensible plans for constructing your own storm cellar. Read it today—and stay alive TOMORROW!

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$6.95

43109. The Myth of the Vagina

The Creedmore Women's Collective, a pioneer in self-abuse projects, now flings the gauntlet of truth in the smug snout of male chauvinism and forever shatters the hoary legend of vaginal penetration. Not only liberated women, but fair-minded readers of all sexes will enjoy this trail-blazing textbook of parthenogenetic gynecology, destined to become the *Mein Kampf* of the feminist movement. Its courageous championing of such still-controversial causes as compulsory castration and male infanticide will doubtless offer ammunition to both sides in the War of the Sexes, but the book's underlying tone is one of deep human compassion for all advocates of sexual genocide. Of particular interest to conspiracy buffs is the brilliant section on the assassination of the Great Mother Goddess by paleolithic patriarchs, a fascinating exercise in historic detective work, plus a well-documented appendix conclusively demolishing the porcine persiflage that there is a causative relationship between intercourse and childbirth. Food for the mind—and the hormones!

LIST PRICE: \$6.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$4.95

32403. Blood on the Fount

Not since *The Exorcist* have you read such a soul-boggling chronicle of religio-spiritual subversion! Rossell Quarmbly, a leading Mithraic layman and practicing anathematist, has com-

plied the definitive account of Presbyterian ritual murder in the United States and Canada, based on years of personal research and theological scholarship. With the moral fervor and rhetorical eloquence of an Old Testament prophet, Quarmbly exposes the diabolical rites of the unspeakable Presbyterian hierarchy and its sanctimonious sacristies, including human sacrifice, cannibalism, perverted orgies, and virginal deflowering. The only non-Presbyterian to infiltrate the annual slaughter of the first-born in Grosse Pointe on *Walpurgisnacht*, the author paints a Breughel-esque canvas of human depravity and inhuman lust unparalleled since the blood-drenched sabbats of the Middle Ages. Rossell Quarmbly, hailed by critics as a latter-day Savonarola, provides the indisputable facts of Presbyterian perfidy—it is up to YOU to act on them! **Introduction by Charles Whitman, author of *Lonely Are The Brave*.**

LIST PRICE: \$9.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$7.95

42572. Pink Pall over the Potomac: The Decline and Fall of the Heterosexual Republic

In this shattering two-volume study, the prominent geo-proctologist Dr. Benito Mushmann documents the chilling rise of the Homintern—the Homosexual International that has effectively seized control of American government and culture. In Volume I, Professor Mushmann discloses the frightening extent of Homintern political power, from the domination of LBJ by his shadowy eminence *lavendre*, Walter Jenkins, to the contemporary swish stranglehold on national policy. In Volume II, he proves that American theater and literature have been totally taken over by the Queer Quislings—and he is not afraid to NAME NAMES! Read the tragic stories of young American authors and playwrights who literally have to "bend over backwards" to get their work produced! Learn about the Homintern's secret liquidation squads that eliminate any threat to their subversive suzerainty—and discover the FACTS about the "suicide" of former U. S. Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, conveniently defenestrated on the verge of an explosive inquiry into the discharge policies of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Understand why polymorphous pervers like Truman Capote, Joe Namath, David Bowie, and Andy Warhol are promoted and lionized, while heroically hirsute heterosexuals such as Mickey Spillane, Irwin Shaw, and John Wayne are vilified and suppressed! Grasp the TRUE motive behind our "population control" planners! Discover the sinister

ideological and commercial links between gay militant groups and the manufacturers of Preparation H! Find out the real identity of "Bella Abzug!" (You'll know his name—and share his shame!) All this and more is in *Pink Pall over the Potomac*, a heterosexual Declaration of Independence in these dark days of decadence and despair. GRAB IT NOW—before you, too, turn into a pillar of salt!

LIST PRICE: \$17.95 (Both vols.)

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$13.95

ILLUSTRATED: \$35.00

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$29.95

(Mailed in plain brown wrapper)

42531. *The Rocky Road to the White House*

In this riveting account of perfidy and perversion in high places, Delbert van Dusenberry documents the rise to power of Nelson Rockefeller, with special emphasis on his sexual and political links to the Manson Family. From the opening page, a shocking account of Rocky's relationship with erstwhile Presidential female assassin Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme (the *real* reason he purchased his famous \$30,000 Brancusi bed) to the breathtaking denouement as President Ford escapes the assassin's gun and Rocky mutters about poor marksmanship, you'll be unable to put this blockbuster down. In a special appendix, the author exposes Rocky's clandestine financing of the box-office hit *Jaws!*, a sinister attempt to drive bathers off Eastern Seaboard beaches in order to facilitate Standard Oil's ecologically disastrous—and also illegal!—off-shore drilling operations. Shortly after publication, most of the author's body was found on the Pocantico Hills, New York estate of the Rockefeller family, torn to pieces by Nelson's killer-trained Doberman attack dogs—a crime suppressed by the national press! Read it now—and preserve the memory of Delbert van Dusenberry, a martyr to the power lust of the Rockefeller dynasty!

Introduction by Ronald Reagan.

LIST PRICE: \$8.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$6.95

74216. *Intelligent Frogs from Outer Space Ate My Wife*

In this desperate *cri de coeur* from the Death Row of Georgia State Penitentiary, Edgell G. Frickler reveals the astonishing TRUTH about his arrest and conviction on first-degree murder charges, and proves he was the victim of a massive frame-up orchestrated by local police and prosecutors and ultimately ratified by The Highest Court in the Land. Your mind will boggle as you

read of the devoted couple's abduction by a UFO packed with huge intelligent frogs from Alpha Centauri, and you will reel in terror as you watch through Edgell's eyes the dissection and devouring of his beloved wife, Kathleen. His conscious memory of the atrocity erased by the bestial batrachians, Frickler only recalled the grisly details under auto-suggested hypnotic trance—TOO LATE to form the basis of a successful appeal! Read this today, and wire Governor George Busbee demanding an immediate stay of execution. Only an aroused public opinion can save Edgell Frickler from the gas chamber—and alert the world to the Horror in the Skies!

Foreword by Melvin Belli.

LIST PRICE: \$5.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$3.95

52614. *The Plot Against Syphilis*

Grendel Rothgar, prominent phlogistonist and controversial author of *The Red Cross: Public Enemy Number 1* and *The Salk Vaccine Unmasked*, pierces the lethal smokescreen of medical misinformation to dispel the myth of venereal disease that is promulgated by the Penicillin Lobby and its henchmen in the AMA and FDA. Rothgar conclusively demolishes the "scientific" calumnies of quacks like Ehrlich and Wassermann and demonstrates the life-enhancing properties of syphilis and gonorrhea that have been deliberately suppressed by the medical Establishment and its unwitting dupes in the mass media. And as a special bonus, POTMC members will receive FREE the complete score of Rothgar's forthcoming Broadway musical, *Hello Discharge!*, an upbeat paean to VD produced by the Lesion Aid Society and starring Carol Chancre and the Pus-tulettes. When you've absorbed this heady dose of truth, you'll want to clap!

LIST PRICE: \$7.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$5.95

Braille Edition: \$19.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$17.95

61243. *Merv Griffin: Traitor, or Handmaiden of Moscow?*

Based on years of trailblazing research, Quincy de Rouff Gellert's latest opus will shatter the apathy of the Silent Majority—and raise the hackles of the Soviet puppet-masters who pull the strings on our puerile politicians! Drawing on his own experience as Director of the Americanism Commission of the Sons of the Whisky Rebellion, Gellert reveals that "Griffin" has been a conscious and dedicated agent of the International Communist Conspiracy ever since he graduated from the Minsk

Institute of Terrorism and Subversion (a notorious SMERSH training school) in 1953. Learn how the bloodstained paw of the Russian bear extends from the slave camps of Siberia right into YOUR television set! Discover the inside secrets of the KGB's "Media Squad" and read FIRSTHAND the never-before declassified CIA dossiers on Totie Fields, Arthur Treacher, and Zsa Zsa Gabor. A REAL EYE-OPENER!
LIST PRICE: \$7.50

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$5.95

58650. *Wings of Lust*

Eldon Foss Hubbard has done it again! In 296 breathtaking pages, he reveals for the FIRST TIME the true story of the elopement of bandleader Glenn Miller and aviatrix Amelia Earhart, a tale that has been shrouded in a miasma of myth and deception now for over thirty-five years! Based largely on never-before-published documentary material discovered in a Piper Heidsieck jereboam off Molokai, this moving saga will tug at your heartstrings while it confirms your deepest suspicions. Follow the partners in passion as they wend their separate ways to a South Seas hideaway, revel in their reunion, cheer as they elude massive air-sea search operations, marvel at their efforts to carve a home from the jungle, weep as their first-born perishes in a shark-infested lagoon! A modern *Tristan und Isolde*, *Wings of Lust* is both a moving love story and a magnificent cover-up. DON'T MISS IT!

Introduction by Will Rogers, Sr.

LIST PRICE: \$9.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$8.95

64610. *Delaware: Threat, or Menace?*

In this latest jeremiad from the prolific pen of Ludlow Tharg, author of *Andorran Atrocities*, *Bolivian Blitzkrieg*, and *Scourge of San Marino*, the relentless Delaware drive for world domination is brilliantly analyzed. Tharg traces the rise of the Du Pont munitions and chemical fortune, and he bares the Dynasty of Death's perfidious plan to goad the superpowers into nuclear war while they safely sit out the conflict in their vast underground shelters—to emerge after the holocaust as the new Masters of Earth! "Today Wilmington, Tomorrow the World" is no idle slogan—as Tharg demonstrates in this deeply disturbing document. Read it NOW—before it is too late!

LIST PRICE: \$6.95

MEMBER'S PRICE: \$4.95



Bo Hopkins could be dead. Other runaways and dropouts from reform school and society haven't survived, but Hopkins, along with his four-and-a-half-page record of society's former grievances against him, has.

At thirty-two, Hopkins is compiling a new record, this one of film credits. The most recent of his sixteen acting assignments is *Killer Elite*, in which he achieves co-star status (with Jimmy Caan) for the first time. Just prior to the typically violent Sam Peckinpah film, Hopkins rode along with Kirk Douglas in *Posse* and was taken for a ride by Karen Black in *Day of the Locust*. He has been in Hollywood for almost a decade, but until recently the only headlines he earned were small ones buried in the back pages. He has been arrested for drunk and disorderly conduct and has spent a weekend in jail after a Friday night "on the town" that saw him take exception to some of the townfolk. Another brawl, years later, placed him on the critical list at a Hollywood hospital. "They stomped on my kidneys but that was nothing in comparison to what they did to my pride," he says.

Hopkins has been brawling since childhood. At sixteen he was a "prisoner" in the army. He had to choose between the military or the state prison following his arrest and conviction for having acted as a lookout during a local heist. Previously, he had been a "commuter" to Delahowe, a so-called tomato farm for wayward boys, where Hopkins was rubber-hosed by its proprietor each time he ran away ("six times in three months"). The beatings taught him nothing, but army discipline taught him that City Hall cannot always be bucked. He was denied Private First Class rank for well over a year because of his constant drunkenness. Eventually, "after seeing how the guys in the stockade lived like caged animals," Hopkins shaped up and was eventually given an honorable discharge.

He has most honorably discharged his acting duties to date. The word in Hollywood is that sure stardom is ahead for the "crazy kid." He is in the Burt Reynolds/James Caan tradition—macho, but softly so. A near six feet and a solid one hundred and sixty-five pounds, Hopkins has a baby face, complete with baby-blue eyes that peek out from under sun-streaked blond hair. But the ten-inch scar that runs the length of his bicep is anything but babyish. It is a souvenir from a "fan" who called Hopkins a "fag" and



BO HOPKINS

Started out abandoned by his parents;
Worked his way up to servicing his town's lonely women;
Went to Hollywood and parked cars;
Now he's the star of Sam Peckinpah's *Killer Elite*

BY ALAN EBERT

'No more con. Not even with a chick. You know, not too many people—even those who rap about it—dig honesty. People get downright violent sometimes when you talk the truth.'

then cut him when Bo took exception to the man's remark. "All I did was punch him out," says Hopkins. "That was no call for him to wait outside the bar and knife me." The scar, although visible, is minor in comparison to those of his childhood.

He was born February 2, 1944, in Greenwood, South Carolina, but was raised in Greenville by his adoptive parents. He idolized his tall, heavy "teddy bear" of a father. They were friends, he recalls, the kind of father/son friends that is rare. His daddy understood his son's hyper energies and would allow the child to sleep in his room when the boy was particularly worked up over something. Bo was "up—way up" one night before a father-and-son baseball game and so he was permitted to sleep at the foot of his parents' bed on an old mattress.

He awakened in the middle of the night to hear his father choking, gasping for air. He watched, immobilized, as his mother dragged his father to the front porch in a vain attempt to give him more air to breathe. He saw his father's fingers turn blue and then he ran to his room, where he dropped to his knees to pray to the God he had been told was all-merciful. Neighbors later had to pry him to his feet. "He's dead, boy," was all they said to the nine-year-old Bo.

He was already a nervous and anemic child. He had been told early on about his adoption and it "had made me feel like a piece of trash someone had picked up and decided to save." His father had been the "rock" in his life and when he died at thirty-nine, "I blamed my mama because I had to blame someone and they wouldn't allow me to blame God." In his pain he struck out blindly. In the eighth grade, he quit school despite having been a superior student before his father's death. He began vandalizing houses and stealing. He also picked fights, usually with men in authority who would "whip my ass." He would run from them screaming, "If my daddy were alive, he'd kill you for that."

He still picks fights with men in authority, particularly those in Hollywood who insist on stereotyping him as a Southern country bumpkin. "They figure any Carolina boy with an accent should pick guitar, sing, and be dumb," says Hopkins. "Assholes! They sit up in their Hollywood offices, and let me tell you if you put an out-house in front of their desks, they'd still shit on the floor. They don't under-

stand that if an actor can act, it don't matter none how he talks."

But from the beginning there have been those who do understand. His natural acting style—unstudied and unhassled by technique—first came to Sam Peckinpah's attention. He featured Bo in *The Wild Bunch*, which was Bo's first film. Stanley Kramer "understood" and chose Hopkins to play the prosecuting attorney—without an accent—in his award-winning "The Court-martial of Lt. William Calley" television special. The late Robert Ryan, with whom Hopkins worked in *Bridge at Remagen*, told interviewers to "keep your eye on that boy." And Columbia Pictures, after viewing him on stage in a local summer stock presentation, also "understood" Hopkins' talent and appeal. They brought him to New York, but even their contract and promises of screen-stardom couldn't hold the bull in the china shop.

At twenty-one, the then hot-headed and provincial Hopkins clashed with New York, more from his insecurity than his arrogance. A mess of machoisms, he would only wear basketball shorts and sneakers to the ballet training class Columbia insisted he attend. He thought ballet "sissified" and quit. He also quit a method acting studio after watching one actor portray an onion and another a green pepper. "I figured if a producer ever pays me good money to be some goddamned onion, I'm in big trouble."

Today, Hopkins looks back and laughs. "Shit! If a guy can convince me he's some kind of vegetable, he is one hell of an actor. And Lee Marvin studied ballet and I ain't heard nobody call him sissified. I just got everything all wrong in New York."

To give an idea of how wrong Hopkins was "getting it," he recalls a winter afternoon when he was walking on a rough street and, as always, on the lookout for muggers. Suddenly, he "felt" this shadow creeping up on him. Convinced it was a mugger, he hauled one off on the "assailant's" chin. From the snow-spattered ground, an old, old man screamed: "Ya hit me, ya sonofabitch. Ya hit me!" He also screamed for the police, which caused Hopkins to leave the scene, and soon thereafter, the city.

He came to Hollywood to work as an

actor and parked cars instead. But within a few weeks he won a scholarship to Desilu Studios, where he was trained in the classics. Local productions gave him exposure to those who haunt Hollywood looking for young talent that they can shove, for 10 percent, into the Hollywood limelight. He signed with the Diane Davis Agency because "she took one look at me and said . . . 'I've been waiting for an actor like you all my life. I'm going to make you a star!' I laughed when she said it."

Hopkins is unusual in that he lacks the burning intensity most actors "on the brink" blaze with. He is cool. He sees acting as "a game—one big fucking game in which me, Bo Hopkins, gets to play out his fantasies. How else and where else could a dumb country fucker like me get to be a judge or a district attorney."

It is no coincidence that he singles out those two professions as "games" he likes to play. A judge and a D.A. were prominent figures in his childhood. One prosecuted while the other sentenced him. Both were his uncles. Both pontificated, but neither ever spoke to the boy. "No one ever spoke to me," says Hopkins rather matter-of-factly. "And a boy needs someone to talk to. My mama tried, but I wouldn't listen. I was so crazy from losing my daddy that I just couldn't hear her words or feel her love."

At thirteen, his natural mother, who had lived "just a few streets away," emerged. "Suddenly, there she was, saying, 'Hi son,' and telling me how much she loved me. I couldn't figure the damned thing out. To this day I am mixed up in what I feel towards her. You see, she had three other kids—same circumstance; no father who wanted to care for his brats—but I was the only one she gave up for adoption. The others went into homes until she could afford to care for them herself. No matter how many times I go over it, I can't understand how she could give a baby, her baby—me—away. I try today not to hold the past against her because she's done a great job with her life, but I don't love her. I respect her and would see to it that she never goes hungry, but love her . . . no."

At seventeen, he discovered that the man who had died when he was nine actually was his natural father. Why that information was kept from him he doesn't know, but he insists protectively, "He would have told me had he lived. Maybe he figured his not wanting to marry my real ma and having me



'Acting is the Big Pop for me. On stage or on film, when I'm acting, I'm no longer that bad kid who was shoved into reform school, who was abandoned by his mama.'

and all that was just too much for a kid to handle. But I just know he would have explained it all to me had he lived." And then, with characteristic honesty, Hopkins adds: "But it was a fucked-up feeling finding out about my daddy. It still is. It's gonna always be there."

But the major difference between Bo Hopkins, adult, and Bo Hopkins, child, is that today he wears the scars rather than allow the scars to wear him. Which is why he is a survivor and not a casualty of his childhood. "Several years ago I made a decision to change," he explains. "Because I never had a good feeling about myself—thought of me as a dumb fucker—I began reading as many as fourteen books a week, and that's no shit. I also started a high school correspondence course. I'm about in the twelfth grade by now. I also began curbing my drinking and my temper. They were bosom buddies there for a while. I'd get me some of that Superman juice in me and bam! I'd be taking on anyone who seemed to be putting me down. I've actually only started maybe three fights in my whole life, but when I think someone is trying to put one over on me, I come up swinging. But now, I only drink on weekends and I seldom tie one on even then. I just don't need the kind of trouble drinking used to get me into."

His brawls have always been confined to the barrooms and he has never acted up or acted out on a set. He has, however, made a few enemies with his honesty. "When I decided to change, I threw out all the bullshit. No more con. Not even with a chick. You know, not too many people—even those who rap about it—dig honesty. People do get

downright violent sometimes when you talk the truth. And that's what I'm trying to avoid—violence. Shit! I don't want to spend the rest of my life in a dentist's chair having my front teeth glued back in."

He chuckles and shakes his head in amusement at himself. Suddenly he is distracted by the laughter coming from his rumpus room, where his sixteen-year-old daughter, Jane, is playing a rowdy game of pool with two of his close buddies. "That's my best girl," he says proudly. "I taught her how to box and shoot pool. She's everything to me, that girl is. Each summer's end, when she goes home to her mama and back to school, I die a little. I'm too attached to my girl. And too protective. I just know I'm gonna kill the first guy that touches her. No married at eighteen, knocked up at nineteen, divorced at twenty, and a saleslady for some five-and-dime store at twenty-one for Jane! She's going to college. That's the one decision I'm making for her. This girl is going to have her chance to be something and somebody."

Jane is the product of his only marriage. "I was sixteen and although I felt something good for the gal, it wasn't love. Not at that age. And when we had to marry, that something good started to go bad. We were just kids. I was still doing my time in the army when we married. I saw her only on weekend passes. After my discharge, I discovered marriage wasn't at all like I thought it would be. Instead of us lying around fucking all day, just as we'd be getting it on, the damned doorbell would ring and it would be the man wanting his rent. So I'd pay him and go back to fucking and goddamn... the bell again and another man and

another bill. Well pretty soon there is no more fucking 'cause there are too many men with too many bills. Well, a teenage boy just ain't ready for those kind of responsibilities."

A divorce was arranged and just before it became final he had second thoughts. "I didn't want to hurt Jane none, but when I realized I might be hurting her more by holding a bad marriage together, I gave in. And it was the right decision. Look at her! She's a fine girl and her mama has done a terrific job with her. I'm kind of proud of how I've been with Jane, too. No bullshit. Straight answers and straight talk right down the line. Like Jane knows when I date a woman it isn't always for social reasons. She's hip to sex. But I don't flaunt it in her face. Only once, when I was really gassed, did I bring a gal home when Jane was here. It was a mistake. I make a lot of noise when I fuck. So does the goddamned bed. It shakes, rattles, and rolls. Damned if we didn't almost wind up in Nevada."

Again he laughs. He is easy about sex. He mentions several Hollywood beauties, including actresses Tina Louise and Sandra Locke, whom he is dating, but without bragging and without reducing them or himself to sex objects. "I had to rethink everything I was taught about sex," he says. "Early on, I was told sex was bad and that if you masturbated you'd go crazy. Yet, in the next room, I'd hear the moaning and groaning as they went at it. That boring-as-hell preacher man in church used to rant about how the devil will get you, boy, for playing with yourself. That shit can really fuck with a kid's head. Happily, somewhere along the line, I decided God gave man a dick to use, so why not use it. I also decided if a guy has a thing going with a gorilla and it feels good to him and the gorilla, that's cool. That's their thing. What someone else is doing with his cookies is none of my business."

He is not smart-assing. Long before *The Joy of Sex* was written, Bo Hopkins was experiencing it. He was six when he pulled the pants off his first girl and played "feelies." He was twelve when one of his mother's friends pulled his pants off. At fifteen he was Greenville's "serviceman" for discontented married women who sought some quiet action on the side.

For many years, the only women he consistently dated were married. "I had this need to take another man's woman," he explains. "I later learned I didn't want any man to have something I didn't. It stemmed from my envying those kids who had fathers when I was alone. It still isn't a totally solved problem. Fairly recently, I got a bunch of briars up my ass from jumping out a window and falling into a briar patch."

Again he laughs. "There just ain't nothing more foolish-looking than a grown man trying to shove himself and his dick into his jeans as some pissed-off husband pounds at the front door."

Obviously, women find Hopkins appealing and it is not uncommon for him to be asked for a date. He is not threatened by female aggressiveness. Actually, very little about women and sex threaten him. He admits an older woman "gave me some help" when he first came to Hollywood. "I gave her some help, too," he chuckles. Explaining the relationship, he insists "she weren't really a sugar mama, but she did take care of things. I wasn't using her none. I mean . . . no more than any two people use one another. You see, I liked her. I like older women. She was sexy as hell because she knew what she wanted in bed, but just as important, she knew what she wanted out of bed. She was mature, wise. She knew the way to please both me and herself. Older women aren't afraid to tell you what turns them on. I like that but I don't like vulgarity. Not in women. And there is a difference between honesty and vulgarity. Like recently, I was lying around with this gal; we had just finished balling and she started to tell me about this dude who had wanted to pee all over her after they had fucked. Well, she tried it and in explaining how it felt, she was laughing till she cried. Now that was fun. It wasn't vulgar. I like that kind of honesty between man and woman today. I don't like beating around the bush and I'm glad there is far less of it today. There's also far less guilt because seduction is just about obsolete. Today, when a guy and a gal hit the sack, they're there because *both* want to be.

Suddenly, he stops, and looks you square in the eye—something he does rarely since he seems more comfortable looking over your shoulder or at objects about him—and asks, "You're not going to make it sound as if all actors do is serve as stud service, are you? 'Cause that's not where it's at. I don't spend my waking hours plotting how I'm going to get laid that night. Nor do I ball every night . . . don't want to. Besides, although fucking is fine—*mighty* fine—it is still only second best to making love. I would marry again, and quickly, if the right woman came along. She needs to be smart as well as handsome. Like Dyan Cannon. Now there is a woman I'd like to meet."

He recently was rejected by a woman he had hoped to marry. "She chose to become a doctor instead. I really loved that woman. And sex with someone you love is *the* most beautiful experience this world has to offer. It is one of the two things that make me truly happy."

Acting is the other. "It gives me something I never had before: a positive identity. Finally, there is something I can do better than those dudes with their college degrees. From my first little acting group in Greenville, I came away feeling like a somebody. Acting ain't about money for me, although we wouldn't be sitting around *my* home in Hollywood and *my* swimming pool if it weren't for money. I'm grateful for the bread, but it's not what I get off on. Acting is the Big Pop for me. On stage or on film, when I'm acting, I'm no longer that bad kid who was

'I'm still searching. I still get those bad feelings—the lonelies. But I also feel good a lot. Man, I went through a lot of shit to get where it smells sweet today.'

shoved into reform school, who was abandoned by his mama. Man, I can remember how I felt then. Do you know what it does to a kid when he feels there ain't no one in the whole fucking world that gives a goddamn about him? Do you know what it feels like to be that kind of alone?"

For the first time, there are feelings emanating from Bo Hopkins. Although he has been honest and outspoken, he has remained removed from his truths. But not now. He is visibly upset by his remembrances. He looks like the little boy about whom he is speaking. "That kid was never allowed to cry," he says looking as though he just might. "He wouldn't give them that satisfaction. He *had* to be tough and he wasn't. Not really. He wasn't bad either. Just lonely. Just needing somebody to notice him."


Does he still? "Do you mean am I an actor because of a need to be noticed? Probably. I know I like it now that people are recognizing me. Everytime I do a Johnny Carson or a Merv Griffin show, more and more folks stop me in the street or the supermarket. It's a good feeling. But when I made *Chain Lightning* and *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing* with Burt Reynolds, I hated the mob scene he went through. I damned near got killed—and I mean that—in a human stampede of people all just trying to get a look at Burt or touch him. That kind of fame frightens me. I wouldn't want to be that kind of noticed—wouldn't like trying to take a piss in a public place and having ten guys piss on my foot as they try to see what Bo Hopkins is really like. Acting for me is not about adoration . . . except once."

"Except once," he repeats. "And that

wasn't about acting but about me. About five years ago, I visited my mama—the one who raised me—right before she died. I had just gotten hot in Hollywood; had made some back-to-back films, and that woman was some kind of proud. Adoration shone in her eyes like so many diamonds. Mama had always loved me, believed in me, and I, until that moment, had never been able to accept her or her love. Instead, I lashed out at her. I regret that. I truly do. She was a good woman . . . a sweet woman."

There are tears in his eyes and he makes no effort to conceal them. "We kept missing one another throughout life. I was always so confused in what I felt about her. But she hung in there for me . . . loving me. Christ! How I wish I could have loved her more when she was alive. But it is so hard to be loving of another when you don't love yourself. Reform school taught me to hate, not to love. It taught me self-dependence, not self-worth. I had to learn those things. More important, I had to feel them. Acting helped."

But therapy, which he is reluctant to discuss, also helped. Although he claims to no longer see an analyst, a friend insists that he still has his weekly visits. Which, if true, is strange. Why Hopkins would be less than candid about his continuance on the couch makes no sense in light of his saying, "There ain't nothing wrong in a man seeking help to better himself. You don't have to be sick to see an analyst. It just takes guts. It's tough for most guys to admit that they are not strong enough to solve everything by themselves. It takes a lot of strength to say, 'Hey, I need help!' Strength and a lot of work."

Whether or not Bo Hopkins is in therapy, there is little doubt that he is applying strength and work to both his private and professional life today. He is carefully, almost methodically, choosing among a dozen or more scripts with money as the secondary inducement. "It's got to be the best role, and that could be at the worst money," he explains. "That may get my agents nutty, but I'm doing what's best for me as an actor and as a person. I'm the one traveling the road with both. I'm the one who is still not what I'd call happy. There is still a piece to go. I'm still searching. I still get me those bad feelings—the lonelies. But I also feel good a lot. Man, I sure went through a lot of shit to get where it smells sweet today. And no one got me here but me. As a kid, I felt like some piece of trash someone decided to save. But today, although I still sometimes feel like that trash, I always feel like the someone who is saving it. And that's changes, man. That's changes!" 



Gallery's Gala 1976 Horroroscope

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18): You love nature, and are more interested in natural and artistic beauty than in material success. This leads to poverty, and an eventual pauper's grave. Statistics show that starvation is the greatest cause of death among Aquarians, followed closely by leprosy. Aquarians make gifted panhandlers.

PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20): You are an idealist and innovator who does not really accept conventional wisdom; like the fish symbolizing your sign, you tend to swim upstream against the prevailing currents of thought. This earns you a reputation as a crank, and you are generally unable to secure gainful employment. Most Pisceans become penicillin-resistant and succumb to terminal paresis at a relatively early age. As a result, male Pisceans thirty-five years or older tend to go blind, and your peculiarly repellent nature often goads your seeing-eye dog to turn on you, or deliberately lead you into oncoming traffic. Pisceans make excellent autopsy subjects for medical schools.

ARIES (Mar. 21—Apr. 19): You possess a highly developed imagination, and are unusually sensitive to the moods of

others. However, endless, obsessive preoccupation with pus and feces tends to turn the initial sympathy of your peers to loathing and contempt. Most Arians die in public urinals, under compromising circumstances. Your mother is ashamed of you. Arians make dedicated proctologists.

TAURUS (Apr. 20—May 20): Like your sign, the bull, you are strong-willed and determined to get your way. This frequently leads you into trouble with the law, and the majority of Taurans die in prison. You are prone to child battering, which frequently disturbs the domestic tranquility you treasure so highly. Taurans make good concentration camp guards.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20): You are highly creative, and excel in the arts. Your arcane, two-faced nature, however, alienates those around you and dooms you to personal and professional failure. You are ugly, move your lips when you read, and tend to wear brown shoes with blue suits. This makes girls laugh at you behind your back. The few women who will enter into a sexual relationship with you usually vomit afterwards. Most mass-murderers are Geminis.

CANCER (June 21—July 22): You are home-loving and often shy by nature, quickly retreating into the crab-like shell that signifies your sign whenever you feel emotionally threatened. This leads to a lifetime of bed-wetting, as well as related psychosomatic disorders such as shingles, bleeding gums, diarrhea, and psoriasis. True to your sign, you generally develop intestinal



cancer by early middle age, and your demanding nature frequently drives nurses to water down your pain-killers, or to loosen your glucose tubes. However, your tendency toward suicide normally averts prolonged hospitalization. In your relatively healthy early years, Cancers can make good manual laborers.

LEO (July 23—Aug. 22): Like your sign, the lion, you are proud and haughty, and intolerant of the weaknesses of other people. This makes you hated by everyone who knows you, and drives you to expose yourself in Amtrak club cars or commit solitary acts of self-abuse while watching Howard Cosell. Most ads appearing in *Screw* about enemas and multiple amputees are placed by Leos, who are also responsible for 85 percent of all obscene telephone calls to the newly bereaved. Leos make excellent pimps.

VIRGO (Aug. 23—Sept. 22): You are a perfectionist, and your fanatic attention to detail often leads to success in business and finance. It also causes frequent nervous breakdowns, and eventual alcoholism or drug addiction. Since you expect too much of others, your disappointments eventually drive you from society into a twilight world of your own imagination. You shun daylight and prefer dark, dank places infested by bats and spiders. Virgoans make talented grave-robbers.

LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22): Like the scales of justice symbolizing your sign, Librans must balance the conflicting poles of their own temperament. This leads to manic depression, and eventual

committal to mental institutions. According to reliable police statistics, most defilers of houses of worship are Librans. Librans also like to torment cripples and the retarded. When they are not incarcerated, Librans make good blackmailers.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 21): Your generous and exuberant nature tends to emotional and financial extravagance. This invariably leads to bankruptcy, and a lifetime of litigation over unpaid debts. The majority of Scorpions have harelips, and suffer from an abnormal obsession with aardvarks. Female Scorpions require regular electrolysis. Most compulsive gamblers are Scorpions.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22—Dec. 21): You have a romantic nature, and are deeply interested in such exotic subjects as mysticism, reincarnation, and extrasensory perception. This leads your friends and business associates to think you are nuts. You tend to become involved in black magic in order to gain revenge on those who have scorned you, but generally chant the wrong incantation or step outside the pentagram, and are never seen again. Sagittarians make successful gypsies.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22—Jan. 19): You have a highly developed social conscience, and are disturbed by any form of injustice. This leads to paranoia, and eventual institutionalization. When at large, you express your frustrations by crucifying hamsters and performing perverted acts with parakeets. Most members of the Manson Family are Capricorns. Capricorns make good sky-jackers.



MUSIC II

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sures confronting the artist every day of his career, no matter how successful he gets, it's understandable (if not totally forgivable) that artists are flaky, gifted, juvenile, brilliant, ungrateful, insecure, and paranoid. Indeed, pop stars suffer a much higher-than-average incidence of nervous breakdowns, physical collapses, alcoholism, and drug abuse. Their mortality rate is notoriously steep—from high living, drugs, alcohol, overwork, travel accidents. Pop music is not a business to grow old in. Not if you're a performer.

It's the personal manager's job to keep the artist working and in one piece. "Remember," manager Herb Cohen warns, "the manager works for the artist. The artist doesn't work for the manager." The manager of musical talent directs the artist's career, fixing on a stylized "image" for the act, deciding what career moves are appropriate, advisable. The manager is also a valuable source of contacts—everything from club owners to lawyers to record company presidents. When an artist is just starting out, the manager doubles as a booking agent, too, begging club owners and concert promoters for favors so his new clients will get some performing experience and public exposure. Until the recording deal materializes, the manager may have to bankroll the artist—and his old lady, kids, and dog.

Some managers make substantial sacrifices for their clients. Phil Walden, now president of Capricorn Records, used to give his client, the late Otis Redding, the bed while he slept on the hotel room floor in their early, scuffling days. Alice Cooper remembers how his manager, the innovative Shep Gordon, "went about \$40,000 in debt" to launch the group. "In Detroit, we once had to borrow money to get gas for the car so we could skip out on the hotel bills! We'd go to parties and steal food, anything just to keep alive."

For all this effort and self-sacrifice, the manager reaps a percentage of his artist's income. The manager gets a lower percentage if he acquires a client who's already made it. Similarly, he gets a higher percentage if the manager starts with an act at its impoverished beginnings. Fifteen to 20 percent represents the standard management fee, and the contract's terms are for three to seven years.

Some artists have renounced the artist-as-child syndrome and hire managers as personal employees to run their business affairs. Among those who do this: Stevie Wonder, Paul McCartney & Wings. A few artists,

most notably Bob Dylan, manage themselves, while a tiny percentage of aging artists evolve into responsible businessmen, including Peter Asher (formerly one half of Peter & Gordon), who manages James Taylor and Linda Ronstadt.

An old joke in the music business went like this: "Any slob can be a manager—and usually is." Times have changed, however. Increasingly, managers are seasoned music industry professionals who move into management from positions in booking agencies, record companies, public relations firms. Record companies try to place their new artists with respected managers, because they have a heavy financial stake in their artists' career success. And there's lots of money on the line. Warner Bros./Reprise Records vice-president Stan Cornyn estimates that a record company can "gamble \$200,000



Jane Friedman, Patti Smith, John Cale and Rod Jacobson

to \$250,000 on a new artist: \$50,000 to record the first album, another \$50,000 for exploitation. The second album costs the same. By the third lp, you *may* be making a profit."

The turnover in managerial ranks is still high, however, because of inexperience, incompetence, lack of commitment, and the risky nature of the business. But there are many experienced managers who have hung in the music business for years, developing their expertise.

Gallery has spoken to several about how talent is developed. Each manager has a unique style, a unique background, because the manager's function changes depending on who his client is and what services his client requires.

"Half the fun of managing is building an artist, watching somebody grow," Rod Jacobson smiles in his eggplant-colored, crowded office in the New York theater district. He and partners Jane Friedman and Pat Costello own the Wartoke Concern, a music-oriented public relations agency that

has branched into managing several young acts, notably Arista Records' rock-poet/singer Patti Smith. "Management is the same thing as in publicity: building an act. Once an act becomes a Stevie Wonder [a Wartoke client for five years], it's no longer such a challenge. Most people are very impatient. They aren't willing to wait four years for an act to break. We are."

"With Patti, I feel like I'm breaking in a new Bob Dylan, so I'm in no rush," adds Jane Friedman, who handles most of Wartoke's management chores. Friedman is small and shy; she looks extraordinarily young, an effect that's intensified by a little-boy haircut and by wearing blue jeans and a Camp Tamarack T-shirt to her office. "We didn't want to be managers," Friedman recalls. Wartoke had already forged a public relations niche, developing clients like Wonder, Rod Stewart, and Deep Purple to superstardom, as well as creating the media blitz for the Woodstock (1969) and Watkins Glen (1970) festivals. "But Patti came to us and asked us to manage her. She always seemed so frail and sickly and in need of help. Rod said one day, 'We've got to help her. Think of those artists in garrets who work and starve and die young. We can't let that happen to Patti.'" And so Wartoke took over Patti Smith's management in 1973.

"It was a while before we understood that looking frail and sickly was her thing," laughs Rod Jacobson. "She becomes the people she's writing about. She becomes Rimbaud [the French poet] or Richard Speck [the mass-murderer] or whoever—she lives them."

Unlike many would-be performers, Patti Smith had certain connections in the music business because she'd been a widely admired rock critic and poet (three books published). Wartoke first became aware of her when she attended a press function for their client Rod Stewart. When she signed with Wartoke, Patti wrote and read her poetry aloud to rock audiences. She hadn't yet begun to work with a backup group or even to sing her poetry as song lyrics.

"When you work with an artist who's coming out of nowhere, absolute nowhere, you've got to share a certain vision with them," Jane Friedman explains, waving her thin arms. "We just wanted to let Patti grow and see what happened." Since Smith was so unformed as a performer and musical act, her managers could work creatively to help her build an image—raunchy ragamuffin/poet-punk—and a sound. "It was Jane's idea to bring in the instruments," says Rod Jacobson. "Before, Patti just played a little toy

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A GALLERY OF PEOPLE

BY SUSAN TOEPFER

Who's the Barest of Them All?

Lynn Lindgrenn is a twenty-two-year-old St. Louis blonde who, quipped WNBC disc jockey Don Imus, measures "111-25-35." But when she was crowned Ms. All-Bare America at New York's Beacon Theater, nobody was more surprised than the judges. "None of us voted for that girl," said one. "We couldn't believe what was going on." In fact, the thirteen-member panel voted for the popular favorite: one Lisa Alligood of Macon, Georgia. So after a rather testy showdown between the judges and pageant promoter Rod Swenson, it was announced that this year's title would be shared.

According to director Swenson, the mix-up resulted from "a conflict among the judges." According to the judges, there was no conflict: "We voted for one girl and they gave the title to another. Swenson swears the ballots were counted but refuses to produce them."

Dubious integrity aside, "America's Only Honest Beauty Pageant" was enough to make its Atlantic City counterpart seem



Co-Winners Lynn Lindgrenn and Lisa Alligood

scintillating. True, the contestants were nude, but of often bizarre beauty; their answers to "personality"-provoking questions were almost as insipid as those of the Miss America contenders. Why would a nice young girl want to participate in the naked parade? "I want the inner glow I feel to be spread and felt by many," was one of the more titillating responses; from a big lady truck driver came an appropriate, "None of your fuckin' business."

For next year, promoter Swenson has big plans: a closed-circuit broadcast across the country and prize money that will surpass that given out in Atlantic City. He may well have trouble assembling another group of judges, and last year's title holder (Wendy Blodgett, who "has come a long way since winning the crown") was suspiciously absent from this year's proceedings. But meanwhile, 1976's two winners continue their rounds. For mistaken choice Lynn Lindgrenn, Swenson says "it was a blow initially to find out there had been any question." As for Ms. Alligood, a judge reports, "Actually, she wasn't all that excited about it."



A GALLERY OF PEOPLE

Rich Resistance

"Most reporters ask me the wrong questions," says singer-composer Allan Rich. "I don't know what the right ones are, but I'm tired of talking about my father." Father is country superstar Charlie Rich, who, Allan adds, had little to do with his own musical development.



"He was away most of the time when I was growing up and I taught myself to play the piano when I was fourteen. The first day, I wrote my first song." That was "You Never Really Wanted Me"—later recorded by guess who, then Allan himself. At twenty-one, the oldest of the four Rich kids has written over fifty songs and produced an album titled simply *Allan Rich*. "I thought about changing my name," he says, "but it is my name, so I decided to stick it out." And life with Father can be rewarding. Allan rejects country for rock, but that was Charlie's Fifties forte and "sometimes when he's sittin' around listenin' to me, he can get real excited."

108 GALLERY



Alexis Smith: "A Role Is a Role Is a..."

Several years ago, Alexis Smith departed from her numerous roles in films to conquer Broadway in "Follies." But it was in November that she was named "Miss Ziegfeld" by an organization of former real-life Follies girls. The fifty-five year-old star, who defies most Hollywood film queen clichés, never watches her old movies. "Most of them weren't very good then," she says, "and I don't see

how they could have improved." Although many critics included this year's *Once Is Not Enough* in the "not-very-good" category, Alexis and Melina Mercouri gained attention for their lesbian love scene. "Everybody on the set was much more preoccupied with it than we were," dismisses Ms. Smith. "While everybody else was getting excited, Melina and I just looked at it as work. A role is a role—and listen, I've played love scenes with a lot of men I could have done without."



The Whips & Chains of Daytime TV

Unlike the notorious "Let's Make A Deal," television's "New Treasure Hunt" doesn't present contestants disguised as coffeepots and bananas. "Some of them look like coffeepots and bananas," says host Geoff Edwards, "but it's not a requirement," Edwards, who has been called "The Marquis de Sade of Game Show Hosts," also protests that his is one of TV's few egalitarian programs: "Most shows take women who look like astronauts' wives; we take the tall, the fat, the ugly—anybody." All of them compete for an array of prizes that may include anything from \$25,000 to a pepperoni as Edwards eggs them on through a series of confrontations with numbered boxes, sketches—and the host himself. But though the show once offered a book called *The Backside of Satan* as a consolation prize, Edwards maintains he is more often masochist than sadist: "I've been forced to give a woman the shirt off my back and we once had a crazy Israeli who panicked, threw a pie in the producer's face, started slaughtering him with a bunch of apples, then turned and threw the rest of the pie at me. We gave her the money anyway." Disagreeing with those who accuse his and similar game shows of exploiting American "avarice and greed," Edwards says: "A greedy contestant is actually a poor one; she'll take the money and run. It takes a sense of adventure to risk everything for a grapefruit."



And Now—The Julie Nixon Comedy Hour

Those who have always regarded Julie Nixon Eisenhower as a barrel of laughs won't be shocked to learn that a Warner Bros. Television executive has begun plans for a "variety talk show" in which she will star. "I haven't seen the potential for such a show since Barbara Walters and Dinah Shore became popular," said Ed Bleier, vice-president of sales and programming, while conceding that "it will take a certain caliber audience to fully appreciate her."



For Whom the Boobs Blink

Now that everyone's favorite monopoly, the Bell System, has come out with its own telephonic "conversation pieces," it's time to review New York artist Bob Evers' array of phone fantasies. While AT&T offers a red, white, and blue bicentennial blunder, a grotesque gold and white Louis XIV number, and a phone that's "heard but not seen" (they *should* be ashamed), Evers continues to stick with his "People Phones." The artist's five-year-old plywood parodies include "Alexander Graham Grump" and "The Thinker." But while "The Mad Professor" was once Evers' functional favorite, these days he answers his own calls on "Ma Bell." Living up to the promise her namesake neglects, this maternal *objet d'art* lets him know he's *really* wanted by flashing her nipples as the phone rings.

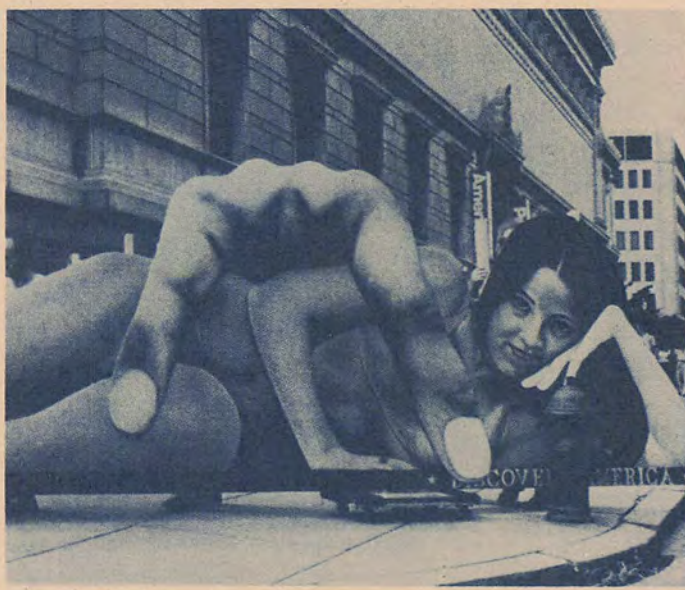
Keeping His Hands to Himself

Glitter rock star David Bowie relaxes on the New Mexico set of *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, a film described as a "mysterious love story."



A GALLERY OF

PEOPLE



The Great Washington Construction War

For once, apparently, Betty Ford had no comment, but some outraged ordinary citizens did. When Washington art instructor Bill Newman placed his bikini-clad painting on a construction site a block from the White House, the workers were overjoyed. But before the day was out, feminist objections led the General Service Administration to order that the sign they commissioned be removed. Grumbling workmen complied, but responded with a hasty addition—a hand painted over “strategic locations.”



Another Good Reason to Get Out of the Country

When Americans have water shortages, we get a bunch of boring “public service” warnings. In England, they get some good, sound advice.



Changing Times

While a celebration raged inside a local bar, marital traditions were reversed by friends of an Ohio couple returning to unwedded bliss. The only question is: who got custody of the appropriately decorated car?

Private Lives

WANTED: APT. TO SHARE

Young woman seeks roommate
(either sex).

Split rent, chores.
Type of companionship
to depend on mood
of the moment.

Reply Box 469.

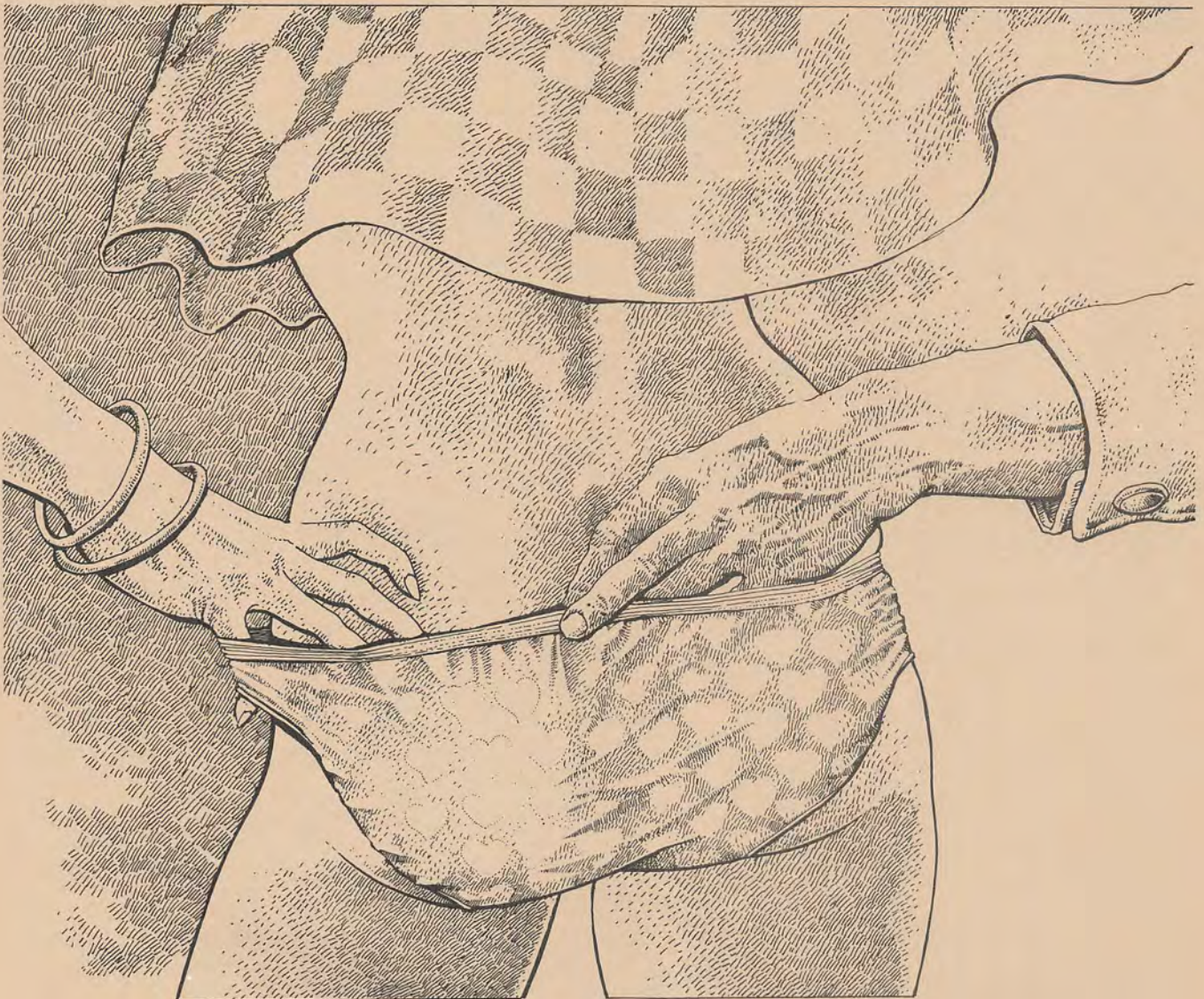


Illustration by Martin Alvarez

This is the story of Clara, an average, red-blooded woman. Recently divorced, she decided to seek a new and more stimulating life, became involved in this new sexual permissiveness, and found herself intimately involved in the homosexual scene.

Why did I grow sick of my roommate? She drank all the orange juice. She left her sweaters soaking in the bathroom sink for days. She would wake me at three in the morning to tearfully recount the latest romantic catastrophe. She ate my kid's ice-pops. She yawned whenever I tried to recount my latest romantic catastrophe. She wrote her name on her eggs.

It's difficult enough to be a divorced mother trying to make ends meet without the added burden of a self-obsessed loony living under the same roof. Besides, the apartment was depressing, one of those huge monstrosities that needed "just a little work"—such as replastering all the ceilings—to be "really together." It was time to go apartment-and-roommate shopping.

Roger, my son's teacher, was also looking for an apartment. He liked my son Daniel, and Daniel liked him. He was an easygoing, sensitive man who appeared to be particularly sane and honest. He seemed like a good possibility.

I wangled an invitation to dinner. It was a lovely evening. We had vegetable curry and cucumber raita—both cooked to perfection. We discovered we both hated Kurt Vonnegut. And Roger's apartment was tidy and tasteful. Although the decor leaned a bit heavily to purple, I was in no mood to quibble. I knew I had found class-A roommate material. A man. Why not?

The possible sexual overtones of an arrangement with Roger caused me to worry—the last thing I wanted was sex rearing its complicated head.

Roger wasn't gorgeous or anything like that. Well, he may have been if you like blue-eyed, six-foot blonds with gigantic shoulders. I prefer men with dark and curly hair, not too tall, with any kind of body as long as he doesn't have a fat ass, wet palms, or no biceps. Even a beer-belly, within reason, is okay. I also want a terrific sense of humor or he can just hang his jockstrap elsewhere.

The product of a painfully drawn-out, boring marriage, I found I needed a lot of space in which to wake up. My husband Rob and I had been dewy-eyed when we entered into matrimonial bliss. In the great romantic tradition, we expected each other to fulfill every need lurking in our psyches. Any indication that we weren't absolutely essential to each other's existence became a serious threat. Jealousy entered our hallowed home from the streets—friends, work, even relatives. A night



**I learned two important facts:
nobody who is gay is
exclusively gay, and nobody
who is straight is totally
straight.**

out with the girls was enough for me to draw accusing glances from Rob for a week. Coming home late from work was good for at least three hours of his sullen silence. Once the ideal couple, we ran out of things to talk about after one year. I was so bored I started watching soap operas. He was so bored he started wearing suits. We decided a baby was the answer. It wasn't.

In reality, we were anything but a perfect match. Rob was a rugged-looking, taciturn man who made his living as a radio announcer but spent most of his time painting. He was dedicated to his art, much of which consisted of artfully rendered paintings of girls from nudie magazines. He was under the mistaken impression that I was his own personal pin-up girl.

Mind you, I did look the part, to some extent. I have that Fifties sort of body. I'm five feet six inches tall, not fat, and not skinny. My hair can be described as pre-Raphaelite frizz of the dark variety, and I have very fair skin, which tans well. I have a slim waist and terrific calves, but I think my breasts are too big and saggy and my nose gives too accurate an imitation of a ski-slope. My eyes are large and dark, which makes people think I am mysterious and Deep, until they hear me talk, which is when they discover that I'm just a good-natured joker. I have been asked on seventeen occasions for my autograph by persons who thought I was Gracie Slick. The men at the small

advertising agency where I have the dubious privilege of being the assistant art director are fond of pinching my ass. I've never figured out if it's because I have an irresistible ass or because I'm cute when I'm mad.

When I finally left my husband, I resolved never to get involved with that suffocating lifestyle again. After many near-brushes with monogamy, I am still resolute.

So what if, during a particularly dry period (like the one I seemed to be in the middle of), I allowed my hard-won scruples to lapse, casually took my clothes off, and seduced my roommate? What if he liked it and we made it a habit? Where would I be then? Back at square one. Accusing glances and all.

I needn't have worried. Roger agreed with me. He thought men were lots of fun in bed, too.

I remember the moment vividly. We were sitting in the Riviera Cafe waiting for cheeseburgers.

"My God, that waiter has the most lovely biceps," I noted.

"Yeah, but check out that bartender, he's got a gorgeous ass," Roger said.

This was not an observation you'd expect from your garden-variety heterosexual.

"Roger, are you gay?"

He nodded, and forced me to stop and think. Since I knew almost nothing about homosexual men, was it a good idea to move in with one to see what I could find out? I wondered if Roger nursed a deep-seated hatred of women. That would certainly make living together a bit awkward. What kind of effect would this have on Daniel, my impressionable five-year-old?

On the other hand, that vegetable curry was delicious. And Roger had a stereo that worked and the Simon and Garfunkel record that I secretly loved but was too snobbish to buy. Most of all, he was a good fellow. He showed no discernible signs of hating women.

I decided the risk was worth taking, so we found a beautiful, clean, three-bedroom apartment and set up house-keeping.

We got along famously. He cooked and I washed the dishes. He did the shopping and I did the laundry. We both squeezed the toothpaste in the middle and didn't care.

As Roger and his friends came increasingly into my sphere of life, my old, stereotyped attitudes began to dissolve. Homosexuals are people who share nothing in common as a group except their sexual preferences. The stereotypes, "butches" and "queens," are thought to be the norm because they are the most visible members of this sexual minority. But the men do not necessarily mince and wear eye-

shadow, and the women do not all resemble truck drivers and smoke cigars.

I also learned two important facts: nobody who is gay is exclusively gay, and nobody who is straight is totally straight.

One night I came home rather drunk. I had been out bar-hopping—playing pool, dancing, explaining that, no, I didn't want to see any etchings—and consuming quite a lot of scotch along the way. Roger was at home having what I pictured as a sedate dinner party. I walked in to find bodies sprawled all over the floor. The dinner party began to escalate towards orgy proportions.

Five gay men and women staggered to their feet and greeted me with affectionate hugs and long, heavy-on-the-tongue kisses.

I accepted a stiff drink and immediately entered into the spirit of things.

Paul, an obnoxiously shrill prep-school grad who had spent too many years as a lifeguard, decided I was the most attractive thing on two feet and was busily thrusting his tongue down my throat and his hand under my skirt. Then Roger got jealous and began to nibble on Paul's neck. At which point Sarah, a slender, soft-spoken photographer, decided she wanted some of the action and pulled me down on the couch for a fairly explicit exploration of my mammary substances. David, a lovely lad on whom I had nursed a hopeless crush for weeks, had Kate, a blonde, lawn-hockey type, pinned up against the refrigerator.

I think it was while Roger and I were breaking our nonintimacy pact on the kitchen floor that Kate decided to make things into a proper orgy. Despite the small but sober voice inside my head wondering what the hell I thought I was doing, I was enjoying myself.

For a few moments we just giggled. What else do you do in bed with four very drunk people of varied sexual proclivities? Then we all tried touching each other, nervous and somewhat sobered by the ambiguity of the situation. I remember wishing I had done more research on exactly what women do in bed with each other, and whether all that talk about dildos was true.

I needn't have worried. Kate fell upon Sarah and Roger started devouring Paul.

David and I put our arms around each other and watched them pull off their clothes.

Now David, as I have hinted, was my idea of not hard on the eyes. He is quite tall, and thin in an endearing, gangly sort of way. He has weird, curly no-color brown hair and terrifically high cheekbones. His eyes are greenish



Then there's the plastic fantastic super-virile sex machine with the erection of steel. He never tires. Even when you wish he would.

and amused, and he has this amazingly expressive mouth which was usually curled in a dreamy, self-mocking smile. I was especially fond of his hands and feet—large, bony, and well-hewn.

Eventually I felt his hands on me. David was acting very heterosexual indeed, and a quick investigation of his suddenly bulging crotch proved he meant it.

"Hey, David?"

"Yeah?"

"I thought you were gay?"

"I am."

"Well, then how come you're trying to take my skirt off?"

"I must be discovering hidden depths."

"Very funny. Let's go into my room."

You find out a lot about a man the first time you go to bed with him. Some men are very awkward, rough, and stupid. After some cursory attention to your breasts and a quick vaginal examination to make sure you're moist enough (you usually aren't, but do they care?), they jump on top of you, spread your legs, and start shoving their cock in your general direction. If they actually manage to get it in (somewhere, anywhere) they move around and grunt a couple of times, experience a quick spasm, roll off you and either light up eight cigarettes at once or fall promptly asleep.

Then there's always the plastic fantastic super-virile sex machine with an

erection of steel. He never tires. Even when you wish he would. He wouldn't dream of coming until he's showed you all his tricks. After he licks your clitoris for about thirty seconds or ninety minutes, he proceeds to turn himself into a pocket edition of the Kama Sutra. Oh, the positions you find yourself in! Every time you start getting excited, our darling dynamo has an even better idea, twists both of you into an excruciatingly ornate pretzel shape, and on with the merry-go-round. When he finally comes and you're so addled by the pyrotechnics you can't see straight, too confused to have had an orgasm of your own, he settles back with *both* pillows under his head, and gives you a self-satisfied smile, which says, as plain as the medallion around his neck: "Wasn't I great, honey?"

What disturbs me about this kind of man is the impression he gives me that I am not there at all, that the act was perfected years ago in the privacy of his own playboy pad with the aid of an inflated life-sized nudie-doll in front of a mirror—and the moves haven't been updated since.

So what the hell *do* I want then, I hear you asking yourself. It's hard to say.

My current sexual partner is very romantic. He likes to kiss a lot and hold hands, he puts his arms around me in the middle of rainstorms—stuff I just lap up. He's also unconventional and innovative sexually, having no aversion to making love on rooftops and pool tables, in hallways, alleys and (on rare occasions) elevators. I'll never forget the time I was washing dishes in my tattered, terry-cloth robe when I suddenly found myself being shoved up over the edge of the sink and felt his cock enter me from behind. My elbows were bruised for days, but I loved every second of it.

I like spontaneous, passionate, idiosyncratic sex with a man who cares who I am and what I want. Large cocks and fancy pyrotechnics just don't matter. It does matter, however, if he comes before I do, and then doesn't do anything to help me get off. I also dislike insipid fucking—I like my share of bouncing and thrusting—without it I am so bored I tell myself I need a magazine to read over his shoulders.

I won't say David was the best lay I ever had—"best lays" are a lot of bullshit anyway, since so much depends on emotions—but it was nice. It was lovely.

He undressed me carefully, unzipping my long, brown skirt slowly and wrestling with my frilly, old-fashioned blouse. The rest was easy because I wasn't wearing any underwear. After kissing my shoulders and neck, he began sucking on my breasts. This was,

to say the least, most pleasant, so I took his head in my hands and guided it down to my belly, hoping he would get the general idea.

He did. He ran his tongue around my naval, and then brought it down lower, skirting my pubic area for the moment and concentrating on my inner thighs. I was moaning and thrashing around by the time he brought his tongue into the inner lips of my vagina, seeking out my clitoris.

Once there he didn't let go. He licked softly and gently at first, but his tongue became more persistent as my excitement grew, and I had a lovely, thundering, orgasm.

I expressed my pleasure and gratitude by licking his ankles, legs, stomach and chest, and then, taking his penis in my mouth, I gave him the kind of blow-job mother never taught me.

When he seemed ready, I climbed on top of him, guiding his very wet penis into my very wet cunt.

We established a nice, rocking rhythm, and soon he came with violent, spasmodic movements. It was too soon, but I didn't mind. One orgasm of an evening will do me just fine.

So there went another preconception down the drain. Gay men are reputed to be totally passive lovers and hate women. No doubt many of them are and do, but it ain't necessarily so.

After the way David pleased me at the party, and after some subtle pressure put on me by some of Roger's lesbian friends, I decided to take a deep breath, screw up all my courage, and try making it with a woman. Besides, the only truly cosmopolitan way to be these days is bisexual.

There was a waitress who worked in a trendy Village bistro where Roger and his friends hung out. Her name was Colleen, and she had a habit of giving me the old meaningful eye whenever I ordered my Earl Grey tea. She was a petite, sweet-faced woman with long, wavy blonde hair, deep blue eyes, and curly dark eyelashes. She had a strong, lithe body, with small breasts and long legs. I thought she was lovely.

So one day we set up a date. She sat down at my table along with the tea and grabbed my hand. I giggled and scratched my nose.

"Hey, so when are we gonna go out?"

"Well, I don't know... I don't go out much, I, uh, never have a chance much lately, you know, I always have to find baby sitters."

"So when do you think you can make it? How about this weekend?"

"Well, gee, Daniel is going to his grandparents, but, well, I have an awful lot of work piling up and, uh, I haven't done the laundry..."

"Okay, how about Saturday night then, all right? Don't worry, it'll be fun."

On Saturday night, I found myself seated at the bar in a seedy tavern in lower Manhattan.

I waited for hours. Well, actually it was more like forty-five minutes, but the minutes dragged, as they do when one is on the verge of nervous disintegration. "A fine bisexual I'm going to make," I muttered.

When Colleen finally arrived I had fashioned my little plastic drink-stirrer into an extremely well-executed likeness of Telly Savalas.

"Hi, sorry I'm late," she said.

"Oh, that's okay, I've just been here about five minutes myself."

We drank a lot, shot a few games of eight-ball, and danced. We even slow-danced, which was a real kick, especially when one of my fashionable artist-friends came in and did a classic triple-take.

We decided we would go to her place for drinks and whatever. In the taxicab my nervousness, somewhat dissipated in the bar by Colleen's warm voice and by the friendly games of pool, was oozing back. I could feel my stomach tying itself up. I sat, quiet and unresponding, like a shy teenager at a high-school dance, while Colleen very gently put her arms around me and kissed me softly.

She had a beautiful apartment. Sanded, polyurethaned floors, exposed brick, potted palms, tasteful lithographs—the whole Greenwich Village effect.

I sat on the couch with my legs crossed while she mixed our drinks. She brought the drinks over and sat down next to me, putting an arm around me and rubbing my thigh with her other hand. So this was the moment of truth.

With her hands on my shoulders, she pushed me gently so that I was lying down on the couch, and got on top of me, rubbing her hands in a circular motion around my breasts. I numbly let her pull my blue jeans off. Then she knelt down on the floor in front of me, spreading my legs and burying her head in my pubic hair. I was too frightened to be excited.

When she took off her dress and panties and pulled my hand towards her very moist vagina, I began to panic. All the taboos within me began to manifest themselves, and with a vengeance! I couldn't really be doing *this* to a woman! What was I? Some kind of filthy pervert? I took definitive action: I started to cry. I told her I really wasn't ready and could I please go home now.

Colleen was very understanding and all that, but I'm sure she was anything but pleased. She made me a cup of tea, which I drank silently, then phoned a

cab and sent me home.

Now, when we see each other, relations between us are markedly strained. I am very embarrassed and ashamed of my behavior. I shouldn't have let my intellectual curiosity try to get the better of my deep-seated sexual conditioning.

I told Roger all about it. He laughed and told me I should stick to men instead of trying to pretend to be the ultimately uninhibited New York sex goddess.

This was during the period when Roger and I were spending almost all our time together—gossiping, drinking coffee, going out and getting drunk and picking up boys.

We were so frequently together that people started treating us as a couple, though we never were. But we were best friends.

There's something refreshingly special about a man and a woman who are able to sit around and discuss the qualitative difference between clitoral and vaginal orgasms and the best technique for sucking on cocks, and who are able to walk around in front of each other in torn underwear without being self-conscious about unsightly bulges. People who sleep together have a hard time being so open.

Unfortunately, these idyllic situations rarely last forever.

One morning I wandered into the kitchen and found a strange man sitting there sipping coffee, looking for all the world as if he lived there. He told me his name was Michael and offered me a cup of coffee.

Roger came prancing out of the shower a few moments later, a towel coily tucked around his waist. There was something all too familiar about this scene. Usually I was the one featured in the towel-sporting role. This was the beginning of the end. I recognized the signs—Roger was in love.

It took a few months before they decided to live together. I was pleased in a way, because I was sick of Michael taking two hours to shave just when I needed to get into the bathroom. But I was also angry with Roger, not only for deserting me but also because I was jealous.

Yes, it's true. Deep down I guess even I really want a close, long-lasting relationship with a man, maybe even someone to come home to. But he would have to be nonpossessive and egalitarian, because I refuse to give up one whit of freedom or subjugate myself the way I did in the past. So far, no one suitably qualified has appeared on the horizon.

Roger is now living most happily with Michael in a cozy little flat on Perry Street. Daniel and I are roommate-hunting again.



The Gold, The Blue, and The Beautiful

Color her lonely.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CAESAR GUEST



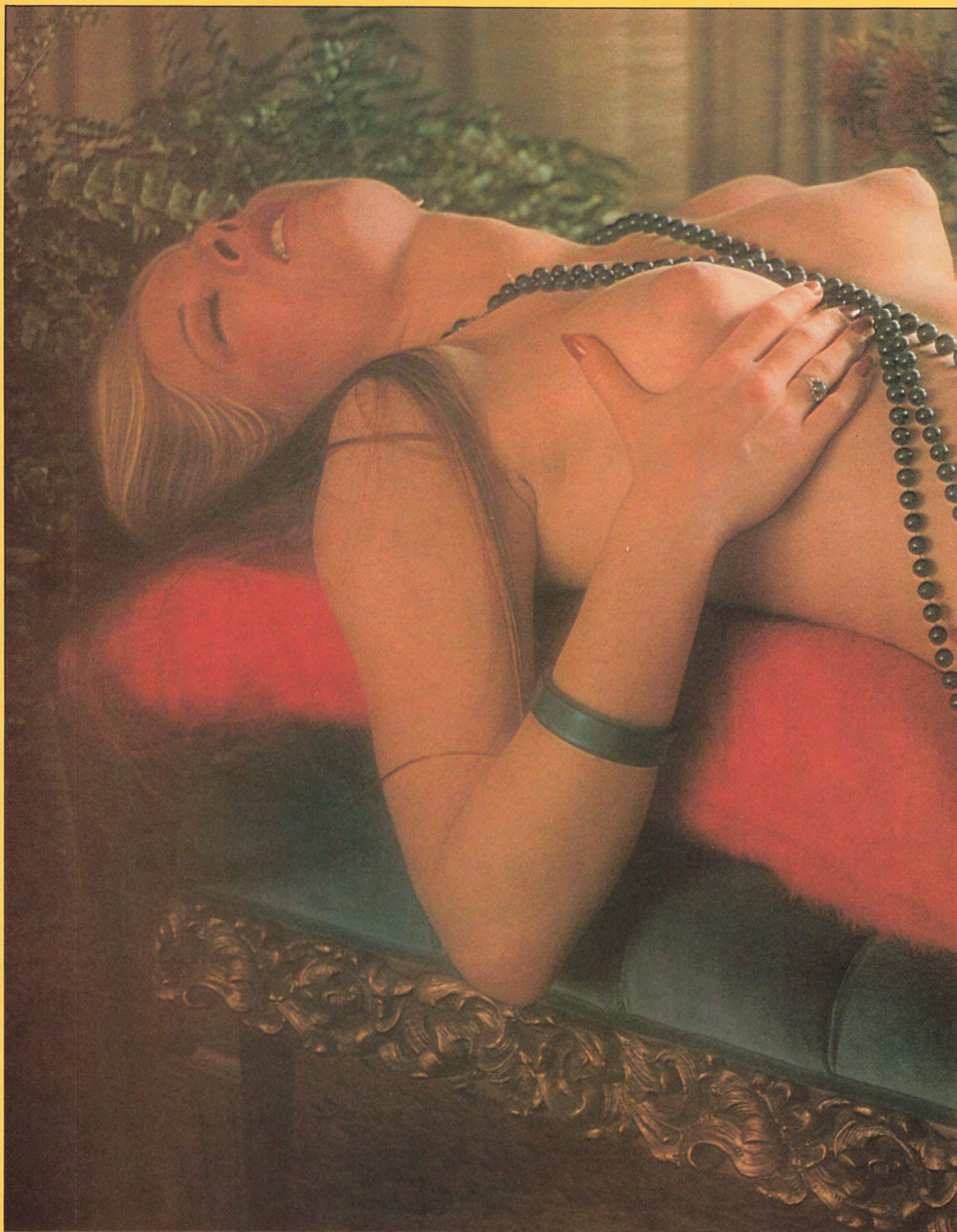
A half-empty bottle of liquid
gold. A half-empty love seat.
Vestiges of a date gone awry.

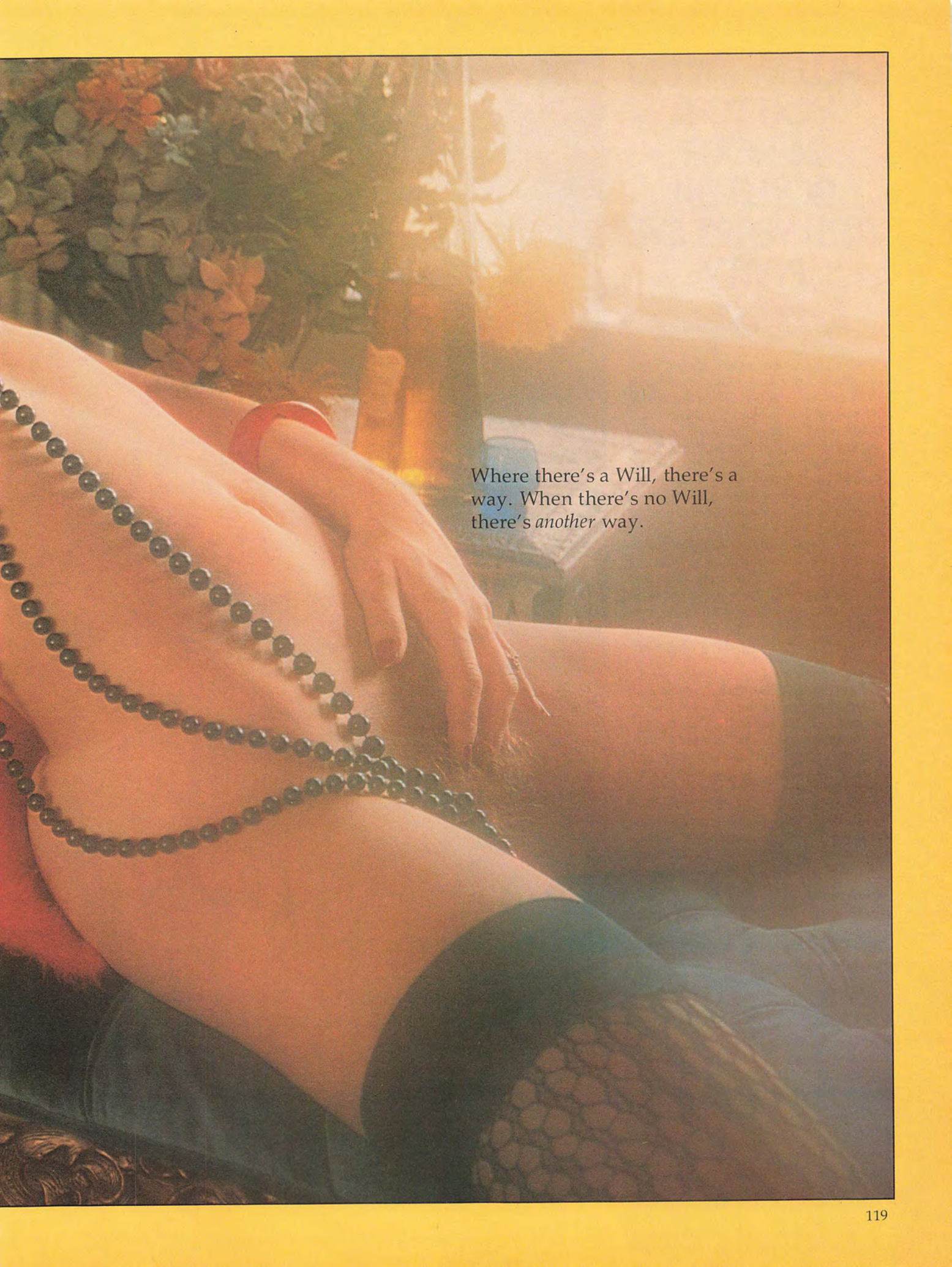


Has Will lost the telephone
number? Does he think the
date is for *tomorrow* night? The
questions are many when a
nine o'clock rendezvous
becomes a midnight no-show.



But how long can a blue mood
last for a woman confident . . .
experienced . . . uninhibited?
And who is suddenly
reminded of a cliché that
brings a solution for the
evening:





Where there's a Will, there's a
way. When there's no Will,
there's *another* way.

GALLERY INVITES YOU TO A 24-HOUR NONSTOP NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

Text by Fred Tobey
Photography by Dan Baliotti

New Year's Eve is a very special time, and there are better ways to spend it than either watching Times Square on television and listening to Guy Lombardo play "Auld Lang Syne," or going out on the town and spending a small fortune for possibly mediocre food and drink. To give you some ideas for a rip-roaring party marathon, *Gallery* took over the penthouse apartment of interior designer Diana Anderson Winekoff and gathered some members of the cast of the hit musical "Let My People Come," which opened on New Year's Eve 1972, and is celebrating its third anniversary by launching its sixth national company, this one in Houston. Acting as hosts are actor/singer Rocky Suda, comedian Carl Deese, model and actress Michele See, model Robin Jeep, and red-haired dancer Gail Broussard. Part of the fun of our party is the fact that you can handle all preparations yourself. Our carefully planned menu will not overtax your culinary abilities and cooking time is kept to a minimum. We have selected drinks and dishes with a Tex-Mex flavor that will easily help to establish your fame as a party host, and our ideas for off-beat games should make for a memorable night of fun.

DECEMBER 31

5:00 P.M. Welcome Cocktails

A roaring fire and a well-stocked bar provide a good warm-up for things to





come. Not content with the usual array of mixed drinks, we have performed some creative chemistry with a bottle of tequila, fruit juices, and sloe gin. The new drink, naturally dubbed *Gallery Grog*, is a deceptively mild-tasting concoction with the kick of a Texas mule. Guacamole, a silky-smooth, spicy-hot, Mexican avocado dip, served on crisp tortilla chips, makes a hearty snack.

All recipes amply serve six.

Gallery Grog

In a large shaker combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cups tequila, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of sloe gin, orange juice, and grapefruit juice. Shake vigorously with crushed ice and strain into 6 cocktail glasses. Garnish with a thin slice of lime.

Guacamole

Peel and remove the pit from 2 ripe avocados. Mash with a fork, or puree in an electric blender together with 1 minced onion, 1 minced clove of garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped coriander or parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon tabasco sauce, and 1 peeled and seeded tomato. Serve with tortilla chips.

7:00 P.M. Everybody Cooks

After a couple of rounds of *Gallery Grog* the group has worked up quite an appetite. An enormous sirloin is ready for broiling. While Michele prepares the salad, a fragrant pot of Mexican steak sauce, thick and rich with onion, tomato, and chili, is simmering in the kitchen.



Steak Ranchero

Trim a 5-6 pound sirloin steak about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. Broil over a low charcoal fire or under the broiler—about 20 minutes for a rare steak, 25 minutes for medium, 35 minutes for well done. Slice and serve with the following sauce: in a heavy saucepan heat 3 tablespoons of oil, add 1 minced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon minced garlic, and cook for 10 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned Italian tomatoes, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of cayenne, chili powder, and cumin, 1 teaspoon salt, and 2 tablespoons minced coriander or parsley. Simmer over low heat until thick, about 1 hour.

8:00 P.M. Dinner Time

The company settles down to thick slices of steak, bathed in Sauce Ranchero; Mexican rice studded with golden kernels of corn and green baby peas; and a salad of mixed greens and marinated tomatoes. Red wine and sangria are poured with dinner. After the dishes have been cleared, a very

special dessert is served: *drunken pineapple*, soaked in tequila and Cointreau, and lightly sweetened with brown sugar. Finally our own version of Mexican coffee combines equal parts of double-strength coffee and cocoa, laced with a generous helping of Kahlua liqueur.



Mexican Rice

In an electric blender puree 1 coarsely chopped onion, 2 cloves garlic and $\frac{1}{4}$ green pepper, with 2 tablespoons chicken stock. Add enough stock to make 4 cups and heat to boil. In a Dutch oven heat 4 tablespoons oil, add 2 cups rice and sauté rice until well coated. Add boiling stock, reduce heat, cover and simmer for 20 minutes until soft but not mushy. If any liquid is left, cook uncovered a few minutes longer. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each cooked baby peas and corn and serve with 1 tablespoon minced parsley.

Mixed Mexican Salad

Tear into bit-sized pieces 1 head of

chicory and 1 head of iceberg lettuce. Wash, pat dry, and chill. Peel and cut into wedges 4 tomatoes. In a mason jar mix thoroughly $\frac{1}{4}$ cup wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne, and 1 cup oil. Pour dressing over tomatoes and marinate for 1 hour. Just before serving add salad greens and toss together.

Drunken Pineapple

Slice pineapple lengthwise into 6 wedges, keeping leaves intact. Place in shallow bowl, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons each of brown sugar, tequila and Cointreau. Cover with plastic wrap and chill for 6 hours.

Midnight Toasts

Toasts of traditional champagne are raised to the New Year; embraces of best wishes are exchanged. Robin, who



enjoys fortune telling, has brought a lead model-making kit (available in hobby shops that specialize in crafts, these kits are used to mold lead soldiers and figurines) and introduces a favorite game. Each member of the group melts a small quantity of lead over a candle, and then drops it into a bowl of ice water. The resulting shape provides clues for the events of the coming year, as interpreted by our resident soothsayer.

10:00 P.M. The Midnight Countdown

Properly mellowed by the preceding bacchanal, a lively session of disco dancing produces some inventive forms of everybody's favorite, the hustle. One hour before midnight Gail organizes a treasure hunt with a 12

Treasure Hunt

Determine the nature of the treasure to be found, and elect a member of your group to be "Master of the Hunt"; it's his or her job to find a hiding place for the treasure and provide clues for the search. In our case a slip of paper containing the game rules for Strip-Dice and Sex-Action was the treasure to be found, and Gail Broussard took the job of guiding the search. She taped the treasure to the in-

side of her pink panties and wrote up pink slips of paper with clues such as: "Hickery-dickery dock, the clue is up my sock," "Don't worry 'bout me, I'm in the pink," "I'm just panting to be near you." These were hidden in various spots in the apartment, such as the gas range (to which she led her friends by whistling "Home on the Range") and under the piano ("I Love a Piano" provided the clue).



JANUARY 1

1:00 A.M. Strip-Dice Game

Having restocked the bar with after-dinner potables, the party settles down to serious drinking and a vigorous game of Strip-Dice.



Strip-Dice

Easier than strip poker; played with 2 dice. Everyone starts wearing the same number of clothing articles. Dice pass around players; each shake *under 6* costs the player 1 garment. Highest player in each round collects the clothes at the end of each round and can use them for betting as a substitute for removing one of his own garments. The game ends when all but 1 player are stripped, and the winner is rewarded with a bottle of champagne. Jewelry and other accessories do not count for betting.

2:00 A.M. Sex-Action Game

By now the mood is mellow and all inhibitions have flown. Everybody par-

ticipates in exploring Sex-Action, our own *Gallery* game especially created for the occasion.



Sex-Action

You will need 12 red cards and 12 white cards. *Red cards* are action cards; write on them action words such as: kiss, lick, nibble, pinch, scratch, squeeze, stroke, suck, tickle, rub with ice, beat, massage with oil, etc. *White cards* are

body cards; write on them words like: throat, mouth, tongue, breast, nipple, back, buttock, vagina, penis, thigh, arm, stomach, etc. Cards are placed face down, players pick cards, alternating boy girl, and body/action, and act out direction given on cards.

4:00 A.M. Winding Down

While some of the hardier members of the party continue to frolic, Carl and Gail are getting sleepy and decide on a restful cuddling period in their sleeping bag.



8:00 A.M. Eye Openers

Rocky and Michele, in need of a pick-me-up, start experimenting with well-known hangover cures. He tries icy cold beer, Michele eyes a Prairie oyster: egg yolk, Worcestershire sauce,

Trader Vic's Banana Cow

For each drink combine in electric

10:00 A.M. The Great Revival

Sufficient energy has now been activated in our celebrants to mix up a batch of that traditional New Year's day restorative, the egg nog, extravagantly flavored with aged bourbon.

Egg Nog

Beat 6 eggs and 6 teaspoons fine sugar until light and creamy. Beat in 1½ cups chilled bourbon, 2 cups cold milk, 1 cup light cream and 2 teaspoons vanilla extract. Serve sprinkled with nutmeg.



Texas Chile

Cut into ½-inch cubes 3 pounds lean chuck beef. Brown in 2 tablespoons bacon drippings, together with 1 cup minced onion and 4 minced garlic cloves. Cover and cook for 20 minutes. Stir into pan 1 tablespoon flour, 4 tablespoons chili powder, 1 teaspoon each thyme, cumin, and salt, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 cups tomato puree and 2 tablespoons tomato paste. Cover and simmer slowly for 2 hours. Serve with fried eggs and red beans. Use either canned beans, or soak 2 cups red beans overnight. Drain, cover with beef stock, and boil for ½ hour.

a dash of vinegar, and tabasco. Other offerings are that old standby, the Bloody Mary; champagne and orange juice; Alka Seltzer; Fernet Branca bitters; ear plugs for total silence; and Trader Vic's miraculous milkshake, the Banana Cow.

blender ½ banana, 1 cup rich milk, ¼ cup light rum, and 1 cup crushed ice. Blend well and serve.



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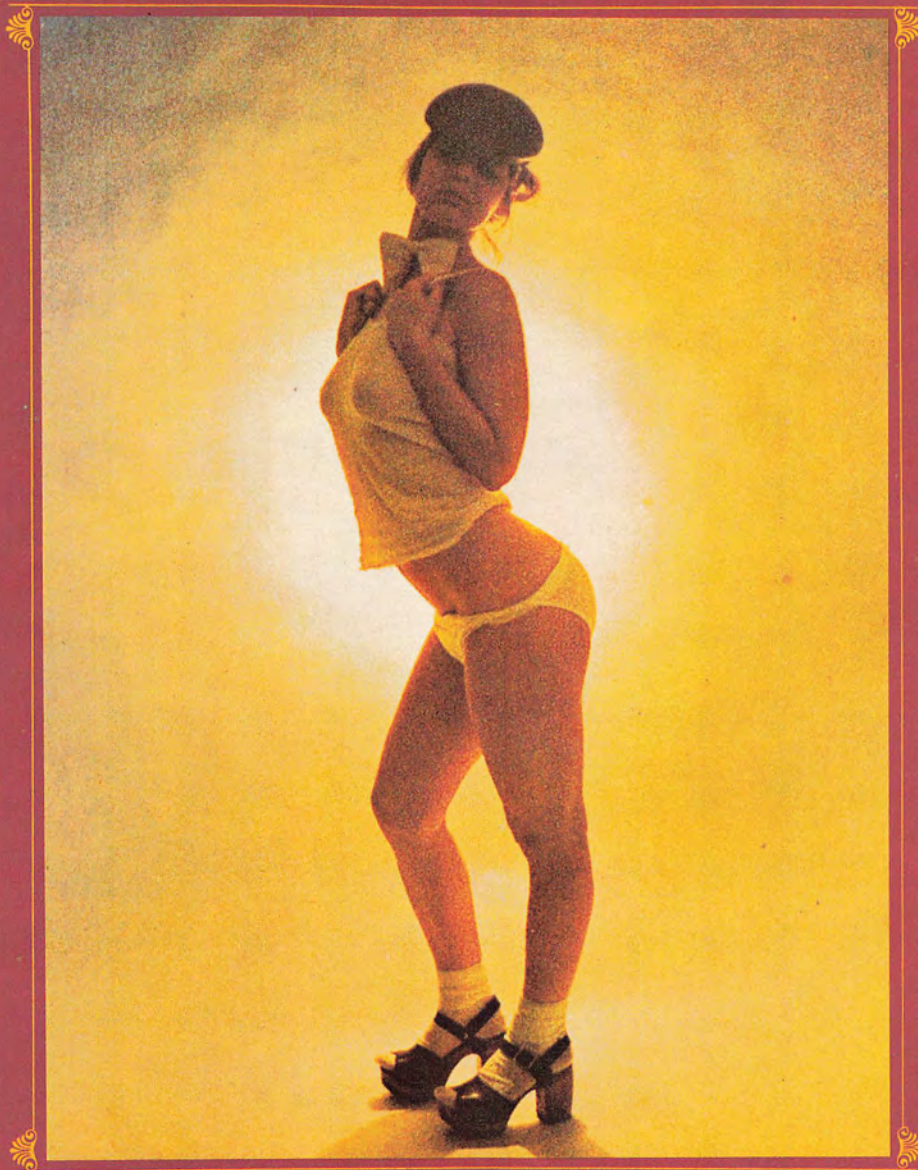
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PHOTO FEEDBACK

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS OF GALLERY'S FIRST AMATEUR EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

There were five categories in the contest that ended
with the August 1975 issue



EROTIC COSTUME OF THE YEAR:

Beth, 21, stylist
Chicago, Ill.

Photography by her husband,
Michael
(July issue)



PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR:

Pete Vee Reynolds
Reno, Nev.
Friend of model Jan L., 26
(May issue)



FLIPSIDE (REARVIEW) OF THE YEAR:

Mrs. Albert B., schoolteacher,
Garrison, Ind.
Photography by husband
(March issue)



BOTTOMLESS MODEL OF THE YEAR:

Jane A., 27,
Rohnert Park, Calif.
Photography by husband, John
(May issue)



TOPLESS MODEL OF THE YEAR:

Tracy J., 19
Richmond, Ind.
Photography by her boyfriend,
Duane.

And presenting . . . this month's entries in Gallery's
bigger-than-ever, continuing
New Amateur Erotic Photography Contest

A new and even more exciting amateur erotic photo competition began with our October 1975 issue, with a *Grand Prize* that gives the winning model some exciting gifts *plus* an opportunity for an actual Gallery professional centerfold photographic session. When those professional photos appear in Gallery, the model will be awarded \$250. (The amateur photographer who submitted the original entry photos will also receive \$250.)

In addition, of course, *every* contest photo published in Gallery during the contest period (which ends with the June 1976 issue) brings the

model a special \$35 award fee.

All photos received for the earlier contest, as well as all future "Photo Feedback" entries, are eligible for the centerfold Grand Prize. So send yours *today*. They can be in black-and-white or color, and it would be helpful to receive a brief letter about the model (approximately 100 words), describing what you think our readers would like to know about her.

SEE PAGE 146 OF THIS ISSUE FOR OFFICIAL
RELEASE FORM THAT *MUST* ACCOMPANY
ALL PHOTOS.



Debbie M., 21, receptionist
Dayton, Ohio
Photography by her boyfriend, Dallas

"Debbie is a 21-year-old Pisces. She is 5' tall, weighs 101 lbs. with measurements of 38DD-24-35. She has blonde hair and blue-green eyes. Her interests are drag racing, cooking, and me. The one thing that would be the most interesting to your readers is to know that Debbie has a great love for sex. Anyone that reads your fine magazine would be interested in sex, too."

Brandy Lee K., 23, housewife
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Photography by her husband, Derek

"Brandy is 5'1", weighs 105 lbs, and measures 34½-23-35. She is a friendly person, who realizes there is goodness and emotion in everyone. She does not get 'hung up' regarding nudity; she feels it is a natural and free state, an honest unveiling of the true self. Her pet peeve is when people stereotype others into their choice of roles; she likes to do her own thing. For this I have great respect and admiration. Brandy is a terrific wife."



Lorane D., 19, dancer
Dallas, Texas
Photography by her friend, Howard L.



Shirl G., 22, receptionist

Youngwood, Pa.

Photography by her husband, Joseph

"A great wife from a small country town, Shirl loves partying, an honest, open marriage, and the modern ways of life. She believes men and women were made to explore each other's minds and bodies. She measures 35-24-34. At the age of 17, she was introduced to the pleasures of sex. Since then sex has become an important part of her life. She really loves oral sex and could go on for hours and hours talking about it. Shirl enjoys posing in the nude, lying on sandy beaches, and showing off her tattoo."

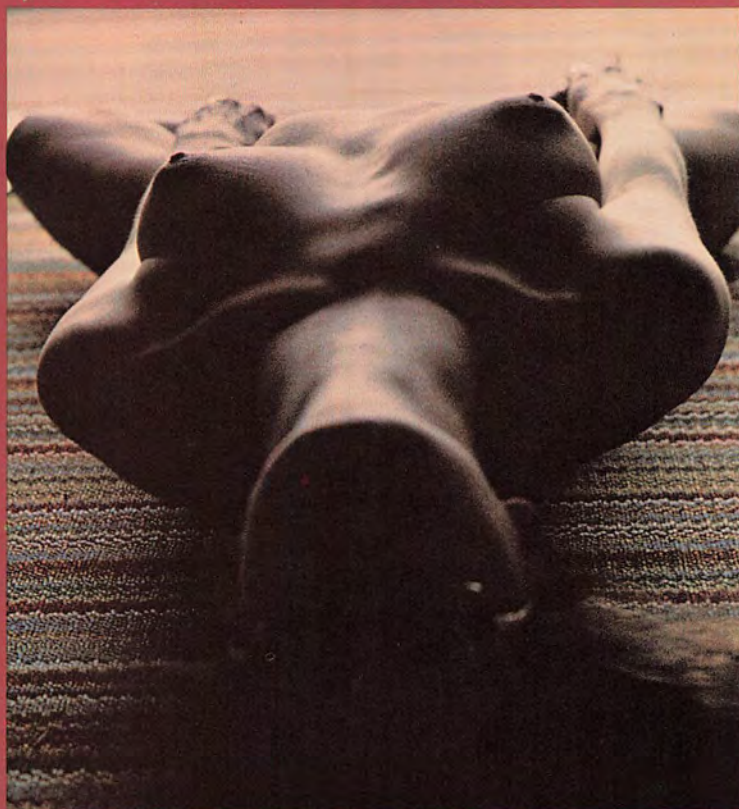


Dawn H., 23, secretary

Chicago, Ill.

Photography by her brother, John.

Lynn E., 29, retail sales manager
Walnut Creek, Calif.
Photography by her roommate,
Jennifer



Linda R., 29, secretary

Rochester, N.Y.

Photography by her husband, Robert



Sharon H., 26, housewife
Denison, Texas
Photography by her husband, Larry

"Sharon is a 5'8" green-eyed Scorpio. She loves to swim and ride bicycles for fun and to keep her 35-25-37 figure trim. She is interested in photography and does much of her own print developing; a very friendly outgoing gal who loves soul, hard rock music, and dancing. Sharon loves to travel around the country and meet different people. She is very liberal in sexual matters but doesn't put other people down who don't happen to share her opinion."



Peggy O., 26, secretary
Los Angeles, Calif.
Photography by her husband, Roger



Phyllis C., 22, housewife
Columbus, Ohio
Photography by her husband, Donald



Debra R., 22, pediatric nurse
Garden Grove, Calif.
Photography by her husband, David

MICKY COHEN

continued from page 76

myself 'cause I know it was an impossibility. I didn't ask you to go to the guy—to Nixon who I was referring to—for myself, but here is a man that's a very, very sick man and he's a very old man. I don't know how long he's got to go, but I'm gonna ask you to do one thing for me. I'm gonna ask you to get this man released, which he did.

Ashman: Nixon commuted Gyp DeCarlo, didn't he?

Cohen: Commuted him, that's right.

Ashman: Some people think Chotiner's heart attack and the automobile accident was a cover-up, that he was killed because he was a weak link in the whole Watergate thing.

Cohen: I don't believe it. There was no chance in the world of him being a weak link in any type of thing.

Ashman: Do you think he died of natural causes?

Cohen: No question about it.

Ashman: Going back to the media picture of organized crime, was there ever a Jewish Mafia? Was there ever an organization where the Jews were on the fringe of the Italian families but could never really be inside?

Cohen: Well, the Jews always in their own way had as much strength as the Italians. And even during my war, there was Italians with me and Jews against me.

Ashman: Again, the media image: what happens when you go into a courtroom?

Cohen: Well, you take like when Bobby Kennedy was attorney general. You know you're talking about an out-and-out punk when you're talking about Bobby Kennedy, who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and had no idea what life was all about. He had no more reason to be in the attorney general's office than you and I would be sitting in a monastery. I mean this was a sadistic, degenerate punk, a professional Catholic political punk. And I know this sounds like I'm speaking with animosity, but I really am not 'cause I spoke the same way as I'm speaking right now to Bobby Kennedy when I was called before the McClellan Committee. At the time, I had no chance, Jimmy Hoffa had no chance, Joe Seca had no chance, Frank Carbo had no chance. In fact, it would have been smarter if we didn't even contest, if we would have just gone in and threw ourselves on the courts. We had no chance whatsoever. They brought in a guy like Judge Bolt from the State of Washington to try me on my income tax case.

Ashman: He was the one who sentenced Dave Beck.

Cohen: Yeah. Then Joe Seca and Frank Carbo fell victim to this dirty son of a bitch because the other judge that was sitting on their case and tried them died a week or so before the sentencing. Now this dirty son of a bitch has even expressed in open court that he feels that he's a messenger from God. Now there wasn't no chance in the world for me in that courtroom. He spread an atmosphere to the jury and everybody else likewise that they were part and parcel members of the government to see to it that I'm locked up and I am sent away. He had no idea what it was all about or anything else. This was a naive son of a bitch.

Ashman: In your lifetime, one of the biggest changes in this country has been with women. Women today have women's liberation, they want to be treated differently. What do you think of that?

Cohen: Well, I'm home three and a half years now and I'm looking for a woman that's strictly a woman and I haven't found one yet.

Ashman: You don't like the women's liberation movement?

Cohen: Not a goddamned bit. I think they're all a bunch of dirty rotten lesbian sons of bitches.

Ashman: Women today are lawyers, there are female judges, doctors—how about in the business you were in? Have any women made it in organized crime in this country?

Cohen: No, not really. But don't get me wrong in this, I admire women that are successful in a field and I really believe they should receive salaries to what they are entitled. But I get disgusted when I hear about a woman that wants to become a baseball player or a boxer or a football player. For Christ's sake, I'd like to take the son of a bitch and blow them up.

Ashman: Didn't Al Capone have one woman in Chicago who was a hit person, a hit lady years ago?

Cohen: Never. Capone would have never had no more to do with a woman—that would be an insult. Al Capone was a man all the way, he was a real man. He would have resented you even putting this question to me. This man, a woman to him—and I've probably grown up in the same way 'cause I was brought up with Italians all my life. A woman to me is like a bird in a gilded cage. Listen, I was married to a lady for eighteen years and I love and respect her to this very day and I would trust her with any goddamned thing in the world, but I would never put her in a spot where she would have to be called upon to prove this trust.

Ashman: In other words, you kept her out of certain things, so the pressure would never be there?

Cohen: Every bit of it. She got indicted with me when I got indicted for income-

tax invasion. She was in court ten minutes and the judge says what have you got her here for, she don't even know what time it is and they dismissed her and she walked out, then she came over to me and said now I know what you meant.

Ashman: What's your love life like today?

Cohen: I take Edy Williams out. I've taken—I go with Candy Barr. Gail Fisher, I've went with. I was going fairly steady with Leta Barron.

Ashman: What's the link, Mickey, between show-business stars and people like Mickey Cohen? I think they come to you more than you come to them.

Cohen: I can't really answer that. I've never paid that much attention, who came to who. But I have some very close friends—like Ernie Borgnine I respect completely and others that I became very close to in the movie business, like Jerry Lewis was a witness at my trial. In fact, I had gotten Jerry and Dean Martin their first Guild cards.

Ashman: You said that *The Godfather* movies were the only ones with any authenticity. Was the business with the horse's head and trying to get the Italian singer that role based on Frank Sinatra and the movie, *From Here to Eternity*? Was it based on Sinatra's dealings with so-called Mafia people?

Cohen: Well, it's based somewhat on dealing with—had to do with Frank, yeah, but it's best explained by whosoever's thoughts it was in the picture. I don't want to be the one to explain it for what they wanted the public to think of it.

Ashman: In *The Godfather*, they also showed that the issue of narcotics caused a split down the middle among the people who were running things. Is that true?

Cohen: Absolutely. It was one of the great dividers.

Ashman: What was your position?

Cohen: Whoever knows me knows that. I've always loved to make money, and I would go many, many a route to make money, but there was one thing that was against my creed. That was narcotics and prostitution. I'm not a knocker against anybody with narcotics or prostitution. Let 'em. If they want to hit their heads against the wall, go ahead. It's just my belief.

Ashman: Do you think prostitution should be legalized in this country?

Cohen: I really don't have no thoughts on it. I love girls and every girl to me is a lady. To this day, if I have to call a girl for a hundred dollars, I call her, if she has any appeal for me and I want her. Many a time I've called a girl.

Ashman: Do you think gambling should be legalized?

Cohen: I would say so, yes, because there's no way to take away from the

continued on page 132

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!



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How to touch her so she will go mad with desire.

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- the positions girls like best
- how to get a girl out of her clothes
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- how to give a woman multiple orgasms
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MICKEY COHEN

continued from page 130

people things that they want to do. See, gambling is gambling. Like if you come into my home and you play penny-ante poker, you're still gambling. It doesn't make any less if you're playing penny-ante poker or if you're playing thousand-dollar chip poker. You understand what I mean? The whole thing, the concept of it is ridiculous.

Ashman: It used to be said that if anybody needed anything—from a reservation for a show in Vegas, to a loan, to somebody to look after him if he was in trouble—the man to call was Mickey Cohen. Do people still call you for everything and anything?

Cohen: That's my goddamned problem right now, and I keep telling people, I just don't have the power to do these things as I used to do, they're too much of a problem for me today.

Ashman: But aren't a lot of the men you worked with over the years still in power and aren't you still friendly?

Cohen: Look, Chuck, I don't want to pull the wool over your eyes. Like a friend called me before he went to Vegas, wanted to get in to see Frank Sinatra with six people. Well, he got in to see Frank Sinatra with the six people and there was not even no check for him. But I can't—there used to be a time when they were easy things to be done, but they're not easy for me to do anymore. First place, I don't like to call upon people anymore unless I feel a 1,000 percent that they have a welcome feeling for me to call upon them. Then in the years that you're in the penitentiary, you lose a lot of self-confidence.

Ashman: Do you think you've lost some of yours?

Cohen: I know I have. In fact, a lot of times, I'll call somebody more so for somebody else than I will for myself. For myself, I won't call nobody.

Ashman: What happens when a big shot, a man who has been called Czar and Boss, arrives in prison? Is it a lot easier, a lot tougher, or the same as for anybody else?

Cohen: It's according to the individual and it's according to certain instances. It's tough with certain bulls who resent you from the beginning when they hear your name or when they go to look at your jacket. Do you know what I mean by a jacket? Like a thing you got there with everything that the FBI puts out about you. And naturally, when they write about you, you've got no way of answering, and when they put

in that you own a hundred suits of clothes at five hundred a pop or whatever, or that you got indicted for seven Cadillac counts—naturally, certain elements of screws that have never been out of, that have never even lived and have never even known what life is all about, they read this, they resent you even before they see you and they make it rough. Then, on top of it, they hear you're a Jew gangster, which makes it worse than anything else.

Ashman: The inmates themselves, how did they treat you?

Cohen: Well, the ones that know of you are the ones that know what it's all about. They treat you with a great respect and will break their back to do whatever they can do for you. Then there's others like, you know, the hillbillies, that resent you badly. That's how I got crippled is by a hillbilly, by a guy I had never seen in my life.

Ashman: Was he paid to do it?

Cohen: No. From what I learned—and this was from the Surgeon General from Washington—he said that the man created a phobia in his own mind, a psychosis or whatever they say, that I had this notorious name Mickey Cohen, that I came to Atlanta to do him harm.

Ashman: You never saw the man before. What happened to him as a result of—

Cohen: He got killed.


Ashman: On the inside?

Cohen: Inside, yeah.

Ashman: You're sixty-two now. Are you satisfied to be inactive, or would you like to have more going?

Cohen: No. I could have been involved. I don't think I was home fifty, sixty days before I received fifteen, twenty, thirty phone calls. Different deals from different officials, political people. Don't forget that these people went through a lot of years with me where they had successful operations. Nobody ever went to prison but me. Everybody made considerable money. Nobody had no headaches but Mickey Cohen. So naturally, you come back, and these people who are still in action or in power—and I don't mean to sound egotistical, but they've called upon me and said, "Mick, don't you want to come talk to me? Things are a lot better than they were even in other years." But I just don't have the stomach for it. I don't have the physical strength for it. I don't have the people. The whole setup right now isn't conducive to setting up an organization.

Ashman: What's going on in this country today? Is there as much of an organization?

Cohen: I can't speak of that. I'm out of operation and I can't speak of that. I can't answer you truthfully, and I'm not going to answer you. 

MUSIC II

continued from page 106

baby piano on the podium sometimes when she read her poems. She resisted Jane's ideas a lot at first."

"You can talk about things again and again until you wear somebody's resistance down," Friedman notes, describing her benevolent manipulation of her client. "Patti mulls things over in her own time. She resists change to a certain extent until it clicks in her head."

Financing their protégée wasn't a particular problem, according to Friedman. "We live very modestly at Wartoke and, luckily, Patti does too. Unlike some managers, we never put her on a salary before she was earning from performing—never. I don't want groups to come in here and expect their pockets to be greased. Sure, we helped her sometimes with the rent, with some doctor bills, but we never felt exploited."

Through their longtime music industry contacts, Wartoke got Patti her initial bookings in small rock clubs, galleries—anywhere they could place her on a stage to gain confidence and a professional gloss. Since publicity was her managers' forte, Patti received extensive coverage in the *New York Times*, *Mademoiselle*, the *Village Voice*, and *New York Magazine*—before her first lp, *Horses*, came out in the fall. Never hurts to have a publicist do your management.

"We started by building Patti in New York City," Jane says, explaining her game plan for showcasing Patti as a performer. "When you make it to the peak here, you have to move on or else you're a has-been before you ever were." Media affection for a new artist is fickle. So Friedman used her contacts to get Patti three weeks of club bookings in California in late 1974 and a gig in Philadelphia's Main Point. That was the turning point. Patti and her backup band got "mind-blowing" reviews, Friedman gloats. "I came back to New York and knew I had the ammunition to get the record deal I wanted. We had plenty of record company offers before, which I never pursued because it wasn't the right time to make a deal. One half-assed album and you're a failure. You play record company against record company for the best offer. I finally went with Arista, because I had faith in Clive"—label president Clive Davis.

For Jane Friedman, management is business, but it also represents a deep

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE AT THE TRACK

The true story of Jimmy Davis, gambling pro who discovered the first proven method for winning at the track—INVESTMENT WAGERING As told to Ken Martin

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"Jimmy (King of the Hill) Davis, a colorful character from Atlanta who has become a millionaire through supremely judicious and intelligent wagering, was back at Miami race tracks last week." The Miami News May 14, 1974

So it was inevitable, I got tired of always being days away from my next loan. Win or lose. I had a family to support. My kids got older, needed more. Those high roller days started losing their spell.

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• On March 31, 1973 I won at Aqueduct with *Passen Mood* (\$55 to win) in the fourth. With investment wagering this winner practically hit me between the eyes—it was that obvious.

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Jimmy D. relaxes with "Sadie" at his magnificent estate in Georgia.

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MUSIC II

continued from page 132

personal commitment to her clients. "We encouraged Patti and gave her total confidence. I enjoy taking care of people I love. I've never missed a date they've played. I pay total and strict attention to them. I make sure their heads are straight before they go on. I don't care if they get a review that sucks, I always protect my bands. Artists are very fragile. We have a very special relationship. Most people at this point in their careers would say, 'We need somebody heavier,' and leave you. This business is very ungrateful, very disloyal." Jane Friedman confides, "If you're a woman in this business, you can wind up a hard-assed dyke, so I try to compensate."

"You could equate managing an act with fighting a war," New York-based manager Dave Krebs declares. "Every little thing is a battle—getting agents, press, and record companies to react. The manager's job is to surround the act with what's best for it. Certain record companies and certain agencies and managers are better for certain acts. There's no one set formula. The manager has to put himself in a position to get an overview. You can't be too close; if you do, you'll lose your objectivity."

Krebs pauses to take a long-distance phone call from one of his novice rock groups—"baby bands" he likes to call them—on its first gig: "You guys all hyped up to go on tour? Good. How was that club date? How many people showed? Twenty-five left after your second song! Hmm. Well, did the club owner like it? . . . How are your stage movements? Are you jumping less? Is Gary moving his ass more? Good. . . . Good. Talk to you kids later. I'm in conference."

"The print media," Krebs continues, "can only take you so far in breaking an act. They give you an album sales base of maybe seventy-five thousand to a hundred thousand units. You need radio exposure to go all the way, and for that you need the record company's backing. Still, the most important element in breaking an act is intelligent management tied in with excellent talent. Unfortunately for the rock 'n' roll business, there's very little intelligence put to use."

Slim, dark-haired, and casual, Krebs, is a young thirty-five, a partner in Leber-Krebs Management. Their client roster includes Aerosmith, Focus, Bobby Wommack, Mahogany Rush, Ted Nugent, and several "baby" acts. Krebs is a lawyer by training. He spent a few years in the legal department of William Morris, the world's

largest talent agency, before switching to a career as a music agent there because agents made more money. In 1972 he and Steve Leber (then head of the William Morris music department) left to form their own management firm. They were hoping to make a pile fast—but it didn't work out quite that way. Between them, their income dropped \$100,000 the first year in management. Breaking new acts like the N.Y. Dolls wasn't quite as easy as they thought it would be. Leber-Krebs kept afloat through other enterprises. They produced the touring version of *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, which seems to go on and on forever. They also own Photo-Poster, the biggest photo blow-up company in the United States. But talent development was still their first love.

Krebs favors rock 'n' roll bands—the hard rockers of the punkoid make-'em-cream-in-their-jeans variety. His most successful case of building an act from scratch has been Aerosmith, which reaped three gold albums from Columbia Records in 1975. Leber-Krebs assumed their management in 1972. "We brought them into Max's Kansas City [a legendary New York City rock 'n' roll sleaze pit of that era] and presented them live," Krebs says. "Nowadays there's just no place to showcase a baby rock 'n' roll band; this city is club poor." The showcase at Max's, as planned, led to signing a recording contract with CBS in July 1972, and Aerosmith's first album was released in January 1973. The interim months were spent in the studio and rehearsing. "They played in their hometown, Boston, too," Krebs goes on in a rapid-fire staccato, "and began to develop a following. We were supporting them from their advance [the cash paid when a recording contract is signed]. We put the group on salary—a hundred dollars a week each. You can live okay in Boston on that, especially because they lived together."

Aerosmith's first album slouched along, selling only fifteen thousand copies. Krebs remembers indignantly, "Aerosmith got almost no support from Columbia, because all the money and time they had went into Bruce Springsteen." Columbia was ready to drop Aerosmith, but the managers insisted that another single, from the lp, "Dream On," be released. It became a regional hit and boosted the first lp's sales up to 115,000 copies (it's since gone gold). The wolf at the door was temporarily stopped, and Columbia kept Aerosmith on its artist roster.

Since Aerosmith's music wasn't usually suitable for AM radio, and since FM airplay alone can seldom break an act, Leber-Krebs decided live performances were the key to increas-

ing record sales. And, not incidentally, to making Aerosmith stars.

"Aerosmith is probably the best live band in the country," Krebs declares with managerial fervor. "The way to grow is to concentrate on one area of the country after another, building up a following and record sales area by area, instead of doing the conventional national tours. We picked out the Detroit area first; it's the major home of rock 'n' roll. We played every secondary and tertiary market within one hundred miles of Detroit. We got a hype going in and out of Detroit." The next markets Aerosmith hit were Cincinnati and Indianapolis. Their live performances acted as a catalyst. Record sales jumped in each region they stormed, "and we turned the record company around to support the group. We could deliver."

Krebs takes another long-distance call from a concert promoter. An enormous framed poster of Napoleon glowers down over his desk. "Black Oak [Arkansas] can close [the concert], but it's my sound and lights. . . . You got a curfew? Okay, but Aerosmith has got to come on after it's dark. . . . You know what I'd do? Besides those six acts you got, I'd put up two young acts. Make tickets eight dollars up front. They'll think they're getting one act for every dollar. Eight acts, eight dollars . . . If you do it, I get one of my acts on for a thousand—Mahogany Rush. . . . Now, you gotta give me an equal guarantee to Black Oak. If you give them eighty-five hundred, you give me the same." Sign off, amicably.

"If you sign a baby group," Krebs says, resuming his nonstop discourse, "you have to sign them to a five-year contract, because you don't make any money for at least eighteen months. You can't take your commission, because the group needs that seventy-five dollars or whatever more than you need it."

Because Krebs manages so many young rock musicians, does he find he's doing wet nurse duties, acting as a father figure? "Sure," he agrees, "I've been a wet nurse. No, I don't like the way that sounds. Let's say I'm too young to be a father figure. Call me a big brother figure."

His partner, Steve Leber, has grown somewhat wary about representing very young acts more in love with a decadent lifestyle and stardom than with the hard work of making money as musicians. "When a group becomes irresponsible," Leber states, "they forget how good they had it from us. Who put them on salary? They may have been on the road and created extensive damage in hotel rooms and spent excessive money. We've severed ties to several groups like that, and no one's heard of them since."

"To have a strong relationship with the group and maintain them, you have to make a real commitment, an investment. And that's almost impossible when the groups become self-destructive."

Leber and Krebs shrug in unison. They're haunted by the memory of their former clients, the N.Y. Dolls, whom the media loudly touted as The Next Big Thing; the group then just fizzled out. Maybe there was too much media hype too soon. Also, their record company, Mercury, failed to get the Dolls essential radio airplay. And the management lost its objectivity and opted for the wrong image—unisex glitter, instead of the Rolling Stones of the Seventies. The Dolls careened dizzily along the rock'n'roll road for a while, then split up. The Dolls were duds, and Leber and Krebs still shudder when they think about it.

"We've probably learned more from our mistakes than from our successes," Dave Krebs mumbles, then takes another phone call, this one from a stage lighting contractor: "If you come down to five, I'll give you the job. . . . In other words, we re-gelled the circuit, green only. What the hell does that mean? What do I know from a green re-gelling? I'll have to learn . . . Right. . . . Right."

Most pop stars find that their money doesn't merely slip through their fingertips—it flies away, to pay for fancy houses, fancy clothes, fancy cars, and fancier women. As Greg Allman admits in rueful introspection, "I spend money like an idiot; so does Cher [his wife]."

But Black Oak Arkansas has managed to cling to much of the money it has earned. Famed for its "hot and nasty" rock'n'raunch, this Southern rock band has salted away its millions in a fifteen-year vested pension plan and investments like a fifteen-hundred-acre spread in North Central Arkansas. The group put \$750,000 into remodeling a resort cabin complex, where they now live in a ten-house semicircular lane overlooking a lake. They live up there with their ladies, kids, and management staff like an extended family. Black Oak virtually owns the little town of Oakland, Arkansas, where they make their office headquarters. Of about one hundred inhabitants, sixty-eight are employed by Black Oak as road and technical crew, farmers, and caretakers. The band donated \$25,000 recently to build a new four-room schoolhouse for the community. Solid citizens, despite how they earn their living.

"Back in the Sixties, they called the way we live a commune. Now we call it an estate," draws Butch Stone, Black Oak's twenty-nine-year-old manager.

"It's not the normal artist-manager relationship with us. We live together. The band trusts me, and we're equal partners in terms of money. There's no incentive for them to fuck me or for me to fuck them. I pretty well run the family's business. I just guide the business and the family—everything from normal business procedures to if and when a spat occurs, I'll sit them down for our own kind of group therapy session."

Black Oak "was a family way before we got into the rock'n'roll business," according to their wavy-haired manager. "Their parents had kicked them out because they were long-haired back when they were fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen." The boys clung to each other, living in little houses, even Arkansas caves, while they tried to make music. Stone discovered them when he was nineteen, a pre-med student who booked bands into local VFW huts and roller rinks as a sideline. "When I first met the group, I knew without a doubt that they had the willingness and desire to make it to the top. We spent the next several years building a style, so that now I think Black Oak Arkansas has one of the strongest images and styles in the country. When I first met them, they were doing Byrds and Beatles songs. I started helping them write their own material, working out instrumentals that were unique to them. We spent time discussing our pasts, so we could relate as a family."

Black Oak grew into a regional favorite. They were pulling down three thousand to four thousand dollars per gig in Arkansas, Tennessee, and Louisiana—an almost unheard-of fee for a band without a record contract. But assorted legal hassles sapped their money; they were nearly run out of their home state. "The cops were constantly down on us," Stone recalls of the Sixties. "We were always on the run like outlaws, because we were the first long-haired band down here in those days."

By 1969, their manager decided they had a firm, distinctive musical and performing identity, so "then it was just a matter of getting together with the record companies and big booking agencies." Stone and Black Oak trekked to L.A. They had no influential contacts and even less money, so they "lived on the beach in L.A. I used to just walk in the door of record companies without an appointment. I didn't care that I was going to talk to some hot schmuck. I knew I had a hot band." Eventually, in 1969, Butch wangled a recording deal with Atlantic Records (though Black Oak moved to MCA Records in 1975 after eight Atlantic lps) and a booking agency deal with Premier Talent, an important rock agency.

Besides recording, Black Oak em-

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MUSIC II

barked on a continual criss-crossing tour of the United States, working its way up from opening act to second-bill to their current status as headliners at the biggest arenas, the twelve-thousand-plus-seaters. "Black Oak Arkansas was selling out twelve-thousand-seaters even before we had our first gold record," Butch Stone reports with his typical low-key pride. "They're basically an in-concert, live act. Only in the last two years has our [album] catalogue gone gold."

Black Oak plays about two hundred, and sixty concerts a year in the United States and abroad, but unlike most rock bands, they don't drop thousands of dollars on planes and limousines. "When Black Oak had its first million-dollar year, we saw a lot of our money was going out on airlines. We decided to tour on the ground instead. We bought a Greyhound bus and put seventy thousand dollars worth of improvements into it. We got ten pullman beds, a refrigerator, color TV, stereo, fully carpeted throughout.

The whole music business is implicitly built around the idea that artists are basically unreliable, juvenile personalities.

"We saved a fortune by living in the bus. We cut our nut [operating expenses] by 40 percent. We often don't stay in hotels, just pull up the bus next to a lake and fish, instead of sitting around a Holiday Inn."

"I'd venture to say that Black Oak Arkansas has more money in the bank [well into seven figures] than any other group in the business," their manager says with pride. "They're not into self-destructive or wasteful practices. Ten years from now, who's going to remember Elton John's eyeglasses collection, his four hundred pairs of shoes? Things like that don't mean a kettle of beans. We're putting their money into things that'll earn them a living after the music has passed."

Besides their savings and pension plan, the fifteen-hundred-acre farm/estate provides the most promise for Black Oak's financial future. "We're completely self-sustaining out here," Stone explains, ever the country boy. "We raise our own meat, eggs, vegetables. We hire people to farm it. We have our houses. It's beautiful up here. I don't know anybody who lives higher than us. We have a lot of fun, plenty of

food on the table. What more do you need?"

"Rock'n'roll has to be one of the last businesses—except oil—where somebody can go from the bottom of the barrel to making a lot of money. True, I'm out on the road at least 50 percent of the time, traveling with my groups. But it sure beats the hell out of pickin' cotton!"

"I resisted being a manager all my life. I had this moral and ethical thing in my head. I'd been a CPA for music acts and their managers since 1949, and I didn't like what I saw. In the old days, the managers controlled most of the artist's properties—copyrights and all. They ended up with the rewards, and the artist was left on a limb."

But Sid Seidenberg finally succumbed to management in 1969, when an accounting client, bluesman B. B. King, asked Seidenberg to take over his career direction. Now a middle-aged man who wears management like a badge (a yellow Gladys Knight & the Pips windbreaker tops his pale-blue chinos), Seidenberg is an advocate of scrupulous honesty in management and claims, "I never solicit an act. The act has to come to me and believe, trust, and respect my performance and reputation. The best way to get young acts is for a record executive to call and say, 'I have this act with an album coming out. Will you take care of them?'"

Seidenberg doesn't believe in being a partner to his acts; he takes a straight commission for all services, usually 15 percent. His complex of management-service corporations provide "umbrella coverage" for the artist: everything from tax and legal specialists and publicists to music publishing administration and a TV-film development branch.

Although he emphasizes the importance of business organization, Sid Seidenberg doesn't completely stick to his CPA background in his approach to management. "I'm involved with them intimately. I know their families personally. If they have personal problems, you have to know. But I mesh my own activities with the artist only when it's compatible. For instance, I don't go smoking or hanging out or looking for broads with groups."

Seidenberg pared his client list down this year, because he found his artists' needs were taking over virtually his entire life. He now represents Gladys Knight & the Pips, Papa John Creach (of the Jefferson Starship), as well as composer-producer Gene McDaniels (he does Roberta Flack's lps).

Sid Seidenberg believes in overall career planning. "For every act, we sit down and I create a plan. What are our objectives? What do we want to ac-

complish, and how do we do it? When Gladys Knight & the Pips came off Motown [and Sid took over their management], they didn't have a white following, no TV shots. And they'd been around for twenty years. We created their image: fantastic musical ability, plus great respect for their ideals, their religious values. They pray together before each gig, and as corny as it may sound, they believe it—they're sincere. They give you your money's worth. The idea of the image was to make black and white people want their kids to grow up like Gladys, Bubba, William, and Edward."

Under the former CPA's shrewd guidance, Gladys Knight & the Pips signed a recording deal with Buddah Records. They exploded with a string of hit singles and albums: "Midnight Train to Georgia," "I've Got To Use My Imagination," "The Way We Were," the *Claudine* film soundtrack. Seidenberg had them booked into theaters-in-the-round, major hotels, and colleges (not just the black/urban circuit they'd previously played), so they could reach middle-class white audiences for the first time. The group toured internationally, too: Japan, Australia. South America is in the future. Respect and awards started coming, as planned, including Grammy Awards and a Clio Award for a MacDonald's commercial. "The culmination of the image came when we got them their summer series on NBC-TV in 1975," Seidenberg states. "They became the first black musical group ever to host a national television series."

*Now it's a mighty long road down
Rock'n'Roll
From the Liverpool Docks to the Hol-
lywood Bowl. . . .
As your name gets so hot, your heart
gets cold,
And you've got to stay young, man, you
can never grow old.⁵*

Pop music isn't kid stuff. It just seems that way to the uninitiated. There are no "overnight sensations" in contemporary music. It is not a game for amateurs—it's the big-time. Professionals only need apply. And although pop music is supposed to be the embodiment of youth, the music business' strangest problem is that its superstars are beginning to age.

And so what's happened is that we've reached the ultimate ironic situation. We've got a "youth music" that's created and performed by people who are now no longer young themselves. Examples: Mick Jagger is thirty-four; the Stones' Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts are pushing forty. Leon Russell

⁵From "All the Way from Memphis," by Ian Hunter © 1973 Ackee Music, Inc.

is about forty-six. Stevie Wonder, only twenty-six, has been a music pro for thirteen years. The Who have been together over eleven years. The Beach Boys first hit the American charts in 1962. And John Denver didn't just climb down from some Colorado mountaintop to play to packed houses; he was a clean-cut folkie with the Chad Mitchell Trio and a songwriter (Peter, Paul & Mary's "Leaving on a Jet Plane") long before. He may look like a kid, but he isn't. It's sobering to realize that all the ex-Beatles—who pioneered the Sixties' music-is-youth crusade—are over thirty today. John Lennon's son is nearly a teenager.

Yet Lennon and other rock'n'roll daddies—Jagger, Daltrey, Townshend, Plant—are still acting like teenagers themselves, on stage and sometimes off. Instead of growing up with their music or making the music grow up with them, most American and English pop stars are content to drift along on the ultimate nostalgia trip. Every night on tour they step on stage and, abracadabra, they're eighteen again.

Many artists who are supposedly new are usually just recycled old pros. They flit from group to group, until they hit a magic combination and perch there. A "new" band like Bad Company really consists of musicians seasoned for years in other star groups (Free, King Crimson, and Mott the Hoople). Record companies want to sign new talent, but they also want the new "kid" to have a track record. Hence, the perpetual recycling of artists. And hence, the pitifully few truly young acts who've emerged in the Seventies with new ideas, new sounds.

The only pop superstar to emerge so far in the Seventies has been Elton John—and he was working for years as a backup musician and contract songwriter before his career exploded into stardust in 1970. Of course, new acts emerge every month. Who, besides their mothers, heard of the Captain and Tennille ("Love Will Keep Us Together") a year ago? But as the music industry proverb goes, a hit record doesn't make a hit act.

But until really young, new stars are forthcoming, the aging pop stars will continue to play the punk for the public. Increasingly younger fans show up at their concerts. The superstars end up playing for teenagers scarcely older than some of their children. There's something ludicrous, almost pathetic, about seeing an intelligent and masterful showman like Mick Jagger still trying to pass for sixteen on stage when he's thirty-four.

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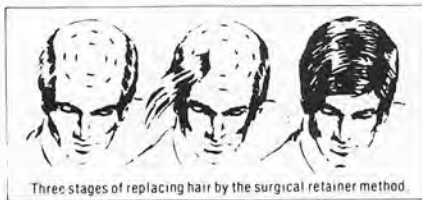
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eighteen-year-old stud that ever was. He slides around the stage, caroms off a grand piano, pouts and prances, then flings his microphone into the air and flops athletically down in the center of the stage. Rod's the perfect rock'n'roll star—a cosmic punk. And the kids in the audience envy him. They berate themselves for not looking so perfect an eighteen as Rod Stewart does; they berate themselves for having acne and not as good a body as the star. And after the show, Rod Stewart, boy punk, staggers off stage and into the waiting arms of his lady love, the beautiful Britt Ekland—Peter Sellers' ex-wife. Irony, irony. Rod looks the perfect eighteen-year-old stud because he's been polishing his image for the past twelve years.

*And so I pray to the teenage god of rock,
If I make it big, let me stay on top.**

The people on top of the music heap have been there for a decade or more—fifteen years for Dylan and Baez, twenty years for the king of them all, Elvis.

Nobody has to grow a day older on the stage. Protective managers and sycophantic hangers-on ("the best friends money can buy") make sure that, should they choose, the stars never have to grow up off stage either. "You can grow old in country music, but you can't grow old in rock," said Phil Everly of Fifties' favorites the Everly Brothers. Pop stars become the artist as rich outlaw, the artist as the perpetual adolescent. But that was the rock'n'roll dream, wasn't it—to stay a kid forever, to stay free forever, to keep on rocking until the break of dawn?

But watch John Lennon sit on a television talk show, the skin on his neck beginning to look like crepe paper. Watch the Beach Boys' hairlines recede. Watch Elvis develop a paunch. Watch the kids of Keith Richards and Keith Moon go to school.

The question now is: can geriatric rock be jazzed up into a viable commercial commodity? Can all the rock stars be like Peter Pan—can they remain boys forever? Or will rock'n'roll continue to become a graying parody of itself, kids' music played by grownups?

*Was it all a strange game?
You're a little insane.
Play the game and the public acclaim.
Don't forget what you are: you're a
rock'n'roll star.**

*From "I'm Gonna Be a Teenage Idol," by Elton John and Bernie Taupin © 1972 by Dick James Music, Inc.

*From "So You Want To Be a Rock'n'Roll Star," by Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman © 1967

(next month: how the record companies make hits)

MACHO MEN

continued from page 80

"I took this here job 'cause I know there ain't a week gonna pass I dohn't get ta beat thu shee-iit outta some ma-an," the young bouncer at Winks told me. "I'm jest waitin' fer thu day thu ma-an walks thru that there door who thinks he can take me. I ain't sayin' there ain't thu ma-an who can do it. But he gonna know he done fit one helluva ma-an when it's over."

One recent victim of a bouncer's blackjack, Vernon Camp, has a bald spot on the back of his head and about fifty stitches to show for it. Camp would appear to be an unlikely victim for what happened to him. He is a big, friendly, bear of a man who is a shoe factory foreman in a nearby town in Arkansas. It was jealousy over his ex-wife that got him into trouble.

Camp was at the Blue Moon with two men friends when his ex-wife, Dolly, showed up with a sawmill hand named Floyd Bennett, who had been telling folks he was going to marry her. Camp smoldered as the pair danced a couple of times, then walked over to their table to tell them: "I wont yuh'ins ta cleah out'a heah by thu time I geet back ta myh table, 'n' I dohn't wanna ketch yuh'ins to-geether a-geen."

"She'uns myh gurl now," replied Bennett, who whipped a blackjack from his back pocket and brought it around full force on Camp's forehead. Blood spurted over Bennett and Dolly. Camp took a step backwards and bel-lowed: "I'm gonna ki-ill yuh, yuh mutha fuk."

Camp, who is six inches taller and some fifty pounds heavier than Bennett, pulled out his switchblade but couldn't see Bennett because of the blood in his eyes.

Bennett backed away and said, "I ain't care-n no knife, Camp."

"I dohn't geeve a fuk if'n yuh got a double-barrel. I'm gonna geet yuh," Camp snarled.

Before Camp could take another step the Blue Moon's mammoth bouncer brought his own blackjack down on the back of Camp's head. He dropped his knife and sagged to his knees.

"Tha's ee-nough," shouted Camp's friends, lifting him by the arms and taking him out. In all, it took fifty stitches to close the two wounds.

The wedding was called off and Bennett hasn't shown up at any of the roadhouses since without at least two friends. He doesn't worry too much about Camp coming after him somewhere else. This is part of the unwritten code of the hill-country violence. Roadhouse fighting is roadhouse fighting, the result of some wrong a man feels has been done him there (beer being taken into account as an ex-

continued on page 142

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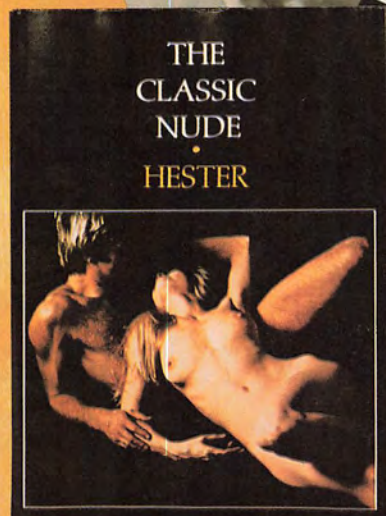
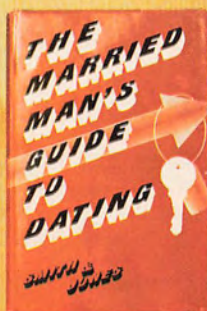
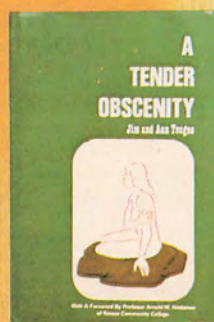
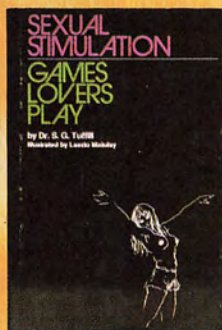
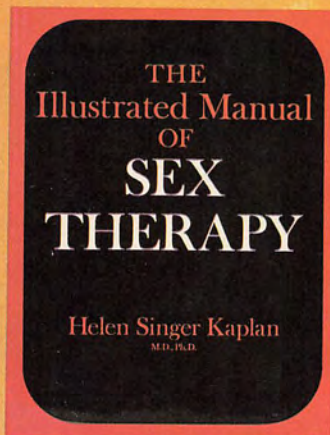
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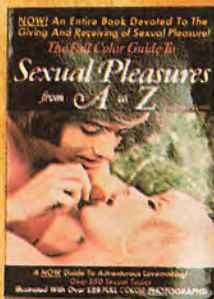
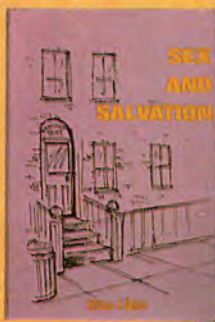
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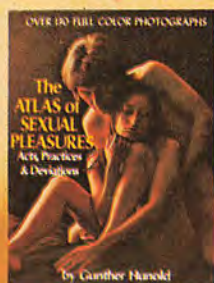
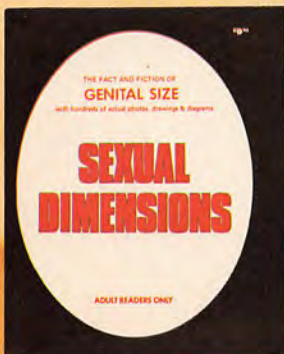
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continued from page 138

tenuating factor), and should be avenged only there. This is unlike the bitter feuds between hill families, which are usually over property, and which can be settled anywhere and anytime. The only exception to the confinement of roadhouse disagreements to the roadhouse is in case of a long-term involvement with another fellow's woman—his wife, fiancée, or even his girl friend if she is known as the man's girl. That would mean loss of face, and this is not tolerated. Any man involved in that type of relationship is risking his life.

The roadhouses themselves are ancient structures, long, low, and wooden. They stand off in the woods like Winks, or down in gulches like the Chatterbox, if they are in town, so as not to overly offend churchgoing people. The roadhouses outside of town, like La Mesa and the Oasis (before it burned), are right alongside the highways, surrounded by vast gravel parking lots that are filled with cars on weekend nights.

The Oasis was the oldest and had acquired indoor toilets only a couple of years before its disappearance. It was not unusual on a busy night to pull into the parking lot and have your car lights shine on the bare ass of a woman peeing between cars, or a man using the side of a car for a urinal.

The interiors of the roadhouses are vast dance floors. There are wooden tables and chairs crammed together on three sides, and there is a small bandstand at one end. The bars are of the stand-up variety. They command a full view of the dance floor—for the convenience of men who like to make their selections of women from there.

The uncrowned king of the roadhouse machos is Buel Wiley, a six-foot three-inch farmer-stud who dances without removing his black cowboy hat. The hat usually blends poorly with any of a variety of leather vests he wears without shirts to expose his bulging biceps and massive chest. His jeans are tucked into cowboy boots, where it is said he carries a knife. No one knows for sure, because Wiley hasn't yet tangled with a man who made him go for it.

The word is that more women have fought over Wiley than he has fought men. His favorite hangout is Club Doniphan, where he stands at the bar and looks out over the pickings with the same cold, set expression he would wear sizing up cows at auction. Once he chooses a woman he walks over, takes her hand, and leads her onto the dance floor without a word. The woman so chosen invariably glances back at

her female companions with a smile that says, "Look who's askin' me to dance."

Wiley dances the typical macho dance of the hills, his body above the waist not moving, his arms pumping slowly up and down at his sides as he stomps from one foot to the other without variation as his hips swivel. His expression never changes. It says the same thing Wiley has been telling roadhouse friends for years: "I'm thu best love-hu 'n' fite-uh in these heah hills. I've busted moah cheer-ees than any utha ten men. Any woh-man in her right mind would give her eye teeth to spend an our-uh in bed wit' me. Ain't no ma-an cain whup me in a fight 'n' they ain't many left that's ma-an ee-nough to try."

The men in the hills refer to women's brawls as "cat fights." I saw one at the Club Doniphan that eliminated both women from the competition that night for Wiley's loving. The fight started over which one had been most frequently blessed by Wiley's reputed foot-long penis.

Amid cries of "Yuh she-bitch" and "Yuh two-faced whore," two divorcees scratched, pulled hair, ripped clothes, and threw fists within a circle of people who shoved them back at each other every time one appeared to have had enough. By the time the bouncer reached them, their cheeks were raw and bleeding, their dresses were in strips, and their spray-net hairdos looked as if someone had turned egg beaters loose on them.

Wiley had looked on coldly from the bar. Soon after the fight he selected a teenaged high school drop-out named Joyce Anne who was at least fifteen years his junior. "She'n ain't gonna have lovin' lack she'll geet tonight till the next time Buel picks her up," commented a married woman who was there without her husband. "I know wha' I'm talkin' 'bout," she told a younger companion, who had dared look dubious.

Wiley drove Joyce Anne off in his pickup to the first dirt road he came to and fucked her on the air mattress he and other hill-country men keep inflated in the back for "quickies." Some of the hill men are now using campers for their roadhouse love trysts. No matter, they aren't going to "waste" a second ejaculation on a "truk-bed gurl" because there just might be time enough left in the evening for another lay, or a fight even.

Joyce Anne probably squirmed and squealed beneath Buel Wiley's two-hundred-and-twenty-pound frame, humping with her slim legs wrapped tight around him or high in the air. That's the way the hill men like their sex—straight—and if the women don't

get it off during their allotted time it's their own fault. Hill-country machos always supply the essential ingredient to successful sex, a ramrod hard penis, and it is up to Joyce Anne and her friends to make the most of the time they have.

No matter what the results for the women, the men invariably react as Wiley did that night. He dropped Joyce Anne off in town (the women have to make their own way home), went up to his friends at Club Doniphan, and confided: "I jest geeve ole Joyce Anne the fuk uh huh life."

Joyce Anne thinks so, too. The hill-country men are the greatest lovers in the world, Joyce Anne and her friends have been brought up to believe, and Wiley is the greatest lover of them all.

The roadhouses provide the only excitement around for the single women who work as store clerks or spend tedious hours on assembly lines in small factories putting nuts on bolts or soles on shoes. Many married women show up together at the roadhouses, lonely, looking for the loving and affection they seldom get from their husbands, who have turned elsewhere for their fun after marriage. But these women have to settle for what they can get, the fast fuck on an air mattress in a truck bed. Anything more is a bonus. That's the way it is in the hill country.

There are a few women who are exceptions, like Sawmill Shirley, a six-foot blonde who hauls logs to the mills on her five-ton flatbed truck when she's not using it for sex. However, she doesn't use an air mattress. Sawmill Shirley has proclaimed at all the roadhouses in Doniphan, "I've fuked mo-uh men in these heah hills than any ten woh-men put to-geether and ev-uh one um sade he'd nev-uh had a woh-man lack me in his life."

There couldn't be many like her. With a hundred and eighty or so pounds spread over her frame, massive buttocks evident beneath tight jeans, mammoth breasts beneath heavy shirts, Sawmill Shirley is the answer to any hill man's dream of an Amazon woman. Once she confided to a roadhouse bartender: "I nev-uh fuked any ma-an twice tha' din't en-joy it on the bottom uh my flatbed."

Not all of them do, even though by all reports Sawmill's vagina can grip a penis like a vise. "I swa-ah I nev-uh fuked uh vir-gin tight as Sawmill," a friend of mine said. "She come down on me 'n' I swa-ah I thought I's bustin' uh cheer-ee. Then she turn'd loose 'n' I thought I's fukin' uh tie-gra. But I be shee-iit if'n I fuk tha' woh-man on thu back uh tha' truk a-geen. I's two weeks pickin' splinters out'a myh ass."

Few women have challenged Sawmill for any man. One who did wound

up losing the man to Sawmill and her big toe to the bouncer at the Chatterbox. The fracas started when the other woman went over and put her arm around the man for whom she and Sawmill were vying, one of the Cox boys from a family of thirteen that runs its own mill. Sawmill jerked the woman's arm away with one hand and knocked her down with the other. The woman grabbed a beer bottle from a table and went at Sawmill swinging it. Sawmill grabbed her arm and the two women spun over the dance floor pounding on each other with their free fists like boxers in a clinch. The bouncer tried futilely to separate them. Finally, he pulled his .38 and shot towards the floor in an effort to break it up. Screams and curses from the other woman told him the shot had gone astray.

"Yuh fukin' shee-iit," she hollered. "Yuh done shot off myh big toe and put a hole in myh new shoes." The crowd reacted as if it was the funniest thing to happen at the Chatterbox since Bobby Cogburn blew off the doors with two blasts from a double-barreled shotgun after being thrown out for being "too drunk to dance." The woman didn't appreciate the humor. "Yuh fukin' he-thens," she screamed. "I hope God strikes this here place with uh bolt uh lightnin'."

"God ain't gonna do nothin' fuh yuh," Sawmill told her.

"Yuh'ins gonna pay for ev-uh cent this costs me," the woman told the bouncer before limping out with a friend.

The bouncer was the same one who had thrown out Cogburn a few months earlier and beat him unconscious after he retaliated by blasting off the doors. Cogburn was the only one hurt in that incident, though buckshot had sprayed the area around the bar.

The only time the bands stop playing during a brawl is when the violence is directed at the musicians. One of the worst fights of recent times erupted at La Mesa on a Saturday night when a farmer, who had become fed up with the rock beat, pulled out his switchblade in front of the band and warned: "Yuh suns-uh-bitches put mo-ah coun-tree in them songs or I'm gonna cut yuh balls off."

A satisfied customer broke a beer bottle over the man's head and he dropped like a felled tree. Another man jumped the bottle-wielding patron and the dance floor quickly turned into a battlefield of pro-rock and pro-country factions. Some dissatisfied patrons went for the musicians, who fled out the back door, leaving their instruments to be wrecked in the melee.

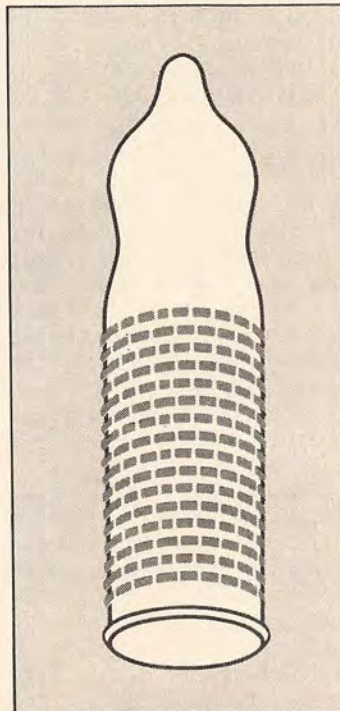
About half of the one hundred and fifty people at La Mesa got into the fight, and Doniphan's three-man night



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police force had to be called out to bring things under control. No arrests were made, but at least a dozen people were taken into Doniphan for treatment of cuts and bruises.

La Mesa has the reputation of being the roughest of the six roadhouses. This reputation is well deserved, according to Dennis Cooper, a friend of mine. Cooper, who lives in a nearby dry county in Arkansas, drove alone up to Missouri early one evening to buy some bourbon at a package store. After getting his bottle he decided to drive around La Mesa's gravel parking lot to see if anything was going on. Out back the lot was empty, except for two middle-aged men engaged in a bruising fight. Mistakenly, he thought he knew one of them, so he stopped the car to shout, "Hey! Wha' yuh'ins think yuh doin'?" Too late, he saw that he didn't know either of the men; one of them was already standing by his open window.

"Jest wha' yuh thunk yuh doin'?" asked the man, and followed up with a hard right to Cooper's jaw, knocking him down in the seat, and then came through the window after him. Cooper grabbed the man around the neck and started delivering short, quick jabs to his face, at the same time shoving him back out the window.

At the moment he got him out, Cooper's shirt collar was grabbed from behind by the second man who had come through the other door. The man dragged Cooper across the seat while pounding him in the face with his fist. Cooper grabbed the car door and then slammed it on the man's legs, then shoved him out onto the gravel. Cooper managed to get the car started and roar away before either of the men could come back to him. In his rear-view mirror Cooper saw the men throwing rocks at his car.

During the years that I've been a roadhouse patron, the music and the musicians have been the only things to change. The music used to be pure country, made by farmer-musicians who played for their own pleasure and the few dollars involved. The three-piece bands were invariably made up of guitar, fiddle, and bass.

Now, there are as many as five members in a band, each with the indispensable lead electric guitar, drums, bass, a rhythm guitar, and sometimes an electric piano. For some of the band members, making music is still only an avocation. But most of them make their living at it, playing as many as six roadhouses a week. The most popular musicians have hill-country groupies running after them like rock groupies

after Mick Jagger.

This past summer I saw a rare exhibition of flesh at a roadhouse as a result of passion for a musician. A petite teen-aged blonde performed a strip at the Cotton Club in a last-ditch attempt to seduce the lead guitarist. He was a sharp-faced, middle-aged man with no particularly desirable qualities aside from the fact that he was a musician.

The girl, in tight jeans and bandana blouse, had spent most of the evening going through every suggestive move she knew while dancing with an older woman right in front of the musicians. And when that had failed to turn the guitarist's head, she tried the strip, with the cooperation of the band's drummer.

As the band returned from a break, the drummer began the bump-and-grind music of the burlesque house. The blonde emerged from a side door and shimmied barefoot towards the band, her hips and pelvis rolling in perfect time to the beat. As the guitarist watched with half-hearted interest and the howls of the patrons urged the girl on, she stripped to her bikini panties and turned towards the band to shake her small, firm breasts in the guitarist's face. The only recognition he gave was a thin smile. When she took off her panties, the guitarist laughed. She picked up her clothes and walked out the side door, head high.

"Now yuh've seen her folks," the guitarist commented, "the Cotton Club's own won-tan woh-man. If'n yuh'ins ask me, she's in need of some flesh on them tits and hips." The crowd laughed. The girl did not return.

Some of the female musicians turn on the men, too. The best, as well as the sexiest, is a woman drummer in her twenties who appeared on the Doniphan scene some three years ago. She bought a cabin back in the hills and began showing up at different roadhouses each night to play for any group that would let her play. Many did, because she plays as hard, driving, and exciting as any man, and with more finesse. In addition, her over-sized bra-less breasts bounce in time to the beat.

She has her own group now and plays only when she wants, where she wants, and the music she wants. Her background is still a mystery. Some say she's from California. No one knows for sure, but her accent betrays her non-country origins. Her group tends to play more rock than country, but when she wants to, she can get as much twang out of her band as any pure country group.


Any band that is a success in the hill-country roadhouses has to be able to turn out the pure-country sound for some of the dances that are native to the area. There's the Doniphan Stomp,

which is done to a fast country beat with partners holding each other at arm's length and stomping the floor with their feet hard enough to break the foot of any dancer who is foolish enough to get in the way. Then there's the Broom Dance, which has led to scores of roadhouse fights. This dance is performed in a huge circle with an extra man starting with the broom. He passes it on to another man in exchange for the man's partner, and the broom continues to move through the circle of dancers in exchange for female partners until the music changes. The man holding the broom when the music changes dances with it until the music changes again. A Broom Dance can go on for thirty minutes, and because partners are continually being exchanged, it results in some men finding women they prefer to those they started the dance with.

A Broom Dance romance that started in a Missouri roadhouse couldn't have ended more tragically than one last year for a young Arkansas wife. She was eighteen and already neglected by her older husband when she caught the eye of a slick-haired gas jockey as they passed through each other's arms fifty times or more during a long Broom Dance at the Blue Moon. By the time the dance ended, according to people who were there, it was obvious that she and the gas station attendant were ready for something more than the Broom Dance. The girl's husband was among those who noticed.

No one who knows is talking about how the young pair got together, or how many times, but it turned out they were meeting at a motel called the Raven's Rest just across the state line in the hills of Arkansas. The hill people know now because one hot afternoon last August, as the young man was going down on the girl at the motel, a powerful explosion ripped apart the bed and hurled them into the air.

The girl was dead by the time she hit the floor. The man was unconscious and his hands were mangled, but he wasn't critically injured. The girl had taken the full force of the three sticks of dynamite her husband had tied under the bed, then set off from outside when he saw them start their lovemaking. The husband waited at the motel to give himself up to the sheriff. The motel clerk was also arrested. He had put them in the room the husband had wanted them to have.

No one yet is giving odds that the husband will get off on grounds of temporary insanity because of "extenuating circumstances." But no one is betting he'll be convicted, either. The affair started at a roadhouse, and there is always "the law of the roadhouse" to reckon with. 

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Now a lot of nice people are going to hate my guts for telling you this—including many ministers, school principals, Boy Scout leaders, and old fashioned conservative tycoons who made it the hard way. But my dear mother taught me to always tell the truth, and that's the way it's going to be. I got where I am today not by practicing the Puritan Work Ethic, but by avoiding it. In short, I actually bummed my way into the big money.

The fact is: the only difference between me and most other lazy drifters is that I developed a certain "Game Plan" that can make anyone who'll listen an awful lot of money. It's also a great way for the woman who wants to make money at home. With my Book (either with or without any travelling) she can do it without even taking the curlers out of her hair.

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\$\$ I guarantee you'll never again have to face unemployment.

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\$\$ I guarantee you can dress any way you like. Never have to wear a jacket or tie again.

\$\$ I guarantee you can report for work anytime you feel like it. Come in at noon. Or work from your home.

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like, and I guarantee: You can do the very same things all over again. It's simply a matter of where you want to be at the time.

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Sincerely,

Allen R. Hollerschau

Allan R. Hollerschau
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(WHEW! I'm glad this is finally over. It's the most work I've done in years!)

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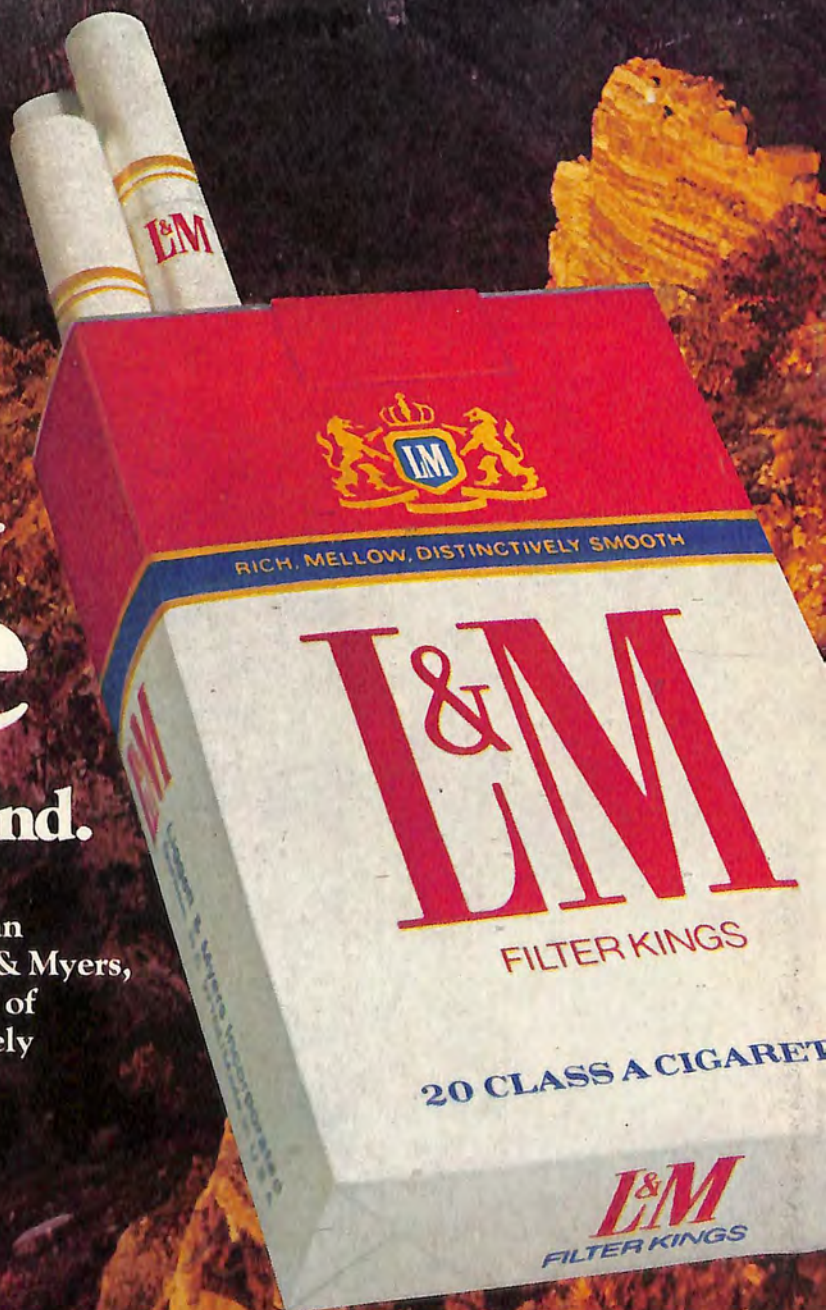
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